

THE  
**New  
Movie**  
MAGAZINE

**10<sup>c</sup>**

15¢ in Canada

September,  
1933

**PRISONERS  
OF  
HEART-BREAK TOWN**

*The Amazing Truth  
about the EXTRA GIRLS!*  
by **RAMON ROMERO**

**Myrna Loy**

**HOLLYWOOD'S MAD MAN-HUNT by HERB HOWE**





# NIGHT

# FLIGHT



JOHN  
**BARRYMORE**  
**HELEN HAYES**  
**CLARK GABLE**

LIONEL  
**BARRYMORE**  
ROBERT  
**MONTGOMERY**  
**MYRNA LOY**

A CLARENCE BROWN Production  
The Spectacular Romance based on  
the Prize Novel "Night Flight" has  
been made into a Giant Entertainment.  
It takes its place alongside  
of the Biggest Productions created at  
the Miracle Studios of M-G-M.

David O. Selznick, Executive Producer



**ONLY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER COULD DO IT!**



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



**Takes Pains Washing a Sweater**  
*Gives No Care to Her Teeth and Gums*  
*and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

**T**HIS girl values her sweaters so highly that nothing could induce her to wash one hurriedly or carelessly. And everybody notices how grand and clean and soft her sweaters look! Wouldn't you think she'd take an equal amount of trouble to keep from having dingy, grayish-looking teeth? They're the only teeth she'll ever have!

Her teeth look noticeably uncared-for because her gums are flabby and

tender. She has "pink tooth brush."

What about your own teeth and gums? Are you sure, when you smile, that your teeth are sparkling white? Are your gums hard and healthy?

It's no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common complaint. Modern foods are too soft to exercise our gums—to give them active, healthy stimulation. Naturally they become soft and tender—betray a tendency to bleed.

And not only may "pink tooth brush" dull the teeth—but it may open the way for gingivitis, Vincent's

disease and even pyorrhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To be rid of it—clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time squeeze a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and lightly massage it into your gums. The ziratol in Ipana stimulates and tones the gums.

Thirty days with Ipana and massage, and your teeth will be brighter, your gums harder. Get the Ipana-and-massage habit—and you won't be bothered by "pink tooth brush." Start today!

## IPANA



**A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-93  
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



On Sale the 10th of Each Month

# THE New Movie MAGAZINE

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I'M SAVING LOTS OF  
MONEY ON CLOTHES  
WASHING THEM THE  
"SCRUBLESS" WAY  
AND LOOK—THEY'RE  
AT LEAST 4 OR 5  
SHADES WHITER

JIM, MY HOUSEHOLD  
LINENS LAST 2 OR 3  
TIMES LONGER SINCE  
I CHANGED TO RINSO

I'VE NOTICED MY SHIRTS  
DON'T GET FRAYED THE  
WAY THEY USED TO

IT'S BECAUSE I NEVER USE  
A WASHBOARD ANY MORE!  
WITH RINSO, DIRT IS **SOAKED**  
OUT INSTEAD OF BEING  
SCRUBBED OUT

THAT SOUNDS  
EASY —

IT *IS* MUCH EASIER, JIM!  
I DON'T NEED TO SCRUB  
OR BOIL...YET MY WASH  
LOOKS WHITER THAN EVER!  
RINSO MAKES  
DISHWASHING  
EASY, TOO

YOU'RE  
SMART,  
DARLING!

**These "no work" washdays**  
save clothes—save you—save your hands

**W**HY SLAVE over a washboard, when you can get clothes  
4 or 5 shades whiter *just by soaking?*

Save work, save your hands—change to Rinso! Dirt floats  
out in Rinso's lively suds and all you need to do is rinse.  
Clothes come so white—so sweet and clean—they don't even  
need to be boiled.

The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts  
of 316 leading newspapers—recommend Rinso. Cup for cup,  
it gives twice as much suds as light-  
weight, puffed-up soaps—even in *hard-  
est water*. One box lasts and lasts.  
Use Rinso for dishes and all cleaning.  
Get it at your grocer's now.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

**Rinso**

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP



# Hollywood Day by Day

I HAVE been spending my weekends this Summer down at La Jolla, which is, in my humble opinion, quite the loveliest of the seaside resorts between Los Angeles and San Diego. Others think so, too. Dr. Reynolds, Charlie Chaplin's friend, the famous surgeon who would rather act than surge, is a frequent visitor. The Doc is to have a big part in Chaplin's new picture.

Between talks on the beach about astrology—both Reynolds and Chaplin are great admirers of Mabel ("Smitty") Smith, Hollywood's newest star-gazing sensation—the Doctor let out a few things about the Chaplin plans. Of course, everybody knows that Paulette Goddard is to have the feminine lead in the new Chaplin picture; Reynolds didn't have to tell me that; and everybody assumes that Henry Bergemann, the big delicatessen dealer, will do his usual foil stuff for Charlie. The chief new bit was that the comedian intends to follow this opera with a talkie version of "A Woman of Paris," with Paulette in Edna Purviance's old part.

Another thing about Charlie: his new boat is not to be called "Panacea," as reported in the papers. It is to be called after the old one—"Edna P. II" instead of "Edna P." Paulette Goddard may own the boat; probably she or someone else does,



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Alex Kahle

Arline Judge confided to me the other day that Malibu, where she and Hubby Wesley Ruggles had been living, was no place for a baby. "And it's so big and lonesome down there," she complained. So now they are in the midst of building a Spanish-style house between Hollywood and Santa Monica. Arline, by the way, startled the staid residents of Beverly Hills the other day when she went whizzing down the street on roller skates, pushing the baby carriage, occupied by the entranced Ruggles baby.



by  
**NEMO**

Photographed exclusively for the New Movie Magazine by Wide World

## The prize-winning pen-name selected for the anonymous author of this department

Hollywood and its stars are just as excited about the real identity of Nemo as are many of our readers. Scores of the stars have tried to beguile us into giving him away with, "Just tell me, and I'll promise not to let a soul know." Charles Ruggles, the comedian, was among them. We wouldn't tell—but we asked him to pose for his conception of the mysterious reporter. Here he is (above) photographed as he believes Nemo to be. Each month a prominent star will give you his own impression of this famous author, who lives in Hollywood, is an associate of the stars, and continues, uncaught and unsuspected, to wear the mask of Nemo.

for Chaplin, as an alien, has no right to own water craft in our waters; but the comedian is still loyal, aquatically at least, to the beautiful girl who supported him so ably in the pictures in which he won his greatest fame.

LA JOLLA isn't such a long way from San Diego; in fact it is legally a part of the beautiful southern city. I was, therefore, much interested in Minna Gombell's marriage to good old Joe Sefton, San Diego's big bank and trust man. The only thing that's kept this pair of bill-and-cooers from the altar for some time was the question of whether Minna should continue with her screen career. Asked about this on the day of the wedding, Minna said:

"We compromised. I'm going to continue."

The Seftons compromised on homes, too. Minna has a charming little apartment in Hollywood. Joe has a show place in San Diego. So they compromised on a summer house at Laguna, which is just fifty-fifty between the two. Freddie March, who also has a place at Laguna, says that it is an ideal place for children—but I suppose it's rather early to be thinking about that in Joe's and Minna's case!

BILLIE DOVE, famous in Hollywood because she is the only girl who ever walked home from a canoe ride, is another town "catch" who has succumbed to the love song of the visiting tycoon. She is now Mrs. Robert Kenaston. The change of name doesn't seem to have done her any harm. She looked as lovely in her sun tan and flowered frock at the Miramar dinner dance the other night as she did when she first stepped from Ziegfeld's front row into the role of the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

SPEAKING of the most beautiful girl in pictures, Mary Pickford told me once, while we were sitting on the edge of her swimming pool at Santa Monica, that there had been only one really beautiful girl on the screen.

"Mary Pickford," I said.

"No; Claire Windsor."

Leon Gordon, the famous painter of women, agreed with that verdict. He chose Claire from all the much-touted beauties of Hollywood to immortalize in that wonderful paint-

(Please turn to page 8)





"I wonder **WHY**  
this soap actually  
makes my skin  
younger-looking?"

"I don't know why...  
but we've all been  
using it for years  
because it does..."

#### JOAN BENNETT

Lovely Fox star. Scientists now tell her *why* this soap is such a wonderful aid in keeping her skin young-looking.



"Here's **WHY**, Miss Bennett!"

*SCIENTISTS NOW EXPLAIN...*

"This soap contains  
precious elements  
Nature puts in skin  
to keep it *youthful*..."

#### MARIAN NIXON

Fascinating Fox star who is one of 686 out of the 694 important Hollywood actresses who use this beauty soap.

THINK OF IT! Scientists find this beauty soap actually contains precious elements skin itself has—and *must* have to stay youthful!

Here's news of vital importance to every woman who ever has said: "I *wish* I could keep my skin radiant, *young-looking*."

#### The Secret of Youthful Skin

Nature puts certain precious elements in every type of skin. Youthful skin is rich in them. But, as the years go by, these elements are gradually lost, making skin dull... old-looking.

But here is good news: Scientists now say, you can *check the loss* of these precious elements!

Lux Toilet Soap, with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility, *and its content of precious elements*, is a wonderful aid in keeping skin young-looking, they declare.

No wonder screen stars are so devoted to this fragrant, white soap. 686 out of 694 important Hollywood actresses use it. And it's *official* in all the big film studios.

#### A Lovelier You

Why don't *you* let this scientific care keep *your* skin exquisite? Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap—start today to use it—and watch your skin grow lovelier.



"No wonder the stars  
like this soap..."

... says Miss Barbara Foltz, of Indianapolis, Ind. "I read the enthusiastic praise that Hollywood stars give Lux Toilet Soap. So I tried it. Now I just wouldn't use any other."



**For EVERY Type of Skin... dry... oily... "in-between" — BEGIN TODAY!**





Dropping in at the Paramount studio, I found Jimmy Cagney was also a visitor. He was calling on Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard, and I watched our New Movie cameraman pose them for a snap. . . . Bing has signed up to do two more pictures for Paramount, and is building himself a huge Hollywood mansion. . . . Jimmy's been busy coaching his brother, Bill, who has just signed an RKO contract.

(Continued from page 6)  
ing which hung so long on the walls of the Los Angeles Ambassador.

I GOT a great kick the other night watching Claire and Antonio Moreno dining and dancing in the Cocoanut Grove in that same hotel. It seems only the other day that Claire and Bert Lytell, at the height of their tropical love affair, were nightly visitors to the Grove. I suppose it must have been some time ago, though, for Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey were also among the most indefatigable of the dancers, and Elinor Glyn was in the habit of dining there with Irving Thalberg. Apropos of the latter couple, I remember asking:

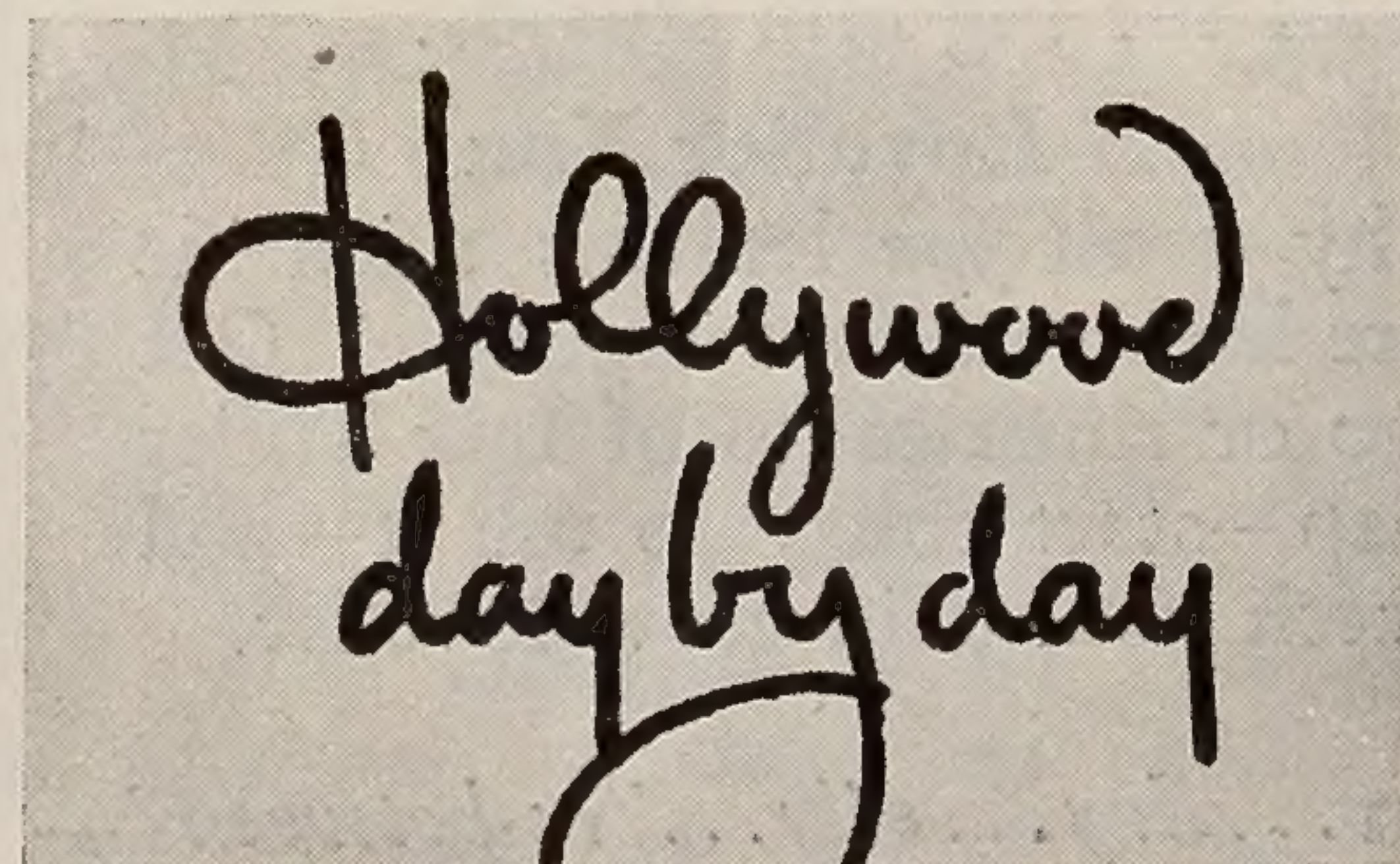
"Who's that with Elinor, her son?"

"My God, no," exclaimed my companion, "it's her boss!"

Afterward, I got to know Irving Thalberg very well; and we had

When Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers (right) made "Lucky in Love" at Universal, the whole town buzzed with talk of romance. I accused them, but they only laughed. Anyway, they admitted lunching every day in Lew's dressing-room, and that Lew was the donor of a tiny, heart-shaped platinum locket set with emeralds. Inside is engraved, "To Ginger from Lew." Ginger spent hours in the publicity office trying to find a picture of Lew small enough to fit in the locket. Ginger's taken up horseback riding with a vengeance. Every day now she's taking a hurdling lesson.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Miehle



many a laugh over his being Elinor Glyn's son. By the time you read these lines, I hope Irving is back on the old lot restored to his old health and his old honors.

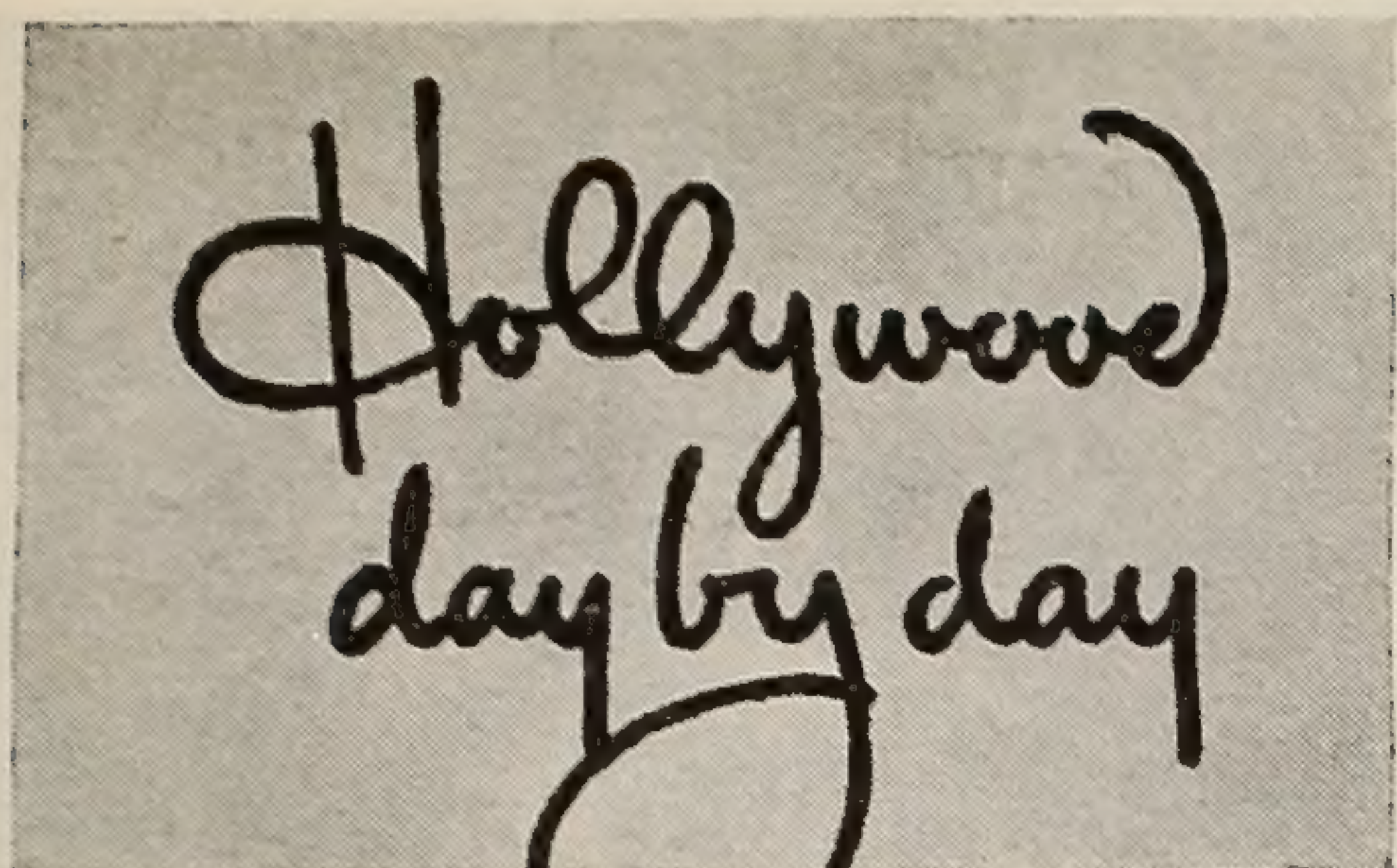
AS I looked around that loveliest of dining and dancing places, I was sadly aware that Claire and Tony were the sole reminders of the old days when Clara Bow, a new girl with bushy red hair, was winning prizes for her dancing.

It was here that she first attracted Miss Glyn's attention and earned that title of the "It Girl," which was so largely responsible for her sudden rise to fame. It is curious, isn't it, that so different a screen type as Elissa Landi should be a Glyn discovery, too? Few people know that Elinor put up the money and actually produced Elissa's European picture which won her an American contract. From Bow to Landi! Either Elinor's taste is changing, or she isn't so young as she once was!

IN the new crowd I spotted Evalyn Knapp with the inevitable Donald Cook—you see them somewhere, Sardi's, the Derby, the Beverly Wiltshire, every night—Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, Fay Wray and Felix Chapolet, Boots Mallory and Cy Bartlett and Peggy Hopkins Joyce with that intrepid Cuban adventurer, Alexander Kirkland. Peggy, I suppose, belongs with the old crowd, but she doesn't bring back to me memories of the old Holly-







wood so much as she does of the old Paris and the old Riviera, when she was the current flame of Henri Letellier, the world's greatest lover—and, incidentally, the saddest man I ever saw.

Kirkland, by the way, since he ran away to Havana with Ann Harding, has been one of the most sought-after of Hollywood young men. He used to be such a mouse.

**B**UT to get back to beautiful women—which is always a pleasure!—I was talking with Willy Pogany, the painter, in his Hollywood studio the other day. Willy has been out here several months making studies of the perfect camera face, and he has decided that it takes the eyes of one girl and the mouth of another and the neck of another and the nose of another to make the ideal. Pogany, it seems, recently made a careful survey of the twelve girls—the so-called Wam-

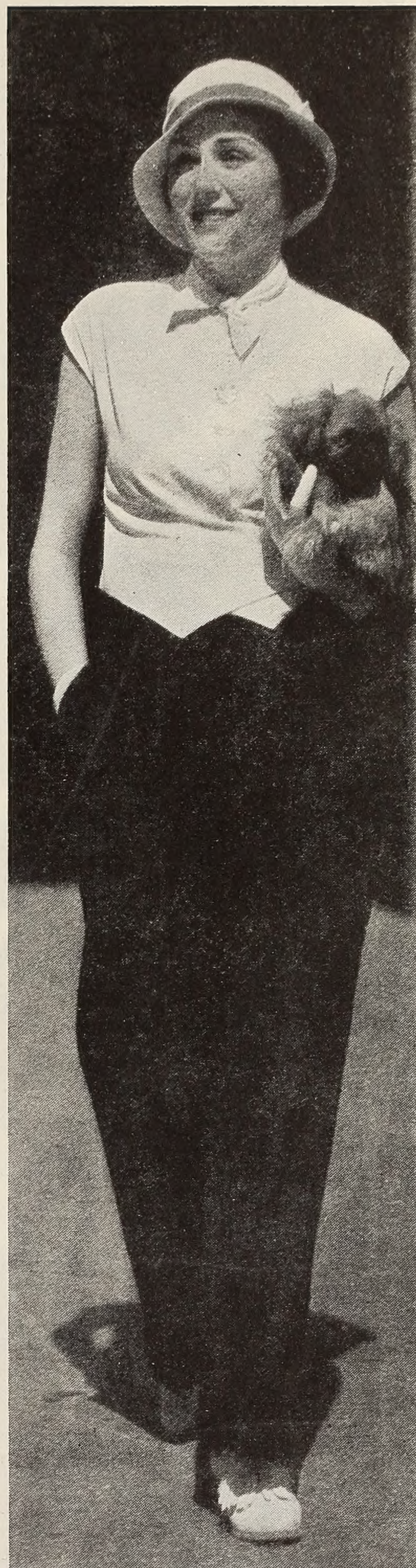
pas Baby Stars—who were selected this year as the most promising youngsters on the Hollywood lots. It was only by choosing a feature from each one of the twelve that he was able to achieve his perfect camera girl.

Incidentally, Willy was asked by the Motion Picture Relief Association to give a little talk before the newsreel camera for sweet charity's sake on this very subject. I went along as a sort of moral support—and after Willy had been talking for about an hour, I thought there was something funny about the sound of the camera, so I went over and took a look. To my dismay, and to Willy's disgust, we found that the camera had been running backward, and no picture had been taken.

At that, Pogany was better off than the radio performer who arranged for three hundred congratulatory "fan" letters to arrive at his employers' office the morning after his debut—only to discover that, through some technician's error, he had talked into a "dead mike" and hadn't been on the air at all!

**I** ASKED Charles Rosher, who is a great friend of Pogany's, what he thought of the latter's theory; and he agreed with it absolutely. Rosher ought to know. During the twelve years of Mary Pickford's undisputed ascendancy, from "The Lit-  
(Please turn to page 11)

Johnny Weissmuller showing—or shouting—Jean Harlow the famous Tarzan call. . . . between pictures, Jean's working merrily away at her novel, and she tells me she's become a speed demon on the typewriter. Jean's issued seven solid gold "passes" to her most intimate friends, admitting them to her private swimming pool forever and ever. Did Johnny, who was seen with Jean at times during Lupe's absence in the East, get one?



Benita Hume, the English star, was Maurice Chevalier's guest at a little party he gave in the Cocoanut Grove. Helen Hayes and Adrian were there. They were seated so near the orchestra that Maurice couldn't make Benita hear. Finally, in desperation, he stood up and began telling a story in pantomime. Like everyone else in the room, I "listened in." Suddenly Maurice discovered all eyes were on him, and he hurriedly asked Benita to dance. But he went right on talking.





If it's fun to be fooled, here's how! The Illusion: Your eyes tell you that this is Miriam Jordan, Fox starlet, but you are, oh, so wrong. The Explanation: In England, where she made her stage hit, she was always known as

Mimi, and her biggest successes were in what we slangily know as hot-cha parts. So she bobbed her hair and her name again, and now, to you, she's no longer mild Miriam but—presto!—mad Mimi.



(Continued from page 9)  
 the Princess" to "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," no one but Rosher was allowed to "turn the crank" on the best-known face in the world. He scouts the idea, however, that Mary's success was due to the possession of the ideal camera face.

"There is no such thing," he told me, as he gazed contemplatively at his own portrait by Vitch where it hung on the Derby wall. "Miss Pickford was a wonderful photographic subject, but so was Norma Talmadge, and so was Gloria Swanson. And can you imagine three girls whose faces were more different in contour, in proportion or in expression?"

EVERY month I try to take at least one long buggy ride away from Hollywood. It helps to keep

Heather Angel is one of the British importations to whom we folks in Hollywood have given the keys of the city. Her mother is with her. She makes it a point never to go near Heather when daughter is working, but the other day she spent all afternoon on the set with Lilian Harvey, an old friend of theirs. She has been promised that she may watch Heather through a keyhole.



the old town in the right perspective, you know, and makes it look all the better when I get back. One month, it's Agua Caliente; next month, it's Palm Springs; next month, it's 'Frisco; this month, it was New York. Just twenty-one and a half hours by the new planes—and not very far from Hollywood in other ways! I went to see Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez the first night. They were clowning it with Hope Williams, who looks enough like Katharine Hepburn to be her sister. So, you see, it was pretty much of a Hollywood party, after all.

Speaking of Lupe Velez, is our beloved Gary Cooper going Mexican again? It is said that he "discovered" the little eighteen-year-old Chiquita Carsonne, who played with him in "One Sunday Afternoon." I have discovered some things about her, too! She was released from a convent when she was only eight years old, because she had an uncomfortable habit of seeing into other people's minds. Here in Hollywood, two famous people, who have willingly submitted themselves to the searching gaze of Chiquita's beautiful eyes, are Cecil B. DeMille and our hero, Gary. It is no surprise to us that this should be so. We know that Gary has the sweetest, most gentlemanly mind in all Hollywood, and, of course, Cecil, like Cæsar's wife, is above reproach!

Have you heard that Cecil, being one of Hollywood's most venerable traditions, himself—venerable in the history of movie-making, not in age!—is creating a "lest we forget" stock company of his own. Among the many youngsters, who sat in judgment on our day in his picture (Please turn to page 13)

When Barbara Stanwyck went touring with "Tattle Tales," the musical show starring her husband, Frank Fay, she left the baby, Dion, at home with a nurse. She told me it almost broke her heart. "But," she said, "I've got to think of his comfort ahead of my love for him. Touring on the road is no place for a youngster."



*Hollywood  
 day by day*

Lilian Harvey, photographed on the set, through one of the huge spotlights. I could rave all day about Lilian; she's just swell. Everyone out here is plain crazy about her. It is the usual thing, when a star finishes a picture, to give presents to the director and the crew. But when Lilian finished "My Lips Betray," the crew, adoring her, took up a collection and bought her a silver cigarette case. If she proves just one half as popular with you, the public, as she is in Hollywood, she's bound to be a sensation.







*Photograph by Wide World*

Irene Dunne, one of the sweetest singers of them all, yet she never has had a chance to sing in the movies. At last, though, you're to hear the voice that first made her famous, in "Lady Sal." Her next picture to follow

will be "Of Human Bondage," with Leslie Howard. . . . She posed for this picture for The New Movie Magazine in her charming New York apartment, during her recent trip East to visit her husband.





Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Minna Gombell, who recently married Joseph Sefton, San Diego banker (both shown above), is now mistress of three homes—one in Hollywood, one in San Diego and one at Laguna, half way between the two cities. They spend their week-ends together at beautiful Laguna.



Elizabeth Young, the New York society girl, newly contracted to Paramount, found a huge limousine waiting for her when she stepped off the train at Los Angeles. It was a present from an uncle in Philadelphia. She has acquired a colored chauffeur whom she's named "Old Man River." Of course, having known Elizabeth's father, Judge Young, of New York, and her perfectly swell mother, Helen Young—who is something of an author, too—for years, it would be bad taste for me to rave too much about Elizabeth's future. But you just watch her.

*Hollywood  
day by day.*



Julie Carter (here you see her as she appeared in "It's Great to Be Alive") is the champion small-town girl of Hollywood. Her father was a railroad engineer and their home was wherever his work took him. She started as an extra, was picked for "bits," and in this latest picture you hear her voice for the first time.

(Continued from page 11)  
"This Day and Age," were Eric von Stroheim Jr., Wallace Reid Jr., Bryant Washburn Jr., Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., Fred Kohler, Jr., and Elsie Ferguson, niece of the actress.

DURING my brief trip to New York, I attended a performance of "Biography," chiefly because Ina Claire, one of my favorite blondes, was sending the male population of New York into rhapsodic ravings.

As I entered the lobby, I discovered Mary Astor patiently waiting for someone. It is hard to believe that Mary is a day older than when I first knew her. That was quite a few years ago. She had the long hair of a child then, and was the favorite model of one of Fifth Avenue's most sought-after photographers, who was famous for portraying saint-like qualities in his photographs of women.

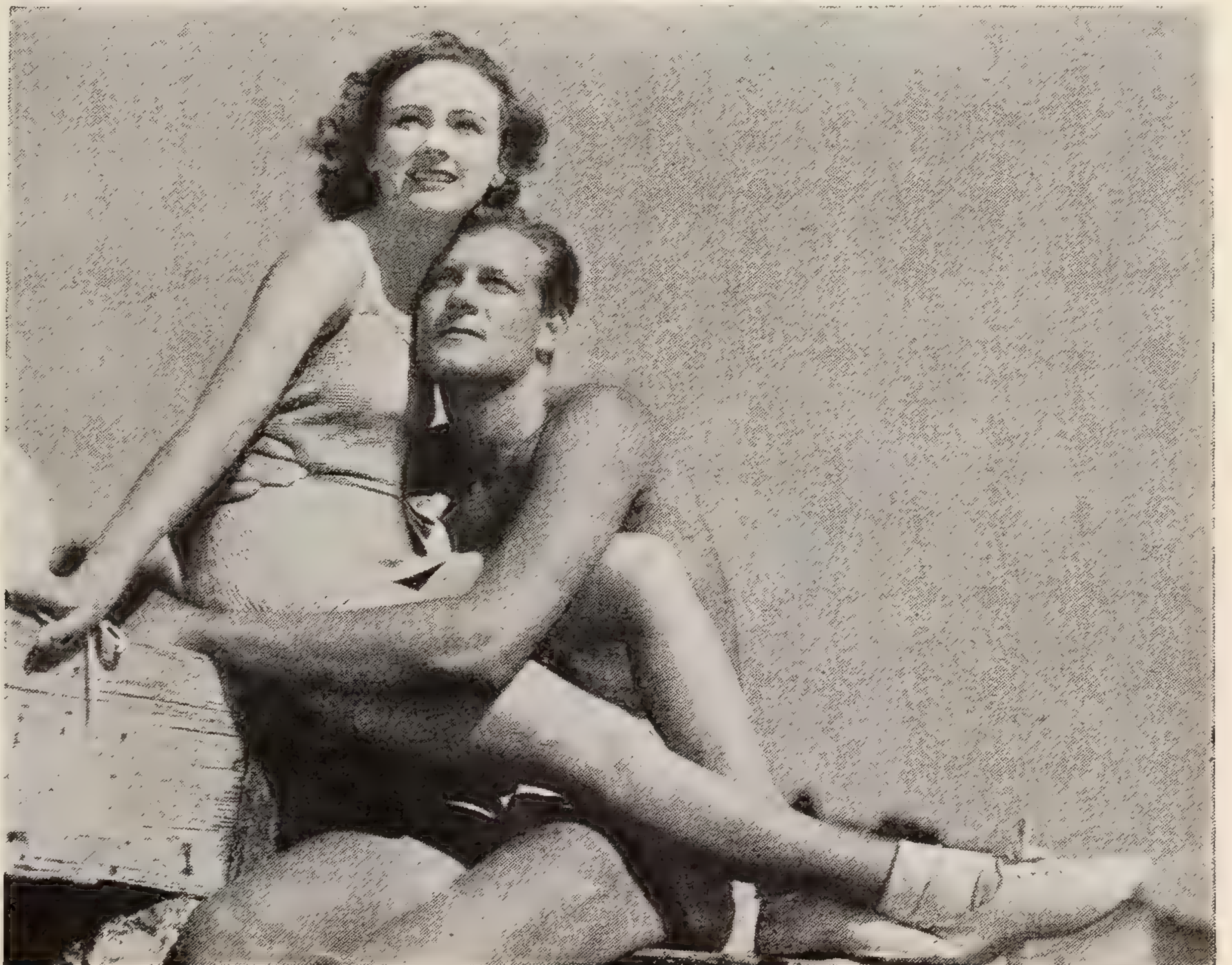
Lillian Gish never looked lovelier than when photographed by this man. In those days, Mary's picture was everywhere, both in photographs and on canvas. She has lost none of her youthful sweetness and charm. In her simple, dark blue dress and red leather belt, smart blue hat and veil, she sat with her tardy girl friend and enjoyed Ina Claire's inspired performance with the zest of an unspoiled child.

Even being one of the women who has been made love to by John Barrymore and Clark Gable—on the screen, I mean—has not made her "go Hollywood."

(Please turn to page 14)

I've promised you so many times that you'd see Dorothy Jordan and Joel McCrea teamed in light romances,—and you haven't seen them yet,—that I'm getting rather ashamed of myself. But each time the series is to start, the studio changes plans. Here, however, you do see them "rehearsing" at Malibu—just to show you how well they'll look together on the screen. Their first picture is "Three Came Unarmed."

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Miehle





# Hollywood day by day

I stayed at the Warwick while I was in New York. It isn't so expensive as the Ritz or the Ambassador, but, because of its nearness to the theatrical section, it is one of the favorite resorts of all the movie people.

THE fine new Ziegfeld Theater, across from the Warwick, is a movie house now—which reminds me

press agent stuff, but just the same, Sam has as good a claim as the next man to inherit the mantle of the Great Glorifier. He's one of my oldest acquaintances in the picture business, Sam Goldwyn, and I can testify that he always has had an eye for beauty—especially feminine beauty.

He is taking practical steps, too, to transplant the Ziegfeld tradition to the screen. He has brought John Harkrider out from New York, Ziegfeld's old costume designer, to make clothes for Eddie Cantor's new musical and also for Anna Sten's long-delayed debut in Zola's "Nana."

I RAN into another Ziegfeld graduate on the Metro lot the other day, Madame Albertina Rasch, who trains those bevy of sinuous dancers known as the Albertina Rasch girls. Madame, a small, dark-haired, dark-eyed, confident little woman, who inclines toward plumpness, is sure that styles are changing in chorus girls.

"They want lots of curves," she said, "and a certain voluptuous thinness."

Pressed to translate the latter phrase into understandable terms, she gave the following figures for the ideal girl of 1933:

Height.....	5 feet, 5 inches
Waist.....	26 inches
Hips.....	37 inches
Calf.....	13½ inches
Bust.....	34 inches
Shoulder length.....	15 inches
Neck to waist.....	15 inches
Waist to feet.....	41 inches
Neck length.....	3½ inches
Arm length.....	27 inches



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

This is one of the reasons why Jimmy Cagney did not take that long vacation trip during the Summer. It was either a swimming pool or the trip. Jimmy and the Mrs. talked it over and decided on the pool. Here you see Jimmy himself superintending construction.

(Continued from page 13)

ANOTHER exuberant girl, who never seems to grow up or grow "snooty," is Tallulah Bankhead. I saw her sitting in the front row of the "Apollo," having the time of her life, watching the antics of Olson and Johnson. She had on a black evening frock and a red velvet jacket and looked fascinating as usual. Tallulah was a great success in New York this winter. It's too bad that she didn't start there, on her return from England, instead of coming directly to pictures. A season or two on Broadway would have given movie people a chance to see what she really could do.

The best part of it is that Tallulah holds no grudge because of the terrible things that were done to her out here. She told me the other day that she still liked Hollywood, and, under the right conditions, would be glad to come back. She may, at that!

Jimmy Durante's out in Hollywood again, making his first picture with Jack Pearl, of radio fame, then to appear in a United Artists production. He gave his real reason for going West that Garbo needed him. "She simply couldn't get going without me," he said.

of the gigantic attempt Sam Goldwyn is making right now to establish himself as the Ziegfeld of Hollywood. He even speaks of his chorines as "Goldwyn's Glorified Girls, too exquisite to be alive, too good to be true, too beautiful for the naked eye."

There is a giggle in this sort of thing, of course, as there is in most



Photograph by Wide World

Lillian Bond, out in the patio for breakfast, shows you how you really should entertain your pets, if you're not fussy!

THE fact that beer licenses in Hollywood have been cut down from \$1,200 a year to \$10 a year should be a great help to Madame Rasch in assembling a chorus of the proper curving voluptuousness!

EDDIE CANTOR, by the way—still speaking in the Ziegfeld tradition—tells me he is thinking of



# Hollywood day by day

moving his big family back to New York. Not that Eddie is deserting us; far from it; but one picture a year of the size and costliness of the usual Cantor production is about right, and one picture a year doesn't necessitate an all-year home in Hollywood—especially with Eddie's radio duties calling him continually back to New York.

Eddie lived in the Delmonico Tower on Park Avenue a good part of last year; and although it is a swell place in a swell location, Eddie's simple heart longs for home.

**S**PEAKING of Hollywood and Park Avenue, the last time I had seen Betty Furness, before she showed up on the RKO lot out here as a potential star, was in the court yard of "277 Park Avenue," where she used to play tag with my sister's small child. She has astonished Hollywood with her ability to make her own costumes and hats, but she hasn't astonished me. Her mother, although a woman of independent means, acquired a big reputation in the East as a decorator. She did the Ambassador Hotel in Palm Beach and many other important structures. Betty comes by her artistic qualities honestly, I can swear to that—and also by her good looks!

**T**HERE'S another youngster of my acquaintance, a boy this time and a Californian, whom I would like to tip you off about: that's Homer Griffith, husky, blond quarter-back of the famous Southern California "Trojan" football team. In addition to his studying and his quarter-backing, Homer is singing professionally on the radio with Lofner's band. He already has several tentative picture offers; and with his looks, his personality and his voice, he ought to go far.

**I** TIPPED you off a month or so ago about Nelson Eddy, the young baritone opera singer with the blond hair and giant body, and look where he is now: playing the male lead with Jeanette MacDonald in the musical version of "The Prisoner of Zenda." So keep your eye on Homer Griffith. That is, if you can. Trojan opponents will tell you he moves fast.

Speaking of athletes, I saw June Knight the other day, back from the big fight, wearing Max Baer's roses. Now I happen to know Maxey—who is, as you have probably read, Schmeling's conqueror and prospective heavyweight champion of the (Please turn to page 16)



Here's Lyle Talbot just about to toss Glenda Farrell into the studio pool. . . . Did you know that Glenda has to get the permission of her young son before she can devote herself to any great extent to any one escort? Tommy looks them over, and if he doesn't approve, they're out. Glenda tells me that Tommy has put his okay on Gene Raymond, who has been escorting her lately.



Constance Cummings and the two Scotties that were presented to her by the British-Gaumont Company, for which she has been making a picture. You'll see some of her new Hollywood pictures soon. I expect to see her make her American come-back in a big way.



(Continued from page 15)  
world—and if he loosens up for any girl to the extent of saying it with flowers from New York to California, there's something doing.

Maybe Max will do his stuff in pictures, too. He's more conventionally handsome than Jack Dempsey was in the pre-nasal days, and more romantic looking than Bull Montana. I doubt, though, if he is as durable as Bull. When the latter got run into the other day by a wild lady driver, the local headlines read: "Auto Slightly Damaged Striking Bull Montana."

I FOUND the Paramount publicity department in stitches the other day because someone had written in suggesting that they solve the question of who is to play Alice in "Alice in Wonderland" by giving the role to Mae West!

"You never can tell what's going to happen around here these days," one of the boys said, "with Peggy Joyce and Mae West both on the lot."

One thing that happened the day I was there was that Alan Dinehart, who once starred in a play called "The Meanest Man in the World" and who has been playing the part in dozens of cinemas ever since, admitted that he was going to marry cute little, twenty-one-year-old Mozelle Brittonne, with whom he's been Beverly-Wilshiring all year. Alan refused to admit, however, that the presence of Baby LeRoy—who, by the way, now has a seven-year contract—on the Paramount lot had anything to do with his sudden decision to merge with Mozelle.

BUT the big sensation, that day, in the Paramount family was not a Paramount star but a visitor from M-G-M. Garbo came to call. It was the first time I had seen her "close-up" since she came back from



Even though Sari Maritza was hailed into court and forced to pay some \$700 damages caused to a rented house by her two dogs and pet cat, she still insists upon keeping them. "They're about the highest priced pets a girl could have," she says, "but, gee! what can I do? I love them."

Elba, or wherever it was she spent her exile, and I can testify that she's the same Garbo. She was even riding in her same 1927 black sedan. The only thing new in the outfit—and this goes for Greta's clothes, too! was the new chauffeur.

Garbo said she came to see Rouben Mamoulian, who she hopes, is to direct her new picture. I suspect, how-

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Photographed by Wide World

Did you know that Joan Blondell had a little sister, Gloria? No? Well, then, just to show you, here she is, escorted by Eric Linden. See the resemblance?

ever, that she really came to see Marlene Dietrich—not in the flesh, of course, for Marlene, pants and all, has gone—but in "The Song of Songs." Anyhow, she disappeared at once with Mamoulian into a projection room for a private pre-view of that picture.

I went out to Culver City the next afternoon to talk with Jackie Cooper and see how he felt about having



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Jack Oakie came into the Paramount grill with Mary Kornman, who has graduated from "Our Gang" comedies to being Jack's leading woman. Jack seated her grandly, then took off his coat and hung it up. "Do you always take off your coat when you lunch with ladies?" I asked him. "She's no lady," he replied. "She's my pal. And she likes me best with my coat off."



\$76,000 cut out of his salary contract for the next two years, only to find that the little fellow had been rushed to the Hollywood Hospital scarcely an hour before to have his appendix cut out of his tummy—or thereabouts. Poor Jackie! It was tough to lose \$76,000 and an appendix all in one month. But it was only the month before that he acquired a new father!

UPTON SINCLAIR tells me that Serge Eisenstein shot fifty-four miles of film for "Thunder Over Mexico." When Upton told that story to Eric von Stroheim, was the latter's face red? There seems to be no doubt about the Eisenstein achievement, however, for the undeveloped film, when it arrived in this country, without either director or directions, filled more than two thousand cans.

THE most changed studio in Hollywood these days is the United Artists. Time was when you'd see Doug or Mary or "D. W." or Norma or Gloria whenever you turned a corner. Then came a time when you didn't see anybody for long weeks at a stretch. Now everything is hustle again under this unspellable and unconquerable Darryl Zanuck.

Zanuck, backed by Joe Schenck, has reached out and helped himself to some of the biggest stars in pictures. Already he has Wallace Beery, George Arliss, George Raft and the glamorous Connie Bennett; and they do say he's about to snare Constance Cummings and Clara Bow.

I asked Darryl how he liked the new lot as compared with the old.

"Well," he said, "the polo field at Warner's was better."

Darryl and Will Rogers are the colony's best and most indefatigable polo players. Gable was good, too, until the M-G-M bosses made him give it up for tennis.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Miehle

Betty Furness . . . but just read what Nemo says about her. He "knew her when." Here she's attired in an ensemble of crimson corduroy, with swagger-length coat and puffed sleeves, with the blouse, gloves and turban all of white piqué. And they do say she designed the costume herself.



Photo by Wide World

Charles Laughton, in England, playing in "Henry the VIII." He is shown here with two of his wives, played by Mlle. Oben Oberon and Binnie Barnes. We thought you'd like to see how your favorite looks when he goes into the classic dray-ma.

TO Ben Turpin goes the biggest laugh of the month. When the audience yelled itself hoarse for Peggy Joyce the opening night of "International House," Ben came out and took a bow!

To *The New Yorker*, goes the best moving picture story. After quoting from the Paris press a few somewhat bewildered comments on Mae West's first picture, one of which hazards the belief that Mae was really a blond negro, because of her "robust and grave singing which recalls the plantations of cotton along the Mississippi on which the show boats ply," the American paper told how one Parisian critic stated that her present screen success was founded on a stage play called "Lil Diamond."

"Lil Diamond, eh?" said *The New Yorker*. "They done her wrong."

THE most elaborate practical joke of the month was perpetrated by New Papa Dick Arlen, who presaged a visit of Jack Oakie's to Toluca Lake by plastering all the approaches to the vicinity with huge printed posters stating that "The Toluca Lake Protective Association, the Toluca Lake Anti-Noise Society, the Toluca Lake Peace & Quiet Club and



Photo by Wide World

Joseph Cawthorne, famous old-time stage comedian, now in Hollywood in the movies, and his most intimate friend, John Barrymore. When the Barrymores are not cruising, they will be, according to the Hollywood wags, at the Cawthorne home.

the Toluca Lake To-a-man-against Jack-Oakie Amalgamation had dedicated themselves to One Great Cause—to keep Jack Oakie out of Toluca Lake." The notices were signed "Richard Arlen, Mayor."

Later bulletin: Norman McLeod, my special Toluca Lake correspondent, reports that in the excitement of trying to keep Jack Oakie out, no one noticed that Andy Devine had moved in!

That's all this month. See you next month! Until then, good-bye!

Hollywood  
day by day



# BATHERS:

## BE SURE ARM AND LEG HAIR WON'T SHOW\*

### USE MARCHAND'S



{ \* REMEMBER EXCESS HAIR {  
LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET }

WET your arm. See how the fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker. And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever, when you go in bathing?

For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily. Then you won't mind how wet arms get! Remember, shaving will make hair grow back bristlier than ever.

#### WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES,

sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take the same precaution—because excess hair may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

#### BEAUTY AID OF BLONDES

Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to restore youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make drab hair lustrous and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

Beware of imitations and substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine. Ask for "MARCHAND'S"—see that the label spells

# MARCHAND'S

## GOLDEN HAIR WASH

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL—

Fill in coupon, mail  
with 45c (coins, money  
order or stamps) to C.  
Marchand Co., 251 W.  
19th St., New York City

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NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

# GALLERY of STARS



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Manatt

● Wallace Beery as *Captain Terry* and Marie Dressler as *Annie* in their new co-starring sensation, "Tug Boat Annie," completion of which was delayed for many months on account of Miss Dressler's illness. Now—with cheers from millions of fans—she's strong and well again.





## YOUTH

Youth saves the world . . . youth, revolting against stodgy tradition and frayed precedent, rejuvenates our decaying civilization. This is the note struck by Cecil B. DeMille's "This Day and Age," showing the friendship and then the love of Richard Cromwell as *Steve* and Judith Allen, the newcomer, as *Gay*.





Mary Brian appears in the first picture Universal has made in the East in many years—"Moonlight and Pretzels," a musical comedy also featuring Roger Pryor and Leo Carillo. You'll be curious to see the new and bubbling Mary since, as she expresses it, she has "grown up and stepped out."

**WHOOPEE!**



# Hollywood's MAD

**Unleashing the studio hounds to find males who'll clink box office dimes**

**J**OLTED by late box office reports, our studio deans realized suddenly that the Hollywood campus is thronged with M-m-m girls without enough O-o-oo boys to stage a prom—not even with Marlene pressed into trousers.

"M-m-mm," you must know, is the female element discovered by the lusty lads of the University of Southern California. It is inadequately defined as "general seductiveness." Mother Glyn's "It" without the tiger skin. The thing what M-m-Mae West's got.

On the heels of this m-momentous discovery by our gallant Trojans, the co-eds of Nebraska's "U" discovered the O-o-oo thing and elected their perfect man.

Enter, at this point, the rector of Christ Church of Towanda, Pennsylvania, with classic authority. In a letter the rector says that on the East bank of the Nile there was a statue named Memnon after the Greek mythological hero. It was Memnon's custom to emit curious metallic sounds, much to the titting agitation of the temple dancing girls who each morning did the

**HENRI GARAT**

from France, inspires much hope in Fox.



old Nile number before him. As he gazed upon them doing their reverent ooch-ooch, old Memnon distinctly muttered, "M-m-m." And probably thanked heaven he arrived before Hays.

There seems to be a little bit of Memnon in every movie producer. They're business men, of course, pure and simple. Still, as Sister West would say, they ain't ice. This may explain the excess of Mmms



**JAN KIEPURA**

the golden voiced, better known as "the Peck's Bad Boy of Opera," being imported by Universal.



**HERBERT MARSHALL**

too long absent, whose suave ways have set the feminine hearts awlirl.

*Photo by Wide World*

over Ooos. It's merely supposition, of course. Even Dame Nature goes off balance every now and then and dumps a lot of Mmm babies on a nation without enough Ooo's to da-da with.

Certainly our producers have done right

by Memnon and we Memnonites are grateful for such temple belles as Mmms Garbo, West, Crawford, Harlow, Dietrich an' -m-m-m-mmm.

Where are the O-o-oo's to match the breach-of-promise bait?

Mae West, Memnon's favorite temple danseuse, says Jim Cagney ain't so bad.

"That mug?" says Memnon. "He ain't got looks."

"But he's got," says hippity flippity Mae, "the old animal."

"What about the young and handsones, like . . . ?"

"Them," says Mae, flipping a hip, "is for inexperienced guls."

That will do, Mae. You may resume your temple duties.

**W**E'LL turn to the box office, which is ice. Unlike Memnon, it is interested only in the cold clink of dimes. But these metallic sounds, after all, are chiefly echoes of the Mmm's and Ooo's.

Consider, first, the leading lady dime-diggers: Mae West, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer,



# MAN HUNT

By HERB HOWE



Photo by Rembrandt Studios

NELSON EDDY

MGM's new musical O-o-o-oo.



BRIAN AHERNE

Paramount's white hope.



Photo by Barron Studios

FRED ASTAIRE

a kind of hoofing Prince of Wales

Marlene Dietrich, Jean Harlow, Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor, Helen Hayes, Sylvia Sydney, Ruth Chatterton, and, of course, the dowager Queen Dressler.

Incidentally, Miss West thinks the hottest Mmm is Miss Harlow—'ceptin', of course, Miss West herself. She says Jean hasn't found herself yet; when she does there's going to be temperature. Box office, Mae means.

Then there is the procession of girls who are holding their own or tripping up the starry stairs: Ruby Keeler, Lupe Velez, Kay Francis, Lilian Harvey, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, Constance Cummings, Bette Davis, Madge Evans, Katharine Hepburn, Sally Eilers, Joan Blondell, Dorothy Jordan, Irene Dunne, Jean Parker, Barbara Stanwyck, Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee, Heather Angel, Gloria Stuart, Arline Judge. . . . And still they come!

Now examine the ticker of male quotations as emitted by the box office. Only four men compete against the twelve leading women stars: Wally Beery, Lee Tracy, James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson.

Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Leslie Howard and even the Barrymore *freres* need all-star grouping.

This batters my line-up of the first of the year when there were more men than women. It's the New Deal, that's what. Good old F. D. R.

THE smashing star victory under the New Deal is that of the triumphant Mae West. Other debutantes to the starry set are: the ascending Miss Harlow, Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Ruby Keeler, Dorothea Wieck, Diana Wynyard.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

having lost his coltish affectation may soon become one of our greatest male stars.

Maurice Chevalier had to adopt a baby for "sympathy." That's always a sure sign. The Frenchman has a good routine but it's set, and good tricks can become more monotonous than no tricks at all.

Ramon Novarro, the Latin romantic, finds the age passing him by. It's a hard-boiled era of fistic *Romeos*. Instead of singing sweet ballads to a lady on the balcony, the *Romeo* today climbs up and kicks her off. Still, for all this, Ramon can put on the old moth-eaten burnouse and get business. He, also, has been neglected by the studio professors, who now are allowing him to sing. The team of Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald should (*Please turn to page 86*)

The only male to win a sheepskin during the same period is Lee Tracy.


George Raft didn't quite make it. The Valentino raiment, so hastily spread out for him, was found not to fit. True, he has not had any englamouring roles, but I think it will be found he lacks the variety and punch that elicits the O-o-oo.

While the girls have been progressing in their studies, the boys have not been getting their old marks. This has been their own fault in some cases; in others, you'll have to admit that the girls have been teachers' pets.

Ol' Pal Gable admits he has backed up. He became the hero of the M-G-M lot and lapsed on the screen.

Clark was always rushing to the rescue of stellar ladies who needed strong support. He couldn't say "No," and was being worked to death (screen death, anyhow) when his doctor, and pal, Franklin Thorpe, said it for him. Fortified by a "much-needed" vacation, he probably will gain screen strength in stronger parts than he had before.





IT CAN'T BE I---  
It Must Be Somebody Else!  
Says KATHARINE HEPBURN

## HEPBURN ODDITIES

Katharine Hepburn's "private life" is a tall, husky, New York business man to whom she has been married almost five years, and with whom she is most decidedly in love.

She adores diving but not dieting, loves golf but not bridge, would rather do figure skating than go to a party, and reads French novels in the original.

Katharine can be equally happy driving a second-hand flivver or a Hispano-Suiza, but keeps her foot on the accelerator in either case.

She can wear an original Schiaparelli designed for her in Paris and knock an audience cold, but she feels happy in old blue denim overalls at a dollar a pair.

The neighbors' boys and girls squabble about which side will have her to play One Ole Cat and the other games when she gets home to Hartford. And, boy, can she play!

When Katharine graduated from Bryn Mawr and went on the stage, nobody believed in her except her gifted mother and the man she later married. They both stood by her in the four hard years between that beginning and film stardom.

Her brothers at Harvard started the Hepburn family scrapbook of Clippings About Kate. It's bulging over now and going into the second large volume. She doesn't believe a single word of it.



## Going back home to visit the folks with the screen's latest meteor

By DOROTHY VERRILL  
who "knew her when . . ."

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *The author of this article, Dorothy Verrill, for many years a prominent Connecticut newspaper woman, first met Katharine Hepburn when she was a little girl, and Katharine's mother, Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn, of Hartford, was leading a gallant fight for woman suffrage, a cause in which she was a pioneer. The charming personality, persuasive speaking ability and splendid courage of the mother are all evident in the stage and screen star who is her eldest daughter. Miss Verrill's long friendship with Mrs. Hepburn and her family and her intimate knowledge of Hartford make this an authentic and colorful sketch of Katharine Hepburn's intriguing and unusual personality.*

**T**HIS must be all about a couple of other girls—it can't be I!" exclaimed Katharine Hepburn, sitting cross-legged on the floor before the fireplace in the living room of her parent's home in Hartford, Connecticut. She was looking at the bulging scrapbook which her family has filled with clippings and other records of her career.

Even when surprised and incredulous, she would be grammatical, for she once remarked that it was bad enough to be misquoted but worse to be misquoted in poor English.

And her astonishment at the family collection of clippings is completely genuine. Really just an average American girl with a prosperous background and marked dramatic talent, sincerely scornful of publicity as such, brusque with reporters, unamenable to press agents and still keenly aware of the discouragements she endured for five years before attaining success, to her it all seems incredible, dream-like.

She feels it must be another girl and although she may be secretly pleased, even thrilled, she is somewhat terrified at the sudden blaze of curiosity, the insistent barrage of questions, that have been the result of her sudden fame.

It was because of this terror that she made those peculiar answers to questions about her personal life. "You must have me confused with that other Katharine Hepburn," she said to the reporters who besieged her after her first triumph in "A Bill of Divorcement."

**A**ND there really are two Katharine Hepburns. One of them sits on the floor in old clothes and reads about the other with a surprise akin to that which many of her relatives and most of her friends still seem to feel.



*Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Ernest A. Bachrach*

But there is another Katharine Hepburn, a small-town girl, a shy girl, fond of simple things and simple living, devoted to her home and family.

One Katharine Hepburn whirls about the streets of Hollywood, does and says surprising and spectacular things on "the set," steps off the Twentieth Century in clothes which establish a fashion, walks on Park Avenue or shops on Fifth, attends first nights and refuses to give interviews or autographs. She is RKO's newest, brightest and most glamorous "find," co-star of "A Bill of Divorcement," the first picture in which she ever appeared and which she stole from John Barrymore under his very nose; and star, in her own right, of "Christopher Strong," which nobody even attempted to steal from her, eminent as her fellow players were. Then star of "Morning Glory," written just for her.

She is the lissome, red-haired, big-eyed, exotic and eccentric girl who is hailed as "the American Garbo," whose costumes are copied, whose haircut is famous, whose face has launched a thousand cover designs—though it was only last fall that it first flashed on the screen.

**B**UT there is another Katharine Hepburn, a small-town girl, a shy girl, fond of simple things and simple living, devoted to her home and family. And whenever Katharine Hepburn, the movie star, returns from Hollywood (which is whenever she finishes a picture) she goes "back home" to Hartford, Connecticut, to visit her folks, just as she has spent every possible moment (*Please turn to page 92*)





Girls of Paramount's much-exploited cellophane chorus. From left to right: Helen Harris, Althea Henley, Lona Andre (one of the Wampus baby stars) and Gwen Zetter.



Hollywood beauties appearing in the bathing girl contest sequence in "Headline Shooters," RKO's new action drama glorifying the news-reel cameraman.



June Glory (left), who is now achieving small parts.

Loretta Andrews (right), one of Hollywood's best known extras.



Toby Wing, a chorine in all of the Warner musicals, has only just now been given her first real chance.



Photos by Bert Longworth

Jane Shadduck (left), rising to the glorious heights of speaking parts.

Adele Lacy (right), a dazzling beauty, glorified in the musicals.

*They also serve, who only stand and wait.*  
JOHN MILTON.

## The truth about Movieland's Un- known Soldiers

**A**ND wait and wait and wait!  
If Milton had known of Hollywood he might have dedicated that immortal line to Hollywood's extra girls. Now I proudly borrow it to eulogize these courageous, unknown soldiers of Movieland.

In Hollywood casting offices you see them with blank eyes and tired faces—waiting. Sometimes hours. Often all day.

In cheap, colorless little apartments and bungalow courts, you find them haunting a telephone—waiting for the golden ring of its bell. Waiting—always waiting.

At night they sleep with stagnation, and in the morning they begin their waiting all over again. The army of the living dead, I call them; marching on to oblivion. So blindly. So hopefully. Following the call of fame as the rats followed the Pied Piper of yore.

Dead—but deep in their hearts still dreaming. Hollywood Zombies!



# PRISONERS

OF

## HEART-BREAK TOWN

By RAMON ROMERO



Sammy Lee, the dance director, and his four assistants, gathering five hundred extra girls together to pick sixty-five for the ballet sequence in "I Loved You Wednesday." This picture is illuminating in that it shows how many girls will respond to what is known as a "chorus call."

Bee Stevens, Monica Bannister, Anita Thompson, Bonnie Bannon, Marian Murray and Margaret Dixon.

Ruth Romaine (at top of page), whose name you may be seeing in electric lights.

IN the files of Central Casting they are only numbers; their bodies mathematically listed, their souls lost in the quicksands of the alphabet. Prisoners of hope with an address and a telephone number, an evening gown and carfare. Serving time in Hollywood. Shunning freedom. Accepting defeat and hunger and humiliation. Increasing their own sentences in a living hell from one month to another, from one year to years beyond recapture. Turning their backs on escape—hoping that each new day will bring that "break" that will start them on the road to stardom.

Too late they have become but mere shadows that move with a great invisible loneliness through a thousand crowded motion picture sets—zombies who work in front of a camera instead of on a field—ambition their master, flogging them into soul-submission.

From everywhere they come. Out of Long Island mansions. From Iowa farms. From tenements and convents. From bleak, snow-covered countries and from heat-laden islands. From dotted villages on maps and from the heights of dizzy skyscrapers. From everywhere and anywhere. Oceans! Mountains! Continents! Even hell-fire doesn't stop them.

Warned that Hollywood is like some great creative octopus that will destroy them, they turn deaf ears upon such advice and willingly risk their dreams, their ideals, their very lives, for a chance to be caressed by its tentacles of glory and luxury and adoration.

But more often they are crushed. Completely annihilated. And still they come, drawn by a treacherous mirage and an ambition that kills!

TEN THOUSAND girls and women are registered for extra work at Central Casting. There are numberless other thousands who have made applications for registration. Being put on the registered list to play atmosphere is more difficult than trying to get a part in a picture!

Filled application blanks lie on layers of shelves rapidly gathering the dust of time, perhaps never to be looked at again.

In the meantime, hopeful applicants wait with frenzied anticipation for their names to be added to the scroll of the living dead. Waiting, day after day, for death—mistaking it for opportunity, giving it the illusion of success, (Please turn to page 96)



# FROM VAUDEVILLE TO THE WHITE HOUSE



*Photograph by Wide World*

Miss Janis, shown above, with her husband.

**Personal observations concerning that strong, iron-jawed, ruthless leader, Walter Huston—who'd rather be "Wally"**

By

ELSIE JANIS

**M**OST of our baby-faced, helpless little starlets who on the screen give the impression of not having sense enough to go in out of the rain, are, in reality, strong-minded, clear-thinking, young women. They can tell ahead of time when it is going to rain and usually have plenty put aside for the event.

Our great he-men who treat the girls rough are for the most part wife-bound. They hand out socks in the films, but at home their wives select the pairs they wear.

Our sleek and shimmering sirens, Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford and others, much prefer a picnic at the beach to an orgy, and romp about in trousers which cover the over-advertised "understanding".

The whole industry is a mass of contradictions, but the strangest of all is Walter Huston. As a proof I submit the name by which I have known him for years—"Wally!" That strong, iron-jawed



At last, Wally Huston in a sympathetic role. He is a Hungarian drunkard in "Storm at Daybreak," but it's too early to crow, because, before the picture is finished, the drunkard will probably reform and become a leader of men.

dictator, for whom the producers battle every time a film calls for a ruthless leader, is Wally to his close friends, Wally in his own life and wants to be Wally in yours.

But play one president well in the pictures and you're elected to sit, stand and wallow in power indefinitely. Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves. By portraying him so well in films Wally got himself a set of studio shackles which bind him to leadership, when he would perhaps love to follow the procession in a trailer, playing a cello.

At present Wally is playing a sympathetic role.





Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

He is a Hungarian drunkard in "Storm at Daybreak," but it's too early to crow, because, before the picture is finished, the drunkard will probably reform and become a leader of men, the studio having decided that

Mr. Walter Huston is not running true to type. I lunched with him the other day (more free food) and he was telling me how he had to beg to play the Hungarian weakling.

"I can't see you in this kind of thing," said Mr. Metro. "It's a Lionel Barrymore part, sympathetic and tear-jerking."

From the day Lionel started that sob-laden speech in "A Free Soul," he hasn't been allowed to stop pleading except in "Rasputin." Even then he made you feel sorry for the Russian.

By portraying Abraham Lincoln so well in films, Wally got himself a set of studio shackles which bind him to leadership, when he would perhaps love to follow the procession in a trailer, playing a cello.

In real life there's not a tear in a carload of Barrymores. They are brilliant, scintillant, humorous genuises for whom you might feel practically every other emotion, but any one who had the temerity to feel sorry

for a Barrymore would have the nerve to claim an intimate relationship with Confuscious.

THEY are great troupers. So is Walter Huston. Any one of them could give you a variety of characterizations, but the weakest link in the chain that holds the picture industry is the idea that when a player scores a hit in a role he must play the same one over and over. The locale may change, but the formula remains.

Wally used to be in (*Please turn to page 89*)





*Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull*

## DANCING LADY

Joan, herself, tanned to a golden bronze, photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine, in her Hollywood gardens. The large picture hat you see is of white linen with gold buckles, and Joan's wearing a pajama ensemble of linen. . . . Her newest film is "Dancing Lady," co-starring Clark Gable.



## The famous humorist wisecracks his way through the Hollywood scene

**R**OLAND YOUNG has arranged signals for his beach house to warn friends when he is not at home, or does not wish callers. If a green light shows above the door, it means come in, but when the blue light burns, friends know Mr. Young is either out, or in no mood for company.

It strikes us that this marks an important technical advance in the lives of motion picture people. The basic idea can be developed into an arrangement of tremendous convenience in Hollywood.

A film star, by simply touching a button, could send up Roman candles which, according to a prearranged code, would mean:

"My husband doesn't understand me."

A salmon pink flare might indicate—

"Outa gin!"

And when a box-office beauty wants people to know she is about to take a sun bath, an electric switch could sound a siren.

For photos of Dietrich my love is well-wearing,  
Attending her pictures I'm never found booing;  
She seems so amused by the things she is wearing;  
And looks so surprised at the things she is doing.

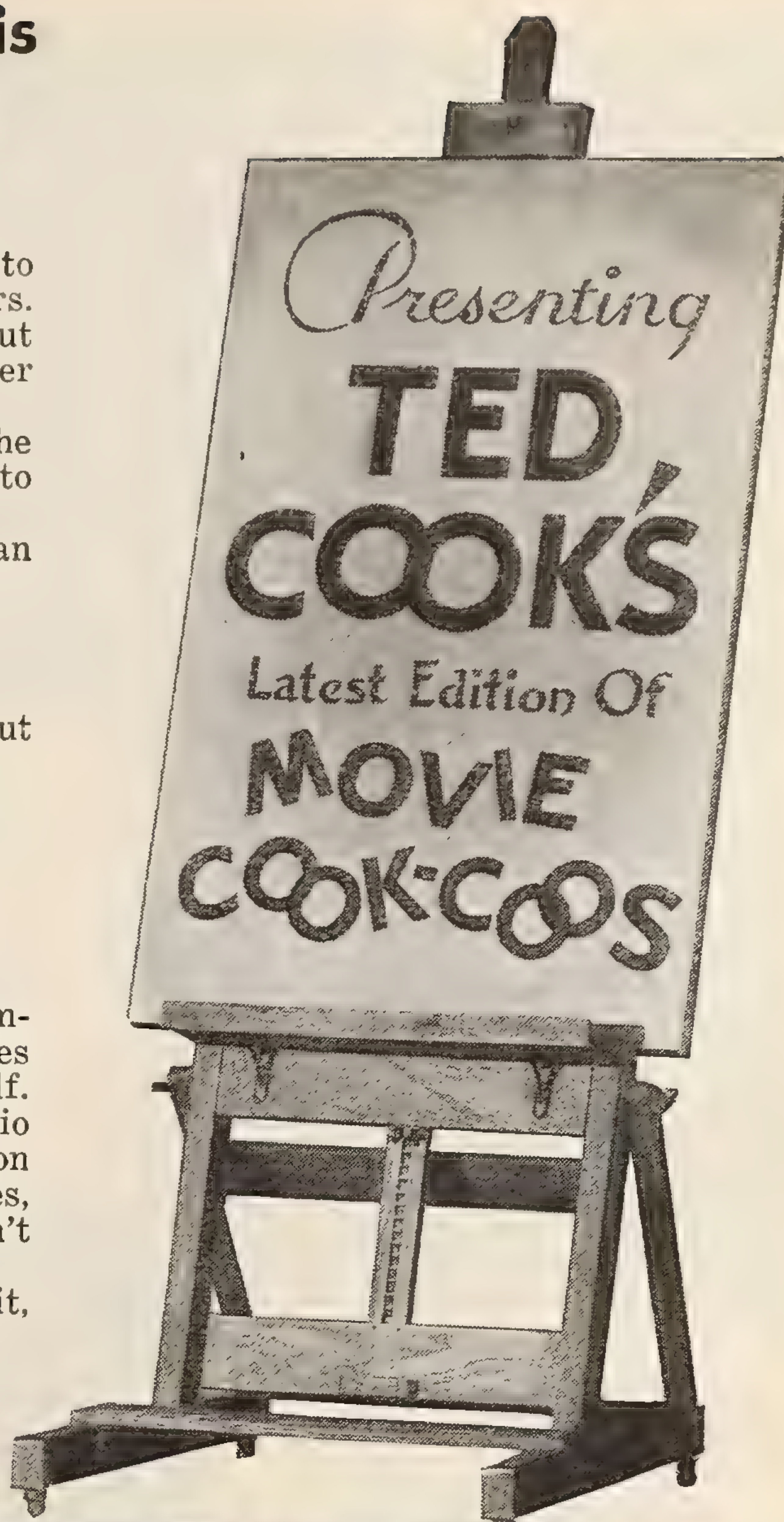
**W**ILL HAYS has suggested that the studios could save themselves money by selling each other the unproduced stories they have bought, paid for, lost interest in and put away on the shelf.

Which would be quite a help, economically, since every major studio has thousands of dollars tied up in story material it has no intention of using. But it seems it wouldn't work. According to authorities, whenever a producer finds that somebody else wants a story he doesn't want, he stops not wanting it.

In fact, he immediately gets busy. Has a picture made from it, and is usually relieved to find that he was right in the first place.

(Please turn to page 81)

*Drawing by the author*



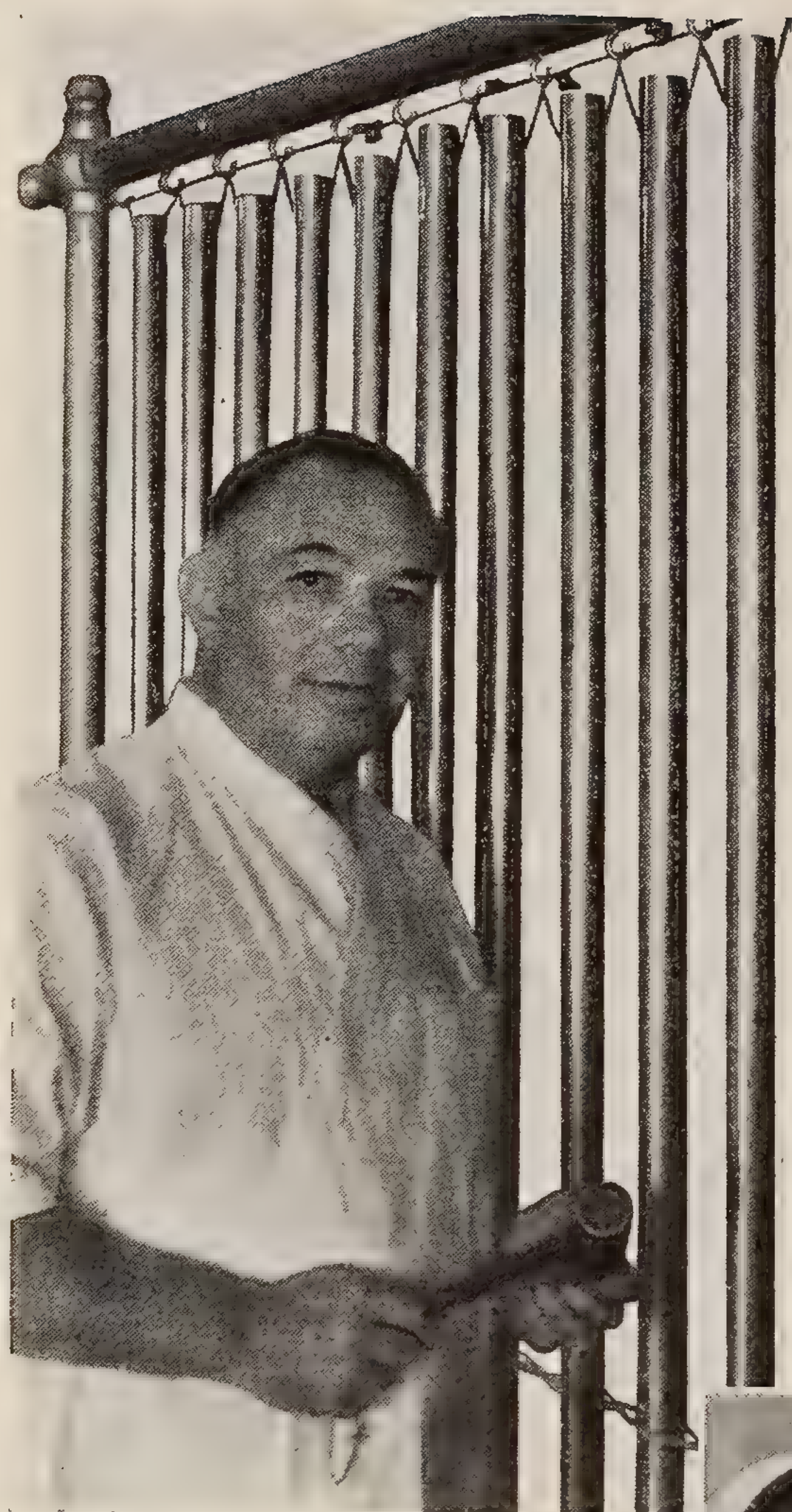
A film star could send up Roman candles which would mean:  
"My husband doesn't understand me!"



# You Can't Believe Your EARS

*Amazing and ingenious devices used behind the scenes and the magic of the sound man's art*

By **ERIC ERGENBRIGHT**



(Above) Joe Delfino with a set of German chimes imported for use in one Berlin scene.



(Right) With these brake-drums, from junked automobiles, Murray Spivak reproduces cathedral chimes—and you don't know the difference.

**T**HE studio sound crew, with its huge truck, its powerful dynamo and its intricate recording apparatus, journeyed far into the hinterlands to capture the gentle, melodious babble of a mountain brook.

They returned in triumph, screened the costly film and heard with despair a raucous clamor which resembled nothing so much as an avalanche of scrap iron falling on a tin roof!

In a nearby studio, a western thriller (all-talking) was in the making. The dashing hero drew his trusty six-gun, fired from the hip—and broke the "sound track." On the screen, the report of his shot sounded as puny and flat as a baby's handclap.

Such incidents were daily calamities five years ago, when sound pictures were young and producers foolishly hoped that audiences would be able to "believe their ears." Today they know better. Bitter experience has taught them the wisdom of calling on Joe Delfino or one of his fellow-craftsmen.

"Tell 'Sound Effects' to bring some flowing water to Recording Room Number 5," is the mandate on the Fox lot. And five minutes later, Signor Delfino, dean of Hollywood sound experts, appears with a simple device in which bits of cork are cascaded against a fine-meshed screen by a slowly revolving cylinder. He



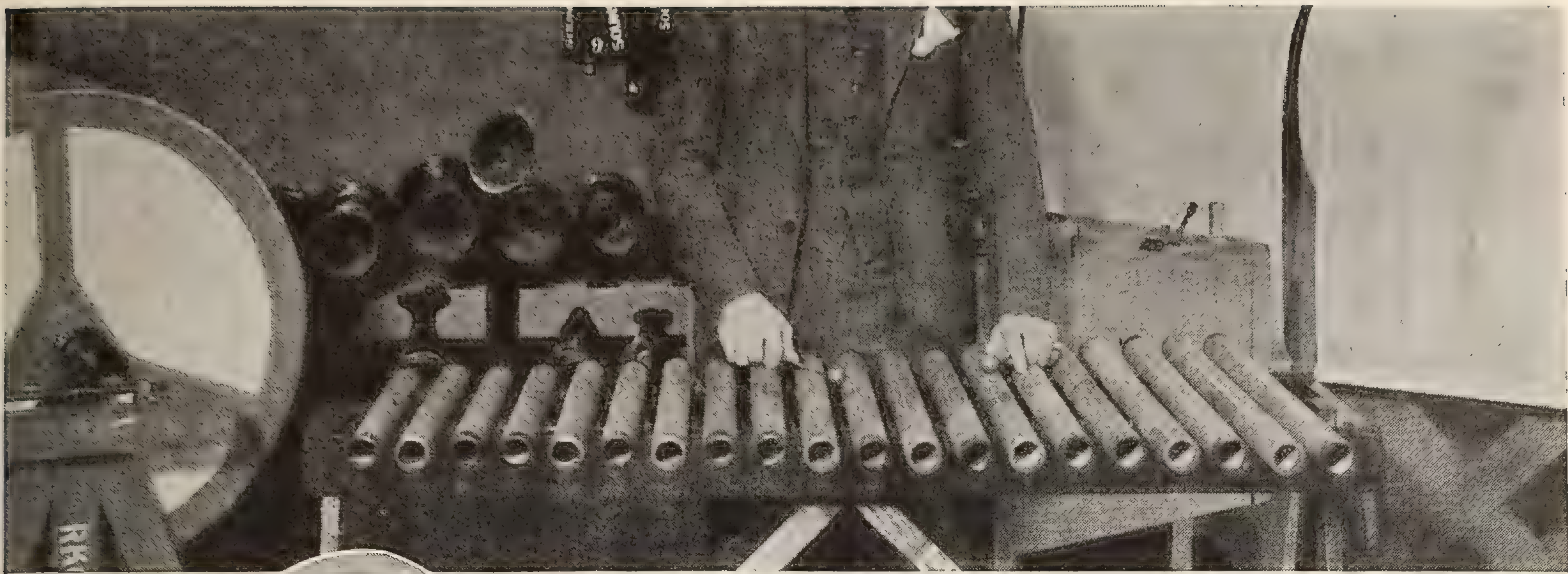
(Left) Apparatus used to make the rat-ta-tat of machine-gun fire.

turns the crank, a faint, soothing sound is produced, and, when it is "hopped-up" in recording, the illusion is perfect. No stream ever babbled with greater sincerity and feeling.

Delfino lives in a world of sound vibration. Years of specialized training have given his ears uncanny ability to analyze the most casual, or the most unusual, sounds—to "break it down" into its components. He sits at his dinner table, hears the whine of the wind through the screen door, instantly realizes the difference between that sound and the lower note of the wind in the open, and his alert mind is automatically "on the job." There will never be a vacation for Delfino unless he chooses to isolate himself in a sound-proof cell.

Ninety-nine per cent of the sound effects which you hear from the screen—excepting, of course, the voices





Varied lengths of gas pipe are used to reproduce the rich and mellow tones of ringing bells.



Warren William and Bette Davis posed before one of the new outdoor microphones. Through this instrument the roar of the waves is subdued when recorded on the film, and the voices of the players brought out. Some of the new devices will record faint sounds occurring more than a mile away.

of the players—are synthetic. Why? Because it costs far too much, in both money and time, to transport a sound truck and crew to a “location” where the actual sound desired can be recorded; because, in many cases the actual sound is unrecognizable when recorded; because such a “natural” is almost certain to impose other, distracting noises which cannot be “tuned out” successfully; because of the need of correct “timing,” which means the synchronization of the sound effect and the players’ dialogue and action.

Delfino’s department at Fox, started at scratch when the screen “went talkie,” now boasts nearly five thousand sound machines in stock. Others are being devised daily.

**AUTHENTICITY** is the sound man’s god. It is not enough to simulate a required sound; it must be reproduced exactly. The odds are a thousand to one that a slight discrepancy would never be noticed, but every possible effort must be made to guard against that one chance.

Consider, for example, so simple a sound as a train whistle. It has given the sound man many a headache.

The whistle of an English train differs considerably in tone from that of a German train, and both are radically different from the whistle of the typical American locomotive.

Consequently, the well-stocked sound department must have on hand a whistle from every country; otherwise, to some widely traveled critic in an audience the perfect illusion of reality might be spoiled.

Owls hoot differently in various parts of the country, the whistle of a San Francisco ferry sounds nothing like the blast of a North River boat; the heavy roar of a tri-motored bomber does not resemble the staccato whine of a pursuit plane to the educated ear; the sound of footsteps in the snow varies greatly according to the snow’s temperature, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

A sample problem, one which would be mere routine to the expert sound man, occurred in “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm” (1932 version). In one scene, a sleigh lurched against a snow bank, overturned and spilled its load of Christmas packages, while the floundering horse, made even more panicky by the shouts of Ralph Bellamy and the screams of Marian Nixon, became entangled in the harness and broke one of the shafts.

Throughout the entire scene the wind shrieked. Delfino, explaining his procedure, says that he first analyzed the entire “effect” by listing its individual sounds, which were: (Please turn to page 78)





Photo by Dorothy Wilding, London

"American women are interesting, but too—sophisticated. They try too hard to imitate men. That is not good. But *you* are different."

Right: Franz Lederer in the New York and London stage success, "Autumn Crocus."

Photo by Sasha, London



# I Kiss Your Hand, Madame!

**Merely an introduction to Broadway's latest matinee idol who now makes his bow to you in the movies**

**By PEARL A. KATZMAN**

**W**HEN I first met Francis Lederer, the new Broadway matinee idol, in the corridor leading to his dressing-room, he pressed my hand—and kissed it! I almost fainted.

The next time, I was prepared. My hands were scrubbed, my nails were polished, and my best perfume had been poured liberally over my fingers. Franz did not disappoint me. Although he did not click his heels, he bent from the waist and pressed my fingers to his lips. And, girls!—what a thrill!

"And what," I asked, being in a very original mood, "do you think of American women?"

"Ah," said Francis.

But more about this later.

**I**F any man has the right to be conceited, Francis is that man. The toast of central Europe, the adored of London, the idol of Broadway, he has been crowned with laurels of every size, color and description. And Hollywood is busily preparing new laurels for him! Naturally, then, you would expect him to be bored, uninterested, somewhat vain.

The truth of the matter is that he's astonishingly naïve!

"For heaven's sake," I felt like saying, "don't be so darned truthful! You'll be getting yourself into hot water."

But I didn't say it, and Francis went right on telling me things. So I am privileged to repeat to you the truth—and nothing else but!

First of all, Francis asserts that he is *not* a matinee idol. And he wishes the newspapers would stop referring to him as such. Among other names bestowed on him are "Czech and Double Czech,"

"The Certified Czech," and "The Next Hollywood Sensation"—outgrowths of his nationality, and of the delightful personality he displayed in his American theater debut in "Autumn Crocus."

But I shall simply call Francis Lederer a grand actor, and a swell guy! Which is what Connie Bennett, Ina Claire, George M. Cohan, Edna Ferber, and a host of other distinguished persons think of him.

Handsome? That's no word for the way Francis looks to half the women in this world. (Note: the other half haven't seen him yet.) He's six feet-two of gorgeous masculinity, with a pair of shoulders that would sow envy in the heart of a Dempsey, and a lean, lithe body that would make even Johnny Weissmuller groan. Black hair—curled for his role in the play, when I saw him, but it's really straight. The curls give him a romantic aura, and his large brown eyes (*Please turn to page 82*)

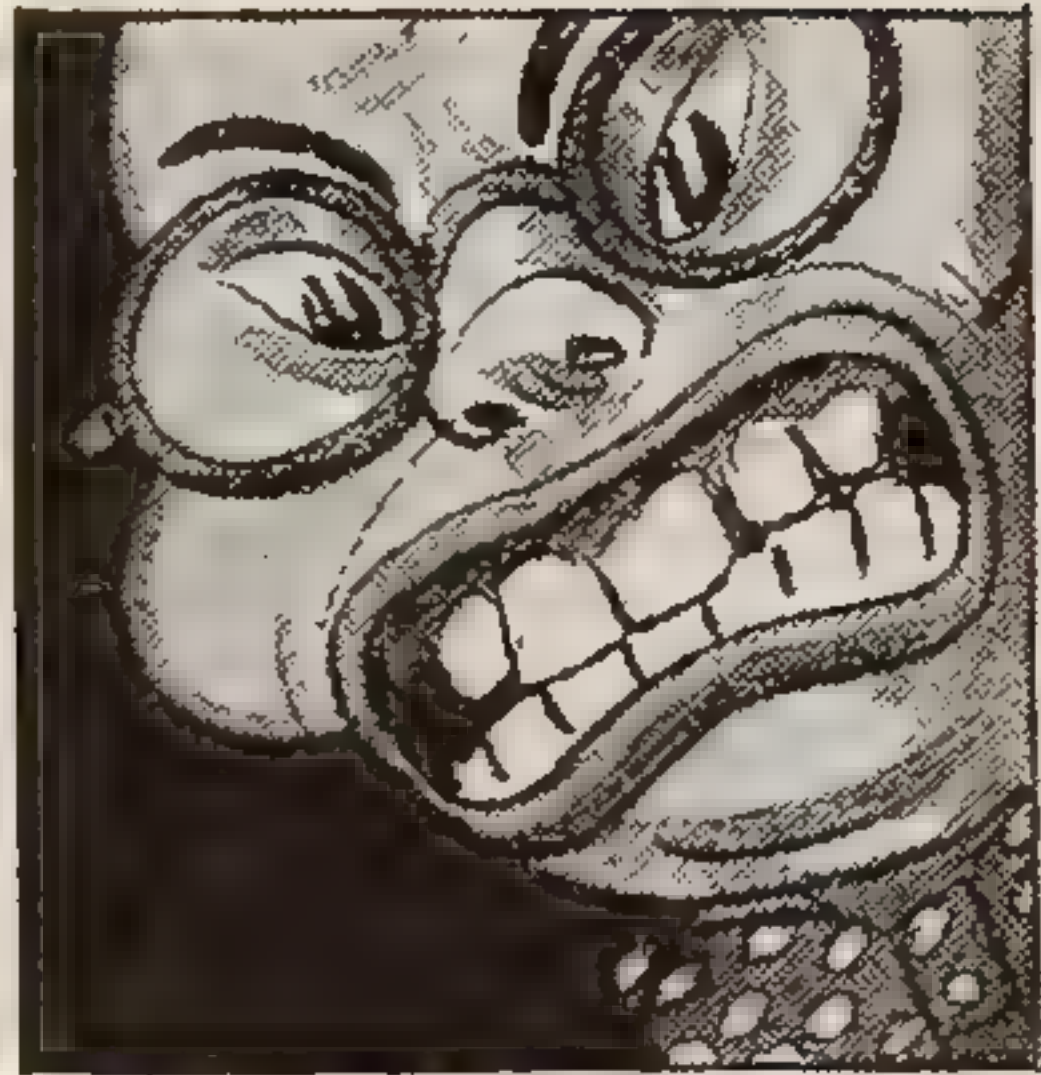




● This is the way you and your only one would have acted thirty years ago. Or, perhaps, today? . . . Here it's Frances Fuller, fresh from the New York stage, and Gary Cooper in "One Sunday Afternoon." Try it on your own 3.2.



# Hollywood NIGHTS'



*(Togo's gone to China to fight  
the poor Chinees.  
This means a month's vacation—  
so it's up to me  
To furnish the diversion when  
Togo's gone away;  
Hence the bust of melody below  
—hey, hey!)*

## 1—Haroun Wil Haze and the Wonderful Lamp

Haroun Wil Haze was a potentate grand  
With absolute sway over Cameraland;  
Caliph he was of the Silent and Talkie,  
Czar of the Mickey Mouse squealer and squawky;

As little Big Shot  
He could put on the spot  
The choosiest star on the  
Paramount Lot;  
He could jingle the gong  
On Anna May Wong  
Or even King Kong;

He could frown on pictorial passion-arousers  
And bully Marlene into changing her trousers.

In fact, Caliph Haze was no poor, piffling whittler—  
He earned his renown as the Hollywood Hitler.

But mild was his sway,  
Since he hated a fight;  
Long was his day  
And short was his night.

One evening, close to eleven p.m.,  
He called from his couch a suggestive "Ahem!"  
Which summoned at once from his typewriter near  
The niftick Wil Rahjahs, his new Grand Vizeer.  
"Wil Rahjahs," the Caliph cried, "put up your rope  
And hand me the cream of your newspaper dope;

Chew up your gum  
And do me this sum:  
Myself, as the Censor of Hollywood Morals,  
I wish to inquire  
Into the dire  
Private behavior of blondes and of sorrels. . . ."



At this, bright Wil Rahjahs, much quicker than skat,  
Pulled at the brim of his six-gallon hat;  
"I know a magician lives right round the corner  
Over the shop of the good Brothers Warner.  
This mage has a Lamp of such wondrous precision  
It beats all this hooey they call Television;

It penetrates doors,  
Rubbens through floors,  
Does all the chores,  
Casting its X-ray eye far overseas,  
It can spy out a secret wherever you please.  
Follow me, boss."

Somewhat at a loss,  
The Caliph Wil Haze in a sketchy disguise  
Followed Wil Rahjahs, in search of the prize.



Seven flights up, in a studio weird,  
Crouched the magician with mice in his beard.  
Red lights and green flashed with wild glitters,  
Enough to give twenty-one traffic cops jitters,  
As the miracle worker quite clammily spake,  
"What's the connection youz guys wants to make?"

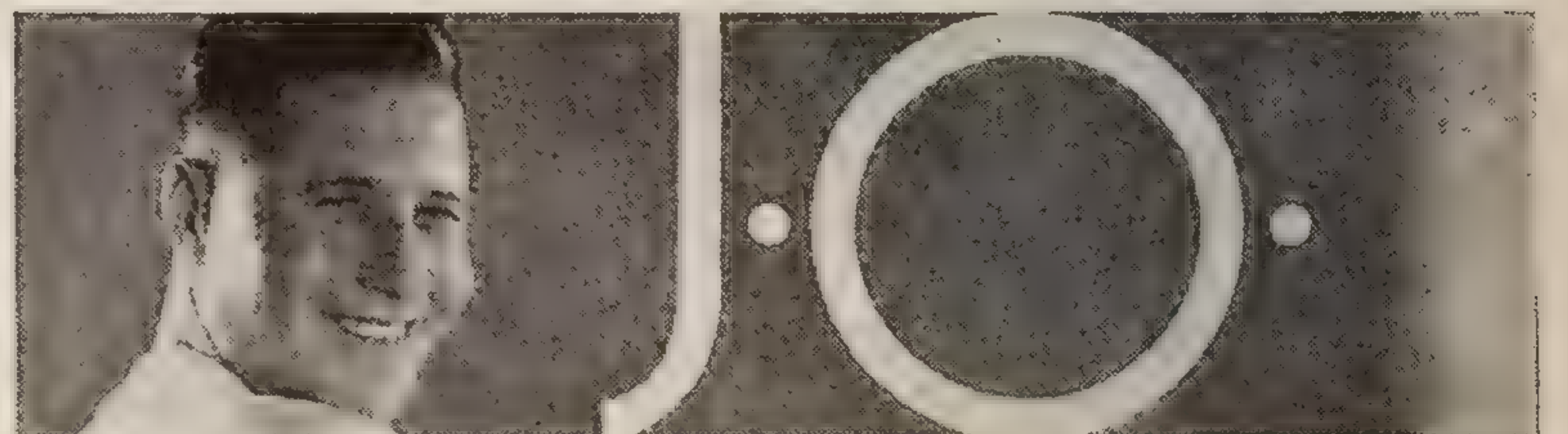
The Caliph looked deep  
As if bent upon banning;  
"Well, let's have a peep  
At some dirt they are planning."  
Fst-fst! went the Lamp  
With a volley of light  
On a screen cold and damp,  
Revealing this sight:

## Picture No. 1

*The Song of Songs Complex*

What have we here? Would you look, would you  
lissen?

Hear all that harmony—some of it missin'—  
Hark to the Joans, Bennett, Crawford, Blondell,  
Filling the air with a musical yell.  
Hear the three Barrymores running the scales  
With a sound that's a little like biting through nails;  
And Uncle Walt Damrosch is at the piano,  
Teaching Jack Oakie a sort of soprano!



Isn't it queer?  
What's the ideer?

Simply this here; it's a musical year.  
Since wild "42nd Street" gave the "Gold Diggers"  
A run for its money in voices and figgers,  
Box office melody now the big thing is  
And all of our Talkies have turned into Singies.

Musical shows,  
Anything goes;  
Strike up the band,  
Give 'em a hand  
For louder and funnier,  
Brighter and punnier  
Musical shows.

And behold Freddie March, rubbing salve on his throat  
While taking a crack at a rather high note;  
Irving Berlin hovers round to decide  
On a jazz orchestration of "Jekyll and Hyde."  
Kingly George Arliss sits up on his throne,  
Trying some toots on his new saxophone;  
He's learning his part, and the tune he is getting  
Is "Hamlet," arranged with a George Gershwin setting.

Isn't it quaint?  
Durned if it ain't!





Even a saint ought to file a complaint.  
Here comes Charlie Chaplin in posture satiric  
To bust his long silence and trill us a lyric.  
And dumb Harpo Marx has just opened his throttle  
To sing "Annie Laurie"—a quart to the bottle!

Musical hits,  
Comedy bits—  
Fill 'em with tunes  
Sweeter than prunes,  
Hoofers, spoofers,  
Bring-down-the-roofers—  
Musical hits.

The picture fades out and the Caliph Wil Haze  
Looks at the wall with a mystified gaze.  
And he says, "If that's Sin, well, I don't know the type;  
Though some of the cracks are a little bit ripe.  
Now listen, my boy. Since I'm hired as a slummer,  
To stick to old Hollywood right through the Summer,  
To swat the Obscene—if you know what I mean—  
Root out the Wicked and prop up the Clean,  
To heckle Mae West when she warbles a song  
With a naughty complaint about Doing Her Wrong—  
Well, now, Sir Magician, what have you tonight  
Of a scandalous nature—you know, that's not quite . . ."

## Picture No. 2

*Intimate Behavior of Movie Celebrities*

Two English screen stars studying a book;  
Chaste Diana Wynyard and elegant Clive Brook.  
What is it they're reading to make them groan and  
sigh?

It's something by Ring Lardner, the very slangy guy.  
And this is why they're doing it, to be extremely frank:  
They've got to drop their Londonese and learn to  
speak in Yank,

FOR

In Kankakee and Killikinick  
The English accent makes 'em sick.  
They think that "Dance"  
Should rhyme with "pants,"  
They don't think "really"



Should rhyme with "jelly"—  
They're sort of thick and kind of hick  
In Kankakee and Killikinick.  
In Killikinick and Kankakee  
They're prejudiced as they can be;  
They will not call a bore a bwa,  
They will not call a war a wa.  
And so an awful kick they made  
At how they talked in "Cavalcade."  
How many millions more agree  
With Killikinick and Kankakee?

When this picture dimmed out then the Caliph looked  
glum  
And roared, "Gimme Sex in a hurry, by gum!"  
So the hairy magician just turned the crank,  
Changing the scene with a terrible yank.

## Picture No. 3

*Revelations of Female Figures*

Say, why are all those busy bikes  
a-scorching round the place?  
Does Fox intend to duplicate the  
good old six-day race?  
See Joanie Crawford 'scooting on a  
bike that's built for one—  
Is she trying to catch up again with  
Old Doug Fairbanks' son?  
And look! There's Janet Gaynor  
wheeling up and down the lot  
With the Boardman gal and Nixon  
gal—m'gosh, what steam they've  
got!



Are they burning up the courses  
To forget their last divorces  
And dodge some future Lochinvars,  
pursuing fast and hot?

No, it's fat, fat, fat, which attacks the young and fair.  
Handlebars and pedals give Obesity the air.

Marie Dressler doesn't worry—  
She just giggles. "What's the hurry?  
I've become the Nation's Granny  
Through getting Polly's nanny,  
And now just watch me pass you all  
In Tug Boat Annie."

"Cut out the rest," cries the Caliph, pit-pat,  
"There's certainly nothing alluring in that,  
Magician; now turn on a News Reel Display  
To show how my realm's misbehaving today."

## Picture No. 4

*Roof-top View of Hollywood*

Says Jackie Oak to Peggie Joyce,  
"I'd like to be your seventh choice."

Says Peggie Joyce to Jackie O.,  
"Go change your shirt—then cheerio!"

Says Wallace B. to Arline Judge,  
"Adopted babies are my fudge."

"Well, I prefer," says Arline J.,  
"The good old Farm Production way."

Says John D. Rocky-feller bald,  
"What shall our movie house be called?"

Says John D. Junior, "Call it, sir,  
The Roxy-feller Thea-ter."

Says Mary Pickford, "I'm so young  
That Peter Pan . . ."

With nerves unstrung

Haroun Wil Haze, the Caliph bold,  
Puts on his turban, quits 'em cold.  
Away he saunters, arm in arm



With wise Wil Rahjahs, toward the farm.  
"In this here business," says he,  
"You can't tell A from X or Z."  
Says Rahjahs, "If you're meaning sex,  
The whole durn thing, to me, is X."





## How to Achieve the TWELVETREES Look

A new addition to the list of well-dressed Hollywood stars is Helen Twelvetrees who achieves her smartness through complete ensembling and simplicity. This costume is of blue wool with double epaulet shoulders and an attractive collar of white washable crepe which may be detached. The hat shown again in the sketch at the top is of the same wool as the dress. The gloves are white washable doe-skin and the pumps of a dark blue suede—darker than the rest of the ensemble. She wears nude-toned sheer hose and carries a blue and chromium powder compact. The chromium is repeated in the rings of her dark blue suede envelope purse, echoing the steel buttons on the dress and the metallic earrings.



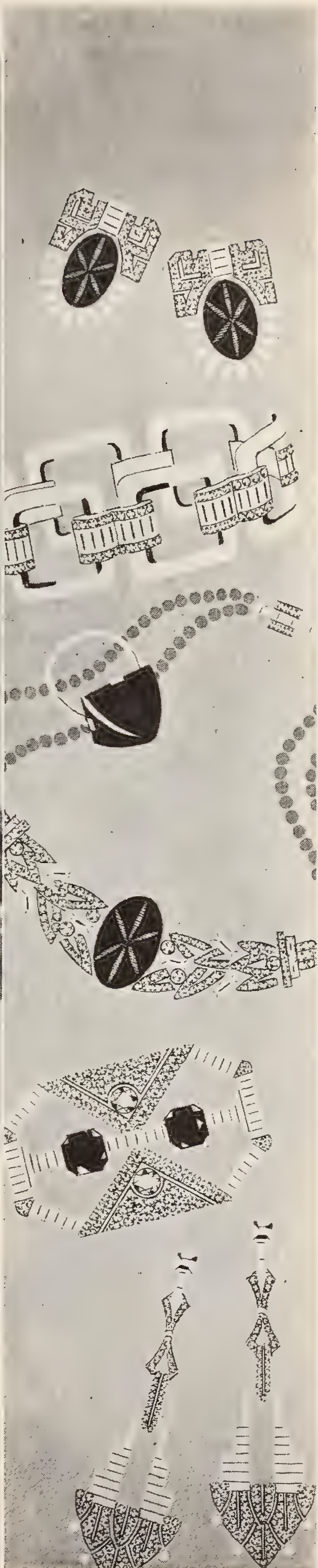




## NEWEST FOR EVENING WEAR

### Purple Velvet and Costume Jewelry to Match

Perfect ensembling of jewelry to evening gowns is one of Glenda Farrell's pet hobbies. Here she is wearing a gown of purple velvet with a bodice of sparkling silver white metal cloth. With it she wears the new evening costume jewelry, reproductions of precious stones—in this case amethysts and diamonds or rhinestones. The clips shown at the top, right, have rhinestone baquettes set around an oval amethyst in white gold. The bracelet is of crystal with rhinestone set links. The ring is a huge amethyst set in a plain white gold band and the necklace combines two strands of pearls with the other two stones. The brooch has the same combination of rhinestone baquettes and amethysts and the earrings have tiny pearls attached to the white gold and rhinestone drops.





# WAYS TO WEAR FLOWERS



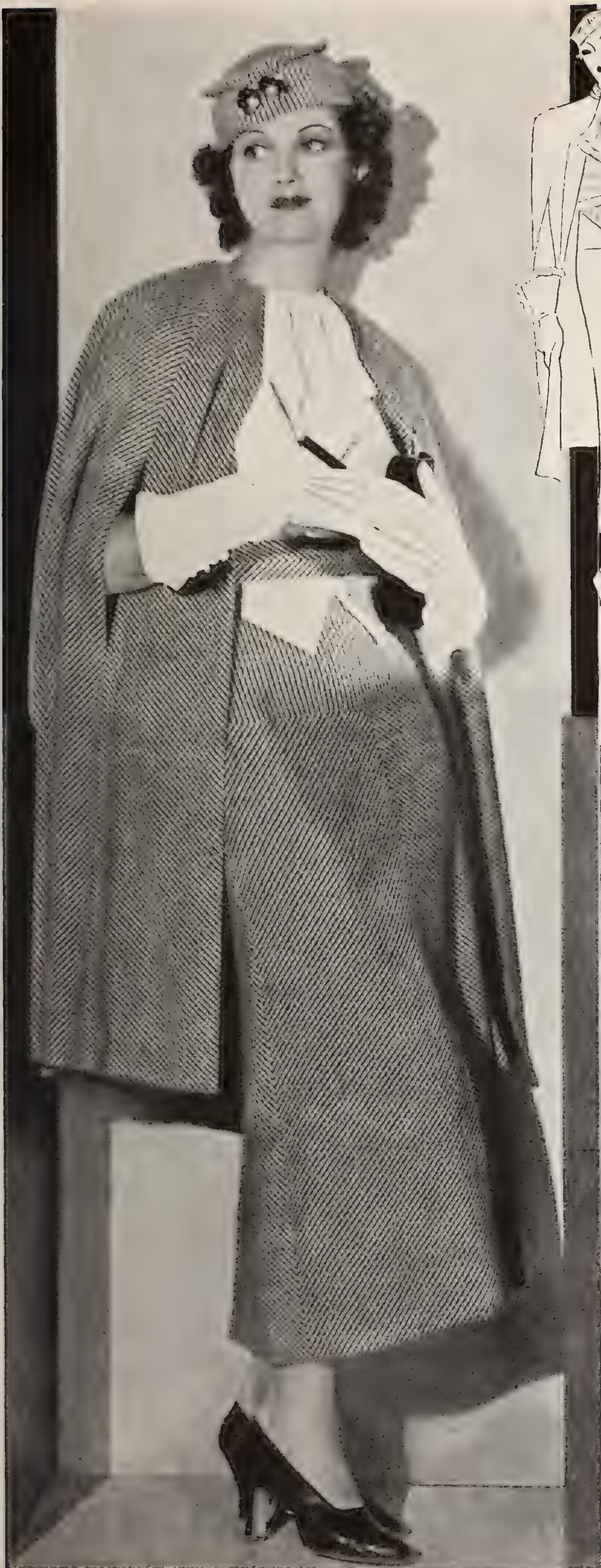
Benita Hume wears a bouquet of old fashioned flowers at the center front of her tailored tea gown (above.)

## The New Movie's Hollywood Fashions



Brown crepe satin and crepe flowers—three of them—are set at the waistline of Elizabeth Allan's nude angel skin evening gown. Other favored ways of wearing flowers are shown in the sketches—center back at the waistline; at the bosom; a whole row over one shoulder. Or you can wear one large flower of one color on one shoulder and one of another on the other. With the bateau neckline evening gowns two or three flowers are set straight across, right under the chin.





Elizabeth Allan wears a black and white diagonal wool street costume. The sketched pique hat matches the vest and gloves.



A black velvet chechia matches the velvet coat Sally Eilers is wearing. The sketch shows a galyak hat to match the wide collar.



Colleen Moore wears a little tan wool beret, trimmed with a brown grosgrain ribbon band and bow. The scarf matches.

● THE NEW MOVIE'S HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS ●

# HATS to MATCH

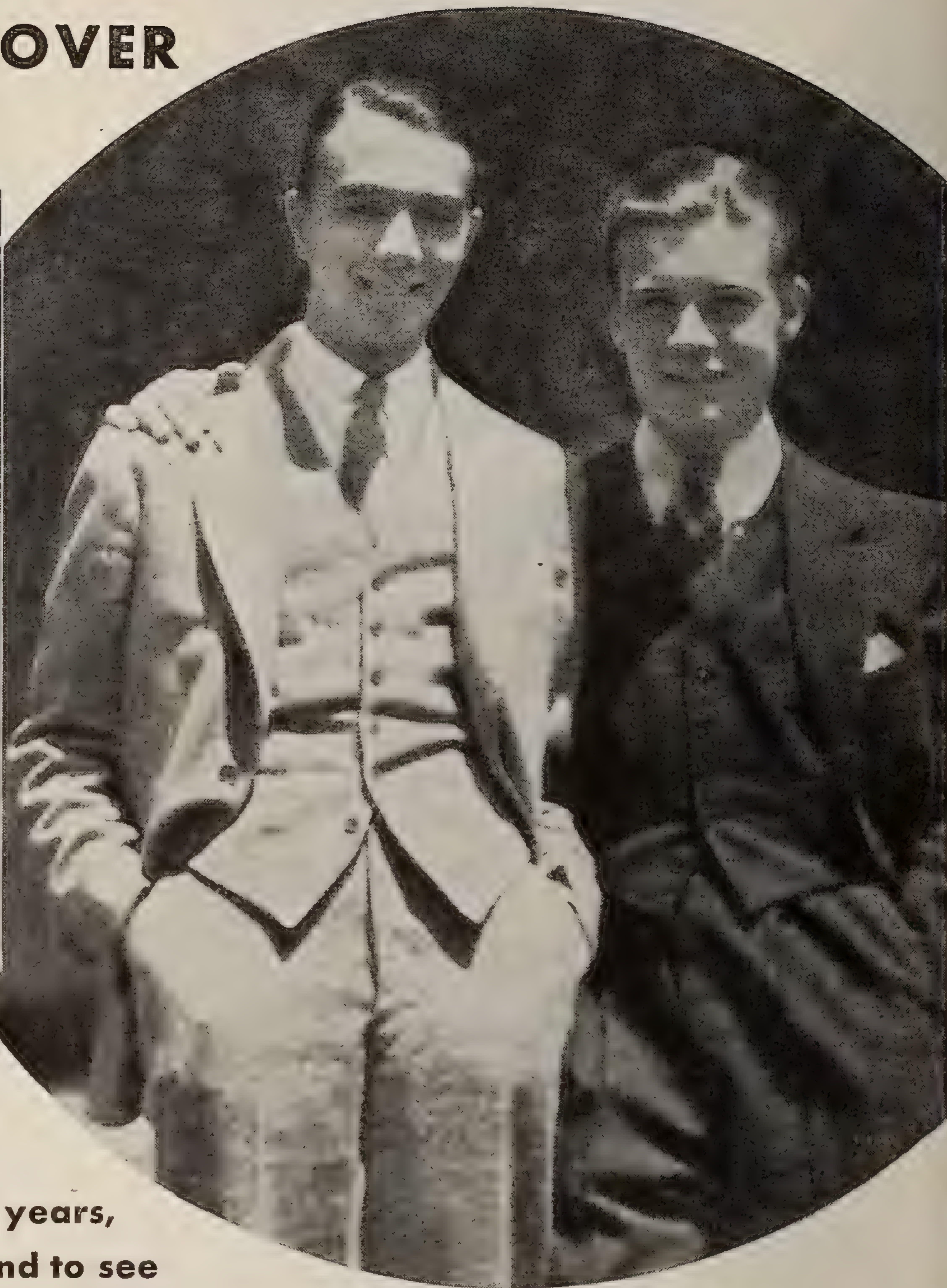


# TOM BROWN'S BUDDY

## LOOKS HIM OVER



Letting you in on a big secret: Tom's favorite indoor sport is NOT making fudge. That one completely floored him. It's Anita Louise, shown with him here. And, asks the author, can you blame him?



**Henry Willson, after two years,  
goes to visit his pal and to see  
if success has changed him**

Henry Willson, who wrote this article, and Tom Brown, his best friend, from a photograph taken in Hollywood where Henry visited Tom for several weeks.

**F**ORGET about seventy-five per cent of everything you've ever read concerning Tom Brown. Then start all over again.

You may think you know him—but you don't. I have learned more about Tom since living with him the past six weeks than in the five years that we've been pals.

First of all, Tom is not a "woman-hater." Nor is he a "young Lothario," as some would believe.

He likes all of the girls, respects and admires them, and at present is much infatuated with one in particular, and he says, "She's the sweetest in the world."

So there you have that side of Tom Brown. He is not fickle, but is just like any other fellow his age when it comes to the girl question.

Another idea that many have of this young actor is that he is the ultra-collegiate, "hey-hey" kid. Although a great deal of the time Tom is vivacious and energetic, he has serious as well as moody moments.

A boy who has earned his own living for the past ten years could hardly be as flippant and carefree as some have pictured him.

Whenever Tom goes into something, whether work or play, he tries so hard to make a success of it that he actually wears himself out. A perfect example of that is the work Tom has done on the new Puppet Club, of which he is the president. This organization is made up of some of Hollywood's younger movie people. For several years there has been a crowd of young folks out here such as Junior Durkin, Patricia Ellis, Helen Mack, Anita Louise, Grace Durkin, Ben Alexander, Patricia Ziegfeld, Gertrude Durkin and Joseph Depew, all of whom went to school together and acted in the same plays back on Broadway.

Tom arrived in Hollywood and decided it would be a swell idea to form a social club of all these young fellows and girls, rent a club-house, give dances and put on plays. Consequently, (Please turn to page 84)





Loretta Young ("She Had to Say Yes") finishes up "Heroes for Sale," starring Dick Barthelmess, and then, after the

*Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World*  
bitter struggle between studios over her services, goes to Zanuck's Twentieth Century for at least one picture.



# The BOULEVARD

And the Boulevardier—sometimes  
**HERB HOWE**—goes places and  
pleads for animals and nudists



Drawings by KEN CHAMBERLAIN

**W**ITH a view to aiding me to break from the sorcerous thrall of Mae West, a friend sends me a copy of the Payne Survey which treats ominously of the effect of pictures on the adolescent mind. I'm studying it desperately, but am afraid it came too late. Mae's portrait taunts me from the wall with her own handwriting: "You can be had."

**T**HE Survey states that out of 458 high school students examined, sixty-two per cent confessed they imitated the dress and manners of the stars. Thirty-two per cent admitted they copied the love technique (Omugawd, Mae!). And twenty-two per cent said they had become dissatisfied with the limitations of the home.

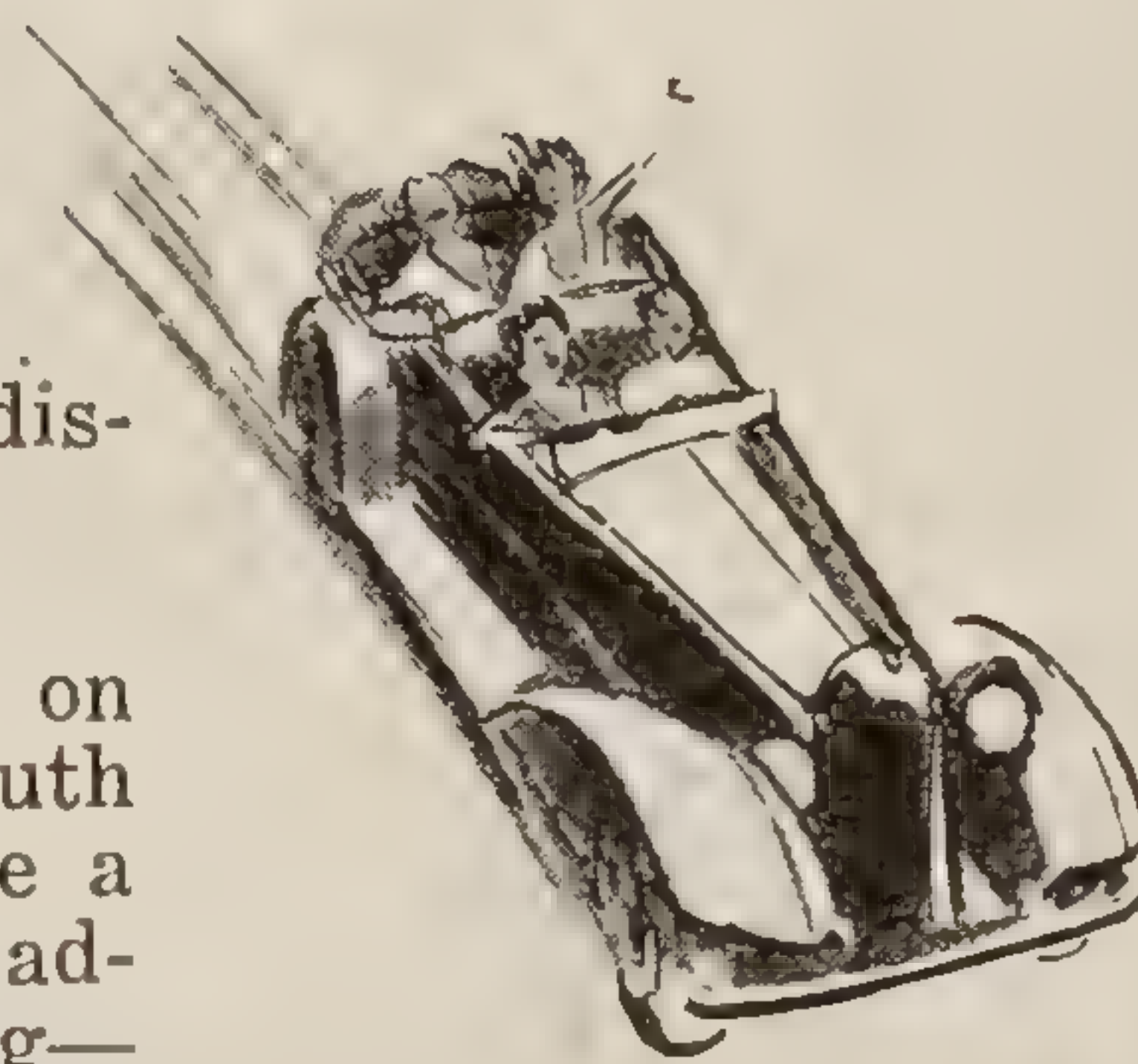
**O**NE boy declared he had learned to kiss a girl on ears, neck and cheeks as well as on the mouth from watching screen stars pour the honey, while a lass of the same age expressed contempt for her admirer because the dolt merely pecked when kissing—an indication of mental blight, she felt, since he had failed to profit by Prof. Gable's demonstrations.

**A**PRIZE pupil of fifteen had benefited hugely from her screen studies. She said that when she is with the opposite sex she is rather quiet and allows them to tell her what to do. When they start snoogling she puts them off at first. "But it always ends in their having their ways," she archly adds. "I learned this from the movies."

**T**HE crack student was a darky Garbo of high-flyin' imagination. She says she fell in love with Gilbert Roland and imagined she was married to him. They had a lovely time mess'n round until he caught her kissing Ramon Novarro. There was a lawsuit and her picture in all the papers. She won the suit



Beverly Hills



Agua Caliente



**T**HE Survey was made by impartial professors who credit the screen with some genuine educational effect. I can testify for that. I was always torn between Roquefort and Gorgonzola until Miss Harlow's illuminating dissertation in "Red Dust." Now I eat Gorgonzola and think of Jean. Wonderful combination for dreams.

**A**T this moment I seem to be under the influence of Tarzan Weissmuller—or Tarzana Garbo. I'm hermitting in the San Diego mountains with the Indians, swinging *toute nue* in the live oaks and sleeping in an adobe built a hundred years ago by the Cupos. I have an Indian maid bigger than *Diamond Lil*. Her name is Rosinda and she is tagged about by a six-year-old.

Being the sort that always gets familiar with the servants I attempted palaver with Rosinda. All I could recall of the Indian language was the Sioux word,



# Goes GOONA-GOONA

"wookyetipi," which means "house of peace" and wasn't at all what I had in mind. So, resorting to my esperanto, I said: "Vous vellee pretty papoosey, not?" and beamed like Daddy Browning.

Rosinda stared in stark bewilderment, then resumed her bed-making. Determined to penetrate the darkness of the savage mind I resorted to the Tarzan method. Gesturing eloquently from Boulevardier to Rosinda to dirty clothes, kicked in a corner, I said: "Me-you. You-Rosinda. Me-Herb. Rosinda washee Herbie's shirtees?" With a stricken look such as one might have on encountering the idiotic offspring of *King Kong*, Rosinda stood transfixed in terror. Then, as lightning in a tropic storm, the comprehension crashed. "Oh, I beg youah pahdon, Mistah Howe, you wish youah linen laundried?"

A Chattuhton fan!

AS I dive into the sylvan pool imagining I'm Joel McCrea about to be fought for by sharks and Miss Del Rio, or swing screamingly from the tree-tops pretending I'm *Tarzan* in quest of a mate O'Sullivan, I hear the crack of huntsmen's rifles and tremble lest the flashing bronze body be mistaken for a deer's.

This induces rage over the senseless massacre of Wild Things. I see nothing sportsmanlike about lying in tall grass at dawn to assassinate a duck as she rises from her bawth, nothing heroic in murdering a genteel old lion who merely stares curiously at you without troubling you for so much as an autograph.

I certainly will never copy Gary Cooper, who brings 'em back dead and does his drawing room in taxidermists' taste. Nor am I impressed by the heroics of Doug Fairbanks (the rompish elder one), who exhibits the skins of his victims in detective-guarded Pickfair.

Big game-hunters with bodyguards!

KNOWING both animals and actors in their native haunts, I must say this for the superior taste of animals: I have yet to see one of their lairs decorated with stuffed stars or even with their autographed photographs.

IN this mood of animal fraternity, I was ripe for a letter from Miss Daisy Miller, inviting me to join the Animal Protection Union. The invitation was evoked by references to my hound, Cellini, in these pages. The pamphlet enclosed contains some startling information. Under *POLITICS*, it says:

"Make no mistake about it, we must put the dog right square in politics. . . . As a taxpayer the dog has always been in politics. . . ."

Now I understand why Cellini bounds up and down the aristocratic alleys of Beverly knocking over gar-



bage cans. He's on a senatorial investigation committee!

MY latest Hollywood pal is Jackie, the Lion. We met quite by chance, otherwise I wouldn't have been there. I was sitting with Buster Crabbe on the set when Jackie leaped on to the stage. I tried to leap off but

the limbs behaved like a big game-hunter's without his bodyguards. Jackie sniffed me politely, then inhaled happily of Buster as he thrust his head between Crabbe's legs to have his mane massaged.

BUSTER told me of showing the film, "King of the Jungle," to Jackie, who scored so effectively in it. The showing had been arranged for some professors of psychology who doubtlessly wished to test the influence of pictures on the animal mind. Jackie was spellbound by his own appearance and when his favorite lioness appeared, he thrust out a passionate paw. Astonished at getting no response from the Mae West of the jungles, Jackie commenced sniffing suspiciously, then sank back on his haunches in disgust. Talkies may impress the adolescent human, but they're hokey to Jackie. He will not be interested until we have smellies.

*Tip On Lion Loving:*

*Jackie likes his petting but does not like his feet tickled or his tail pulled. How like a man!*

I AM not Jewish and I am not Communist and so I held my peace, but when Herr Hitler denounced the Nudists my Hollywood patriotism showed its fangs. I cancelled bookings. Why should we risk exposure in Germany when we're perfectly safe here in our coats of tan? Sun-worship is the Hollywood religion. We've all gone (*Please turn to page 75*)





*Photo by Wide World*

Glenda Farrell and her young son, Tommy, posing especially for *The New Movie Magazine*. Tommy is allowed the prerogative, by his mother, of looking over all her beaux. If

Tommy does not give the word, they are, as Glenda expresses it, "out." Tommy has recently okayed—according to Glenda—Gene Raymond.



# BARON MUNCHAUSEN

takes you on his personally  
conducted —

## Radio Rambles

By

*Jack Pearl*

The New Movie Magazine's guest reporter

Dear Radio Ramblers:

MAYBE, for a change, you'd like to hear about the wives of some of these broadcasters. Well, I was talking about this to Sharlie the other day, and he says:

"Sure, Baron! Great!! You tell 'em, Munchausen—tell 'em all about how the wives of these radio guys is bromo seltzer."

"What's that, Sharlie?" I says. "What do you mean?"

"Well," sneers Sharlie, "you ought to know the answer to that, Baron. It's simple enough."

"Look here, Sharlie," I answers, sort of peeved, "you got no right to hold out on me—not while I'm paying you a salary."

"Then I'll give you a tip, Baron. It's 'cause some of them are on the air with their husbands and some of them aren't."

"Gosh," says I to Sharlie, "I know that, but why are they bromo seltzers?"

"Oh, Baron," answers Sharlie, "you

**Vince Callahan's figurette of Rudy Vallee, made entirely out of paper. If you want to make one yourself, please turn to page 95 and get full details of how to obtain patterns and directions.**



Jack Pearl, perhaps better known as "The Baron," radio star and now movie star, making "You're a Liar" with Jimmie Durante for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

disappoint me, it is so easy. It is 'cause they fall into two glasses."

So you see, friends, Sharlie gave me this idea, and if you don't like it, it's his fault. After all, what right has he got to be around all the time if he doesn't take the rap for me now and then?

THE first wife I want to take up is Winifred Desborough Pearl, the girl I call "honey"—"Mrs. Jack Pearl" to Sharlie. (Good looking fellow, Sharlie, or I wouldn't be so particular about that.)

A short while ago, Winnie realized a lifelong ambition. She's been traveling around a lot this year with the wives of two of my old pals, Mrs. Jack (Mary Livingston) Benny and Gracie Allen, who's married to George Burns, as you know, and makes no secret of it. (Please turn to page 102)



# BEAUTY A LA MODE

CALIFORNIA, CHINA AND  
PARIS PICK THEIR QUEENS



Above: The winners of an RKO beauty contest in Southern California, all to receive parts in the Clark and McCullough comedy, "Zum Zum Zum." Left to right: Dorothy Thompson, Hollywood; Genevieve Logan, San Bernardino; Anna Rose, Los Angeles; Denise Bruneau, Bell, Cal.; Natasha Kuranova, Glendale; Virginia Townsend, West Los Angeles; Mildred Stone, Hanford; Virginia Darling, Santa Monica, and Patsy Gail, Los Angeles.

Center: Nina Barsamova, elected movie queen of Shanghai, wins a Hollywood trip.

At extreme right: Mlle. Jacqueline Doret, winner of a Paris beauty contest, enroute to Hollywood—and fame? Her resemblance to Jean Harlow won her the prize.





1



4



2



3

# HOLLYWOOD

# HEADLINES

## FILMWARD

**Hollywood continues to rob the speaking stage**



- 1 Dorothy Tree, of the New York stage, contracted to Columbia.
- 2 Left, center: Shirley Grey, stage actress since childhood, contracted to Paramount.
- 3 Muriel Kirkland, a stage sensation in "Strictly Dishonorable," contracted to Universal. Her next picture will be "The Secret of the Blue Room."
- 4 Grace Bradley, from the New York stage, to Paramount.
- 5 Judith Allen, formerly Mari Colman, selected by Cecil B. DeMille as the ideal lead in "This Day and Age."
- 6 Charles Butterworth, veteran actor of the New York stage, contracted to M-G-M.



5



6



# THIS AND THAT

## HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES



At left: Raquel Torres, Mexican screen star, snapped in full action on the tennis courts at Malibu Beach.

*Photo by Wide World*

Below: Jean Blair, stand-in for Joan Blondell; Joan Blondell herself (in the center), and Iris Lancaster, stand-in for Joan Crawford, photographed at the Warner studios.

*Photo by Wide World*



Above: Beauteous Lona Andre, publicized as one of the most dazzling charmers in Hollywood, and one of the most ardent of Movieland's skating enthusiasts.

*Photo by Wide World*

At left: Another of the intruding crowd of foreign stars come to invade our movie metropolis—Mady Christians, of Germany. What a real Babel our Hollywood is getting to be!

*Photo by Wide World*

**Interesting pictures from here  
and there in the movie capital**





# HEADLINES

# CHOICE ROLES

HOLLYWOOD



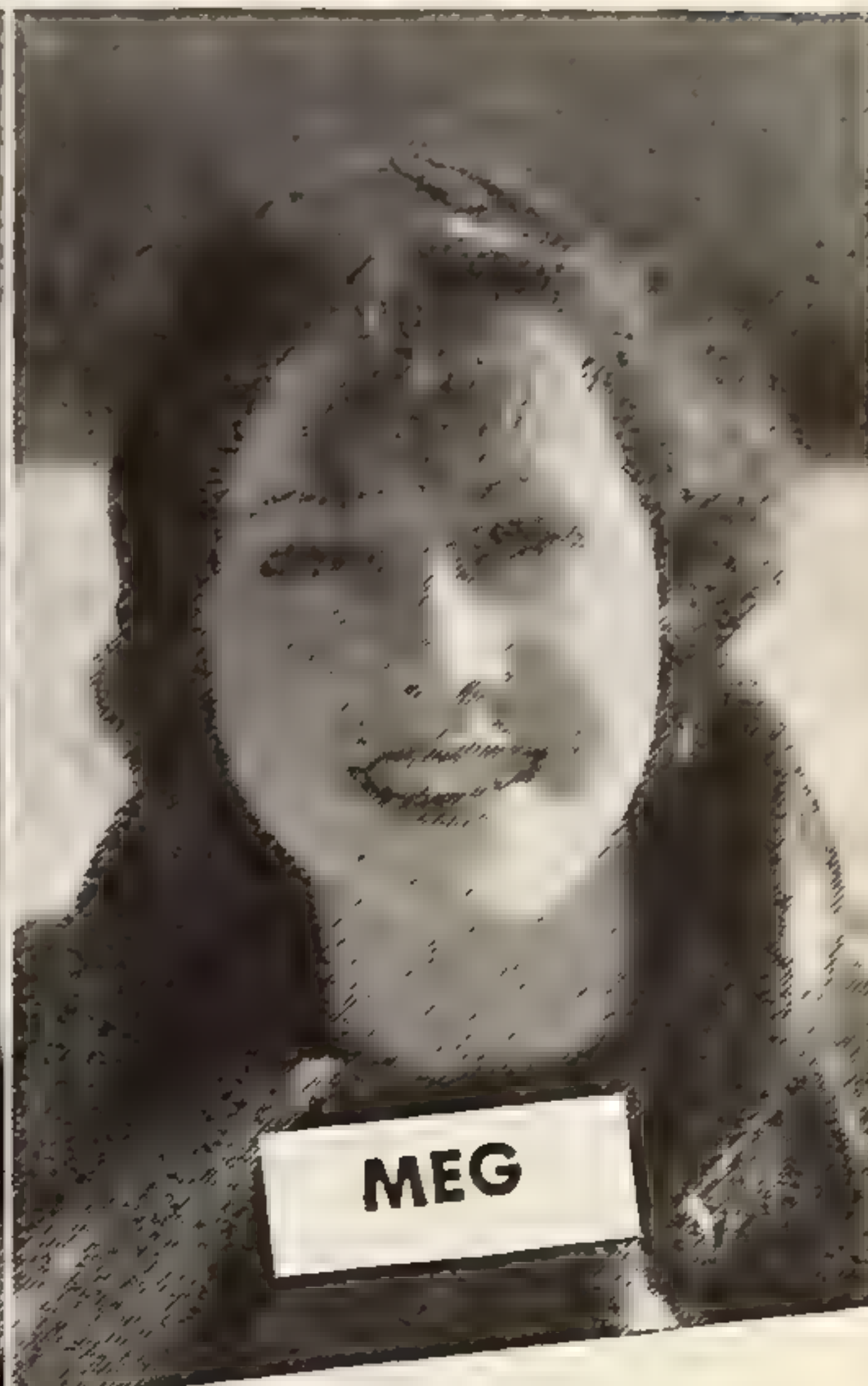
JO



AMY



BETH

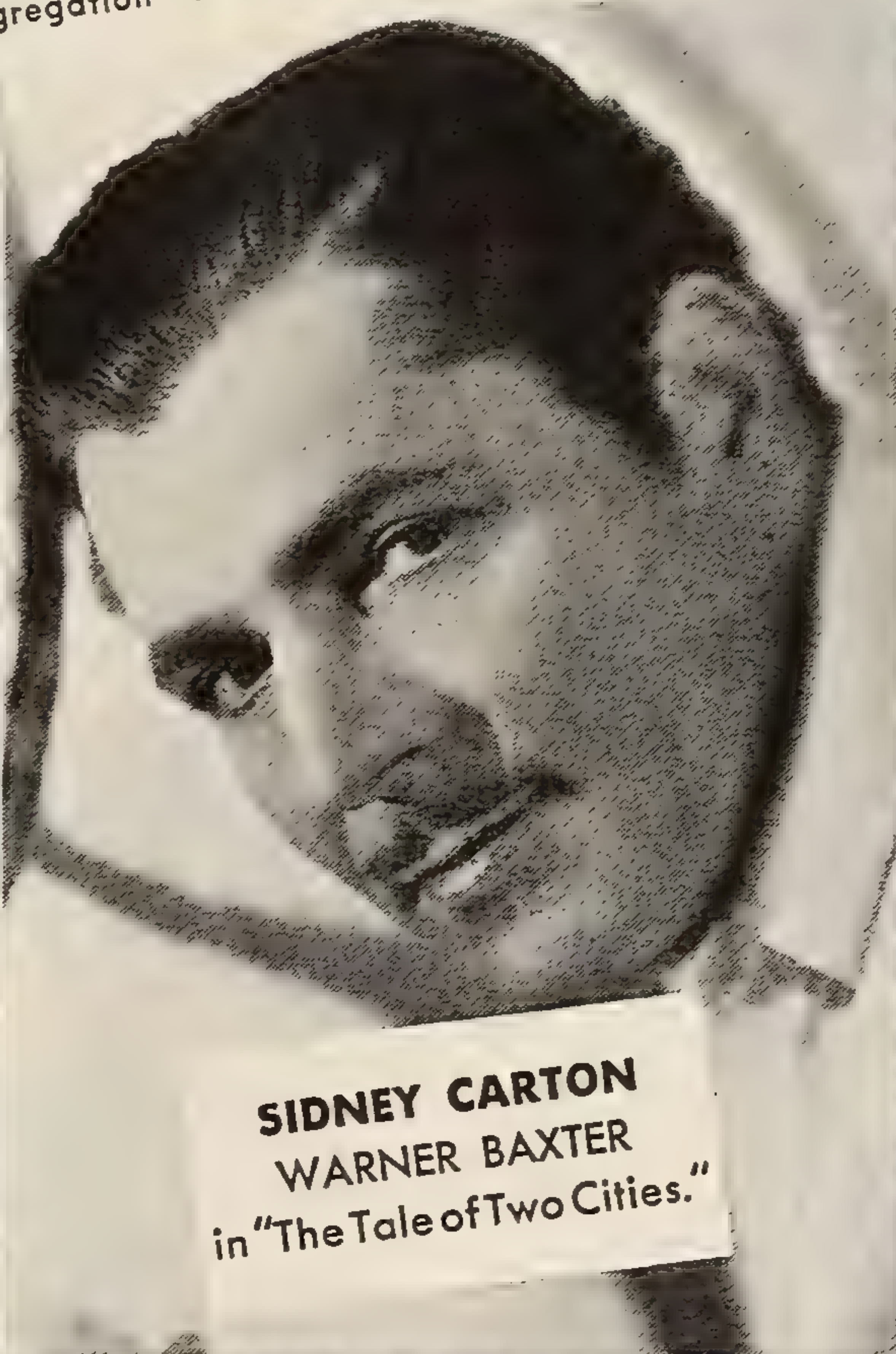


MEG

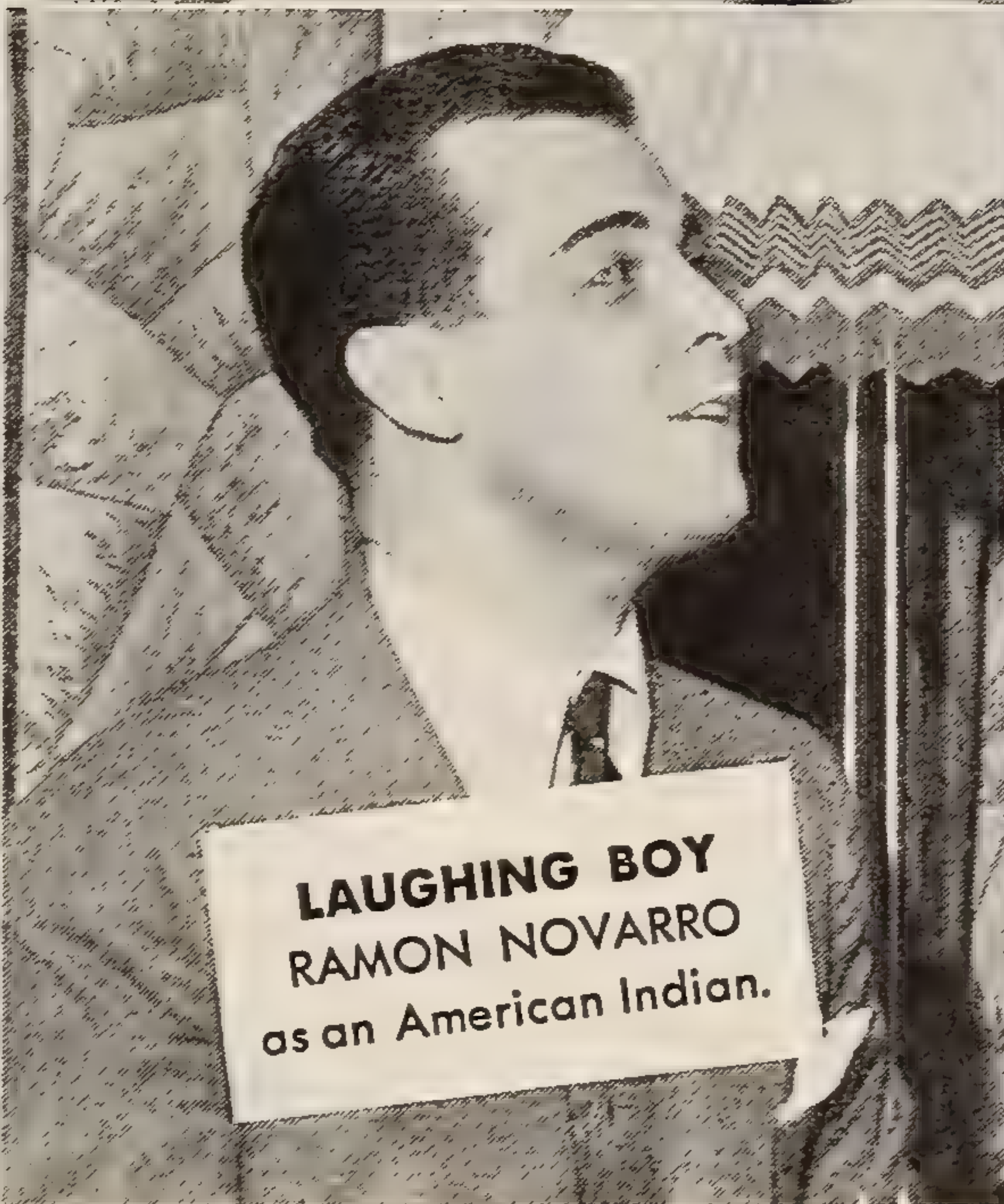
"Little Women," from the Louisa M. Alcott story, will be RKO's big bid to fame and box office. In it you'll see an all-star aggregation—Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Helen Mack and Frances Dee.



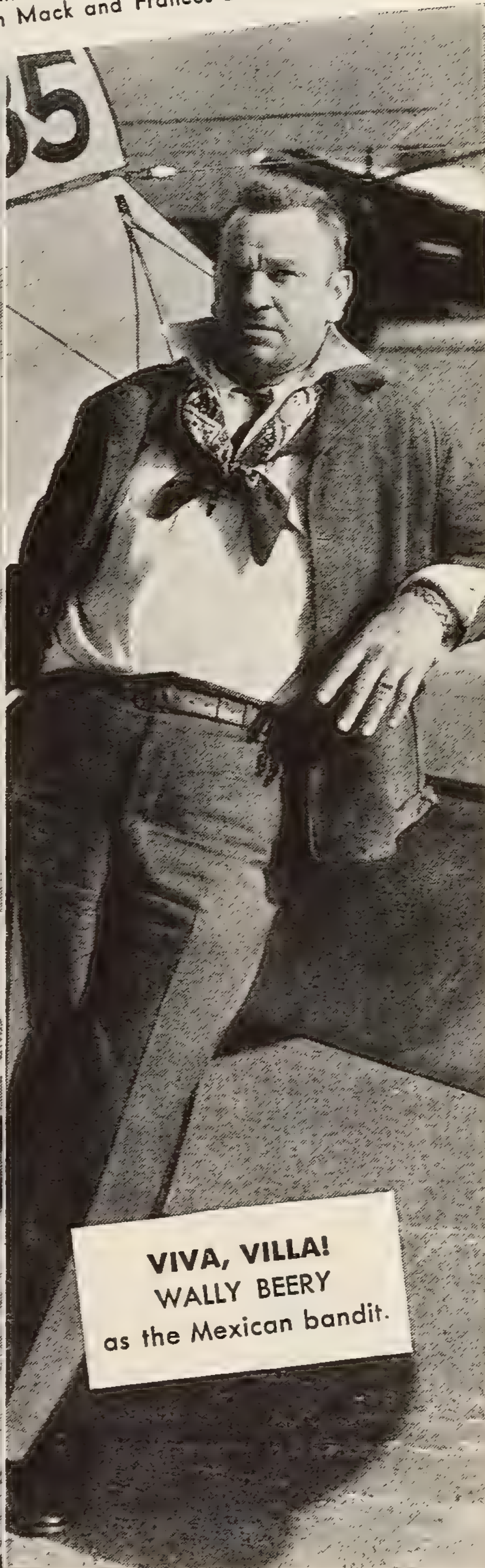
STEVE BRODIE  
GEORGE RAFT  
in "The Bowery."



SIDNEY CARTON  
WARNER BAXTER  
in "The Tale of Two Cities."



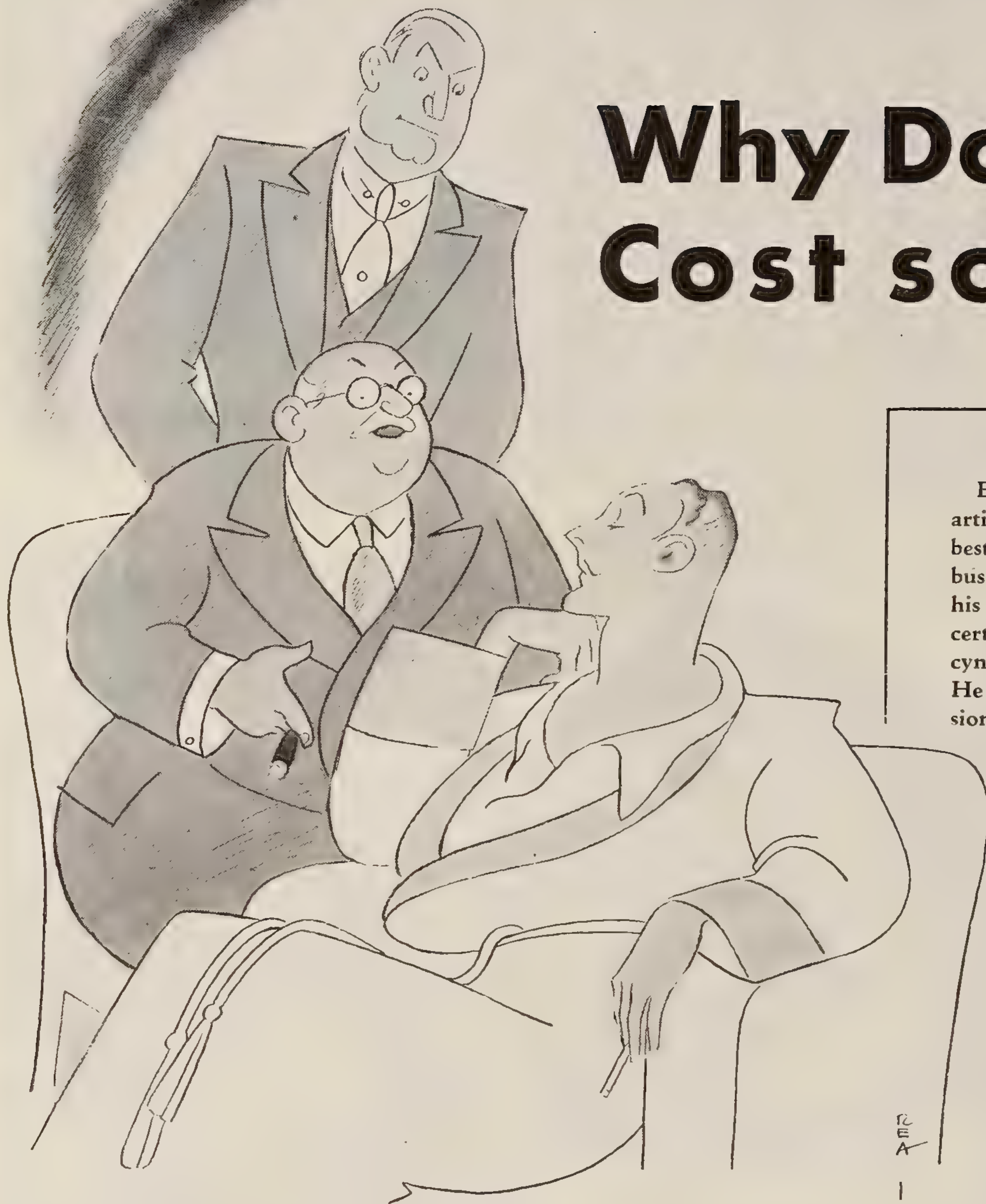
LAUGHING BOY  
RAMON NOVARRO  
as an American Indian.



VIVA, VILLA!  
WALLY BEERY  
as the Mexican bandit.



# Why Do Movies Cost so Much?



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This series of articles was written by one of the best known high executives in the film business. Here, without the use of his name, he gives his frank views on certain phases in the industry. He's cynical, it is true, but he is frank. He may destroy some of your illusions, but he does it with the truth.

Cyril probably couldn't earn \$20 a week on a regular job.

**“WHY** do movie stars get so much money?”

“How can you call yourself a business man when you pay an actor or an actress five thousand dollars a week?”

“You movie people ought to go broke when you pay such outlandish salaries. Why, just look at the President of the United States!”

Well, let's look at him.

He's a nice fellow, a cheerful soul, and over twenty million of you voted for him. You voted to pay him seventy-five thousand dollars a year to take over a man-sized job.

But if every movie theater in the United States advertised that he would appear tonight on the screen, he wouldn't be a box-office sell-out.

Ah, you say, that's different. You bet, it is! Did you ever stop to think that there are hundreds of men in the United States who could hold down the job of President? Hundreds of 'em. Nearly any senator could get away with it. The governors of just about forty-eight states could do it. Maybe even *you* could.

We've had some presidents who were not worth \$75,000 a year, but we voted them in and we paid

them, at least for four years, because that's what their contracts called for.

But there are not one hundred movie stars. There are not fifty. I can't count ten today—I mean ten who will pack the movie houses wherever their pictures are shown.

You know more about the picture business than I do because you've never been in it, but even you—smart as you are—can't count up ten stars whose pictures you positively refuse to

miss. Just try right now.

**SO** that's why they get so much money. It's because there are a few of them. I mean the real thing. Real stars. A real star packs 'em into the theaters every time. A near-star doesn't. There are hundreds of near-stars.

Near-stars get too much money. That's the big waste in the movie business. Real stars never get too much. Any time you can pay \$5,000 a week for someone's services and make a fat profit on the investment, you'll invest, won't you? That is, if you have or can borrow the five thousand. Of course, you will. So it is not extravagant to pay big money on anything that will make you bigger money.

I said the near-stars get too much money.

Who's to blame?

First, the movie producers who bid against each other to cast this or that near-star in a picture.

Second, the agents of the near-stars who help the producers bid against each other by lying to each producer about what the others are bidding for this or that near-star.



# This Famous Producer Speaks His Mind at Last

Illustrations by  
REA IRVIN



"You are helping the wets," he said.

Third, the Sherman anti-trust law.

The movie business is one of many industries which could live through hard times better if the Sherman law didn't encourage, even compel, extravagance.

YOU see, when we are casting a picture on our lot (or any other lot), we want to get the performer who fits the part best. I don't mean the star part. I mean the supporting cast. We decide that Cyril Hemingway is the best man for the juvenile part. At the same time a competitor decides that Cyril is needed on his lot.

Cyril's agent knows all about it. So he tells us our competitor is after Cyril and is honing to pay him \$1,500 a week. We had made up our minds that Cyril would be a good bet at \$150. But we hear the other fellow wants to pay him ten times as much.

Well, you'd think that we and the competitor would get together like a couple of smart business houses and either toss a coin for Cyril or else decide between us that he is worth, say, \$150 a week, no more and no less.

But we can't. Cyril probably couldn't earn \$20 a week on a regular job, but we are willing to pay him \$150 to keep him from starving to death.

We can't get together and fix a sum, no matter how decent or fair it may be to Cyril. The Sherman law says, "If you do, I'll land you in the hoosegow. It's a conspiracy in restraint of trade."

So what?

Well, we decide we've got to have Cyril and if the other

company is going to offer him \$1,500 a week, by gum, we'll make 'em look sick by offering \$2,000.

Now multiply that illustration by the hundreds and you'll see why the movies cost so much. Do your multiplying every week.

That's a little slant on the law end of it.

AS for the producers being to blame, they are worse than the law. They are plumb insane, when it comes to paying out money.

Only last week our company decided that hard times are here. We decided to cut expenses, no matter what happened.

One of the men on our payroll, whom we considered important in the making of our pictures, was drawing \$1,000 a week every week. We figured that \$750 would be better for us and that it wouldn't kill him because he can buy potatoes cheaper than he could when we first signed him up at \$1,000 a week.

We talked it over with him. He didn't like it. He told us Stock Story No. 6, which is this:

"I am supporting my mother and father, my brother-in-law and his two kids. I send money every week to keep three nephews in Ohio. I am putting one of them through college. Besides, you are paying Mr. Jones more than you pay me, so I can't afford to cut my pay." And let's say it's all true.

We came back at him with Stock Answer No. 6, which is this:

"True, but we are having a tough time. The theaters are not doing the business they once did. When the theaters drop business, we drop receipts. We've got to have a new deal. We've got to operate for less money or we'll all be out of work." And let's say it's all true.

Back and forth went the shuttlecock of argument.

Finally we wore him down—wore (Please turn to page 106)



We pay our near-stars too much money.



# New Pictures

**YOU SHOULD SEE—AND WHY**



Loretta Young, Victor Jory and Vivienne Osborne in "The Devil's in Love."



Mary Boland, from the stage, William Bakewell, Claudette Colbert and Wallace Ford in "Three-Cornered Moon."

NOT only are the big pictures turning out to be real big ones, but the little ones seem to be getting bigger. The average run-of-the-mill program pictures of the last few months have seemed to have more genuine interest and entertainment than any other group in my memory.

There is a possibility that some of the famous old favorites were as good as they seemed to be, because they didn't have much competition. Only half a dozen big pictures were made every year and their release was pretty much of a cinematic event.

Today, every studio is on its toes, hoping that by some quick trick or idea it can turn a program picture into a potential special. The fans are getting breaks. Shows like "A Bill of Divorcement," "Hell Below," "College Humor" and a dozen others show this to be true. None of these are what Hollywood terms expensive productions, yet they compare favorably with the so-called specials.

There is reason to believe that Hollywood is getting the knack of making talking pictures.

NOT only are pictures getting better but the people in them are beginning to perk up, also. There are more good-looking youngsters coming up this year than you can shake a stick at. Radio had scads of them—Bruce Cabot, William Gargan, Elizabeth Allan and Francis Lederer, though the latter is hardly a newcomer. Then there is Hepburn, who has still to reach her peak.

Paramount has Mae West, Warners Bette Davis, Columbia has Jean Parker, Fox has Lilian Harvey and there are a host more who may be just as good by the time that the next few pictures have been released.

Directors, too, are showing promise. Jack Ruben and Mark Sandrich at Radio are getting as proficient as Lubitsch used to be in the old days. Sidney Lanfield, Rouben Mamoulian

## **Those you should see this month include:**

### **THREE CORNERED MOON**

*A startling cast, including the beautiful Colbert, in a new screen story.*

### **ANOTHER LANGUAGE**

*A great stage play that is as great on the screen. Helen Hayes has much to do with it.*

### **PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING**

*The sweetest thing of the month and a good movie in its own right, with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter.*

### **NO MARRIAGE TIES**

*The best picture that Dix has made in many a day, with smart dialogue.*

### **DOCTOR BULL**

*Will Rogers in another show that fits him. Boots Mallory is a lovely eye-full.*

### **MAMA LOVES PAPA**

*Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in the funniest picture of the month.*





Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery and Louise Closser Hale (at top) in the M-G-M film version of the highly successful stage play, "Another Language."

and several others are offering new ideas that add to the sum total available to directors . . . and no film is very much stronger than the man at the helm.

**T**HERE is one more thing that makes your reviewer believe that "better days are actually here." This is that some splendid ideas are now in work. "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Alice in Wonderland" are well off the beaten track; Radio has "Fugitive from Glory," Hudson's famous "Green Mansions" and "Flying Down to Rio." M-G-M offers something new in "Eskimo" and "Queen Christina." . . . And, all in all, it looks as if there is going to be fun on the movie front line this time.

There aren't a lot of big pictures this month but almost every one of them is well worth seeing.

**NO MARRIAGE TIES—(RKO)—**A couple of timorous gentlemen recently wrote a book that was sold under the title of "A Hundred Million Guinea Pigs." In it they took a left-handed slap at current advertising customs. What they did is nothing to what Richard Dix hands out in this latest film of his.

A drunken newspaper man with a gift of gab, he rises to be the greatest advertising figure in the country. But his methods are none too gentle. His motto seems to be, "Scare 'em enough and they'll buy anything." "If the mouthwash blackens their teeth," he says, "we'll sell 'em toothpaste that will whiten them."

All goes well till he meets a beauty specialist who is as big in her line as Dix is in his. Played by Doris Kenyon, who is lovelier than ever, this is one of the best roles of the year.

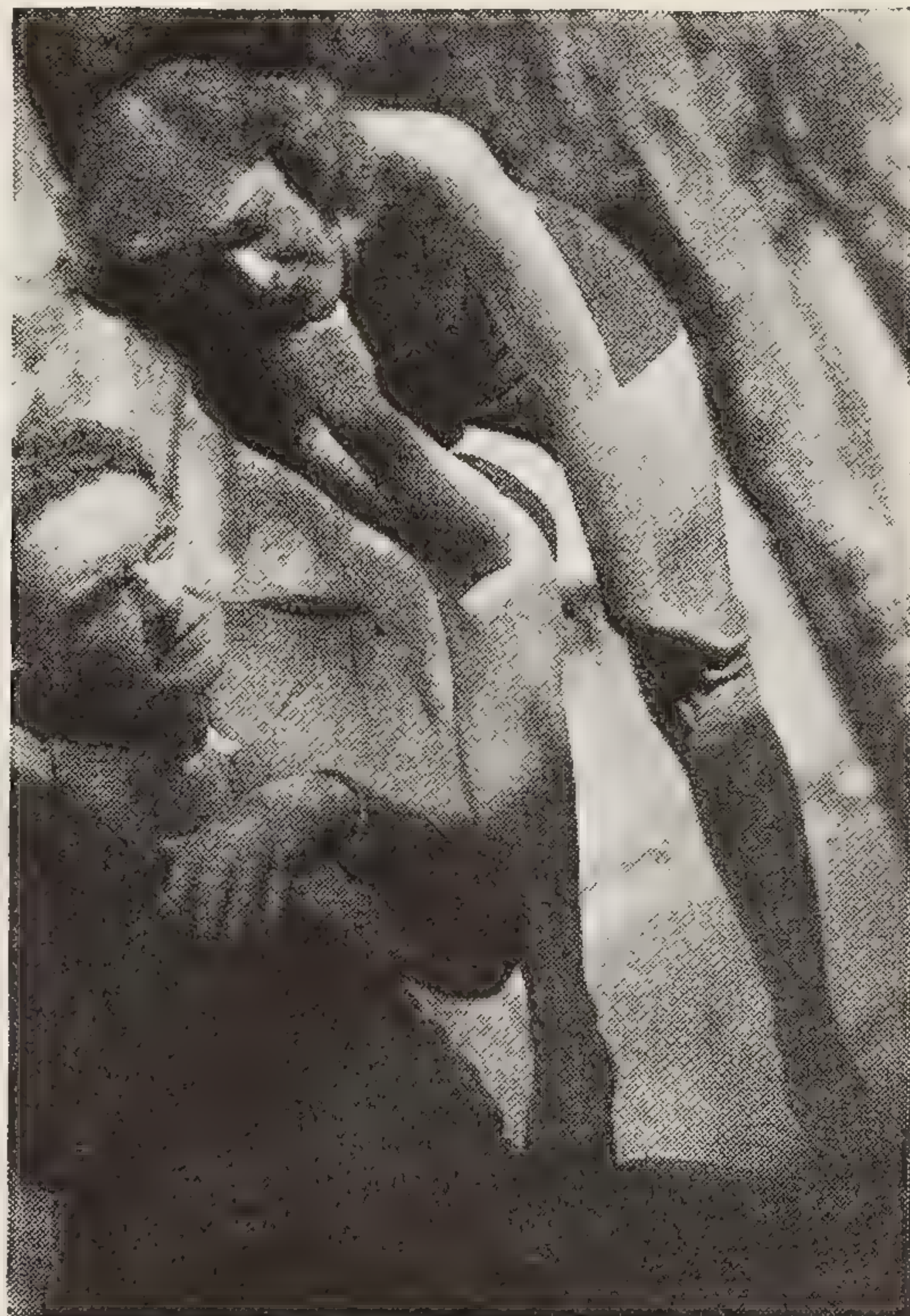
Against her will she falls for Dix's slick line of chatter only to find that Richard's heart is in the keeping of his little art director. Rich tries to do the right thing but the lady sees through his ruse and commits suicide rather than bring him unhappiness. Elizabeth Allan, a talented little English newcomer, is entrusted with the job of rebuilding the great man who goes back to drink after the tragedy. This is a picture that doesn't "tell" so well and I suggest that you see it and have a good time for yourself.

**MAMA LOVES PAPA—(Paramount)—**Charley Ruggles and Mary Boland were made for each other—at least, cinematically. Charley has a brand of whimsical comedy that is all his own. Those of you who were fortunate enough to see Mary Boland in "Face the Music" know that she can put a kick into a comedy situation that only an army mule can equal.

Paramount has the right idea. There may be bigger and possibly better names in the picture business, but there aren't more than a few combinations that can assure the down-to-the-ground certainty of entertainment that Mr. Ruggles and his plump companion are able to supply.

Lilyan Tashman and Walter Catlett excel in supporting roles, and Norman McLeod's direction keeps a perfectly goofy story moving briskly right to the end.

It is a thoroughly impossible story of domestic strife, but it is one that has never been told better and one that has as many laughs as the dull-est of us can ask for on a rainy evening. I prescribe "Mama Loves Papa" as an almost certain cure for the megrims, fall colds and kindred ail-



William Gargan, as the ace of news-reel cameraman, and June Brewster, as the winner of the bathing beauty contest, in RKO's new action drama, "Headline Shooters."

**ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS  
OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS**



Harvey Stevens, Margaret Lindsay, Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor in Fox's "Paddy the Next Best Thing," one of the first homely romances of the new season.

ments. Don't attempt to see it if you have a headache.

**THREE-CORNERED MOON—** (Paramount) — Claudette Colbert should be enough for most people, but Paramount has added Richard Arlen, Mary Boland, Lyda Roberti, Jack Oakie, Edward Gargan, William Bakewell and Joan Marsh to make the matter practically unanimous.

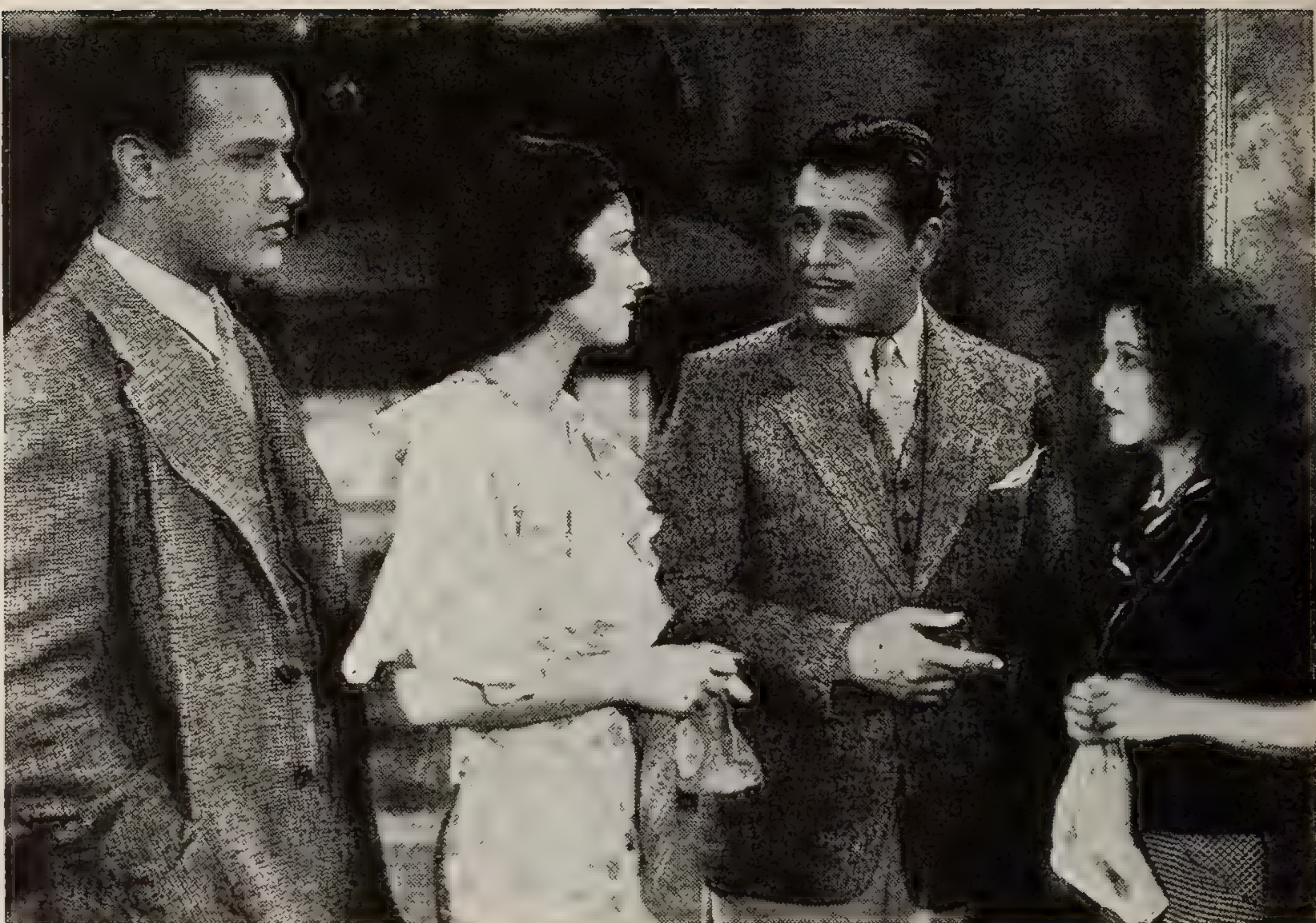
While this is an all-star cast, it is one that has been assembled because the roles happened to fit the players. There are a couple of combinations here that you will see more of at a later date unless I miss my guess.

Miss Colbert does not have a great deal to do, but what she does do is in a finished manner that reminds one of her excellent stage training. Richard Arlen is capable, but the outstanding bits in the picture are those that involve the bouncing Miss Roberti and the extremely uproarious Mr. Oakie. These two strike sparks off each other and should be seen together more in the future. Bill Gargan, the tin-eared butler of "The Animal Kingdom," steals the high acting honors, as he usually seems to do. Possibly it is a good thing that RKO has decided to

star him . . . he ought to have trouble stealing his own picture.

The story is fast and breezy and has been well directed by Elliott Nugent. Billy Bakewell shines in a role that we wish had been a little bigger.

Don't blame me if the title is changed later on.



**ANOTHER LANGUAGE—(M-G-M)** —"Another Language" is a simple little story that has world-wide appeal because of that very simplicity. On the stage, Dorothy Strickland made an understanding character out of the young wife, but Helen Hayes is a greater artist than Miss Strickland and we can safely tell you that "Another Language" is a much finer thing today than it has been until now.

The whole show rests on Helen Hayes. Bob Montgomery, as the youngest of the Hallam brothers, is a vacillating young puppy who cannot see that all that distinguishes him from the rest of the human guinea pigs is the wife that he has been lucky enough to win.

While the Hallam family is doubtless a trifle exaggerated, there is enough truth in it for each one of us to see a little of ourselves on the screen. There is possibly nothing more selfish than love can sometimes be, and it is here that Miss Hayes makes her message clearer than it was done on the stage. You feel that while she realizes that she is fighting for everything that life can hold for her, she still understands that her success must necessarily be dependent upon some other's loss. It is this understanding that makes "Another Language" one of the finer motion pictures that have been produced this year.

Louise Closser Hale is splendid as the mother and Minor Watson and Henry Travers are excellent in support. This is one movie that should definitely receive your attention.

**PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING** —(Fox)—"Paddy the Next Best Thing" has always been one of the most popular stories of its type and it is ideally suited to the talents of Janet Gaynor and her co-star, Warner Baxter.



Elizabeth Allan and Richard Dix in RKO's "No Marriage Ties"—in which the two agree that "marriage is a mistake, a killer of love," and that they will protect their new-found happiness by robbing the minister to pay Dan Cupid. This picture, at first, was called "Ad Man."

**THE NATIONAL DIGEST  
OF THE  
BEST TALKING PICTURES**



# ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS

Janet has never been sweeter than as Paddy, the Misfit. Most of you probably know the story of the little English girl who was supposed to have been a boy—hence, "Paddy, the next best thing." As the unwanted little orphan Miss Gaynor is able to be sweeter than she has been in many and many a moon.

There is a suspicion in your reviewer's mind that Miss Gaynor's charm in this case is due largely to the restrained and tender performance of Warner Baxter, who drops the swash-buckling attitude of "42nd Street" and "I Loved You Wednesday" for the quiet charm of a lonely Englishman who comes to love the little waif.

With the possible exception of a few scenes in which our Janet is just too coy for words, I am inclined to believe that this will be her most

popular picture of recent years. The story doesn't amount to much, but it has charm and movement; and Gaynor and Baxter seem to work better together than any other team in which Janet has been a part.

If this were a star system of reviewing, I'd give it three stars and wonder if I weren't being a little bit sentimental.

**DOCTOR BULL—(Fox)**—I'd be much happier if Will Rogers confined his attentions entirely to the screen. His is a charm and homely philosophy that belongs only where an atmosphere can be built up around it. On the radio he is a trifle too homespun for my taste, yet in a movie he is able to capture some of the truly American charm that made O. Henry and Mark Twain famous.

While he doesn't remind you of

anyone you may know particularly well, Will Rogers always gets a personal angle or feeling into his pictures that few other stars could manage. You feel, somehow, that he has captured the secret of being happy, and that if you watch the screen carefully this secret may be yours.

Actually, he hasn't had a particularly good story and this latest one is no better than the rest. It isn't important, however, because when you come out of the theater after seeing any Rogers picture, a couple of scenes will stick in your mind and the rest doesn't seem to matter. Remember "State Fair" and those wonderfully tender scenes with Louise Dresser? You can see them together again in "Doctor Bull" and they will tug at your heartstrings even if you do feel that you ought to be smiling.

Vera Allen, one of Fox's new starring possibilities, Boots Mallory, Marian Nixon and Frank Morgan complete the cast. John Ford directed and you will probably find that "Doctor Bull" will be among the better pictures that you remember at the end of the year. Personally, I don't quite know why it should be . . . but I'm pretty sure that you'll agree.

**SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM—(Universal)**—While "Secret of the Blue Room" is probably the best mystery show of the month, this (Please turn to page 109)

A scene—the orgy on the ship—from M-G-M's Arctic drama, "Eskimo," during the filming of which Director Van Dyke and his company spent months in the barren wastes of the North.



Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres in Universal's "Don't Bet on Love," originally known as "In the Money."

## AND THESE, TOO:

### SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM

*The best mystery show of the month with Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart.*

### ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

*Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a trim little film that you'll like.*

### THIS DAY AND AGE

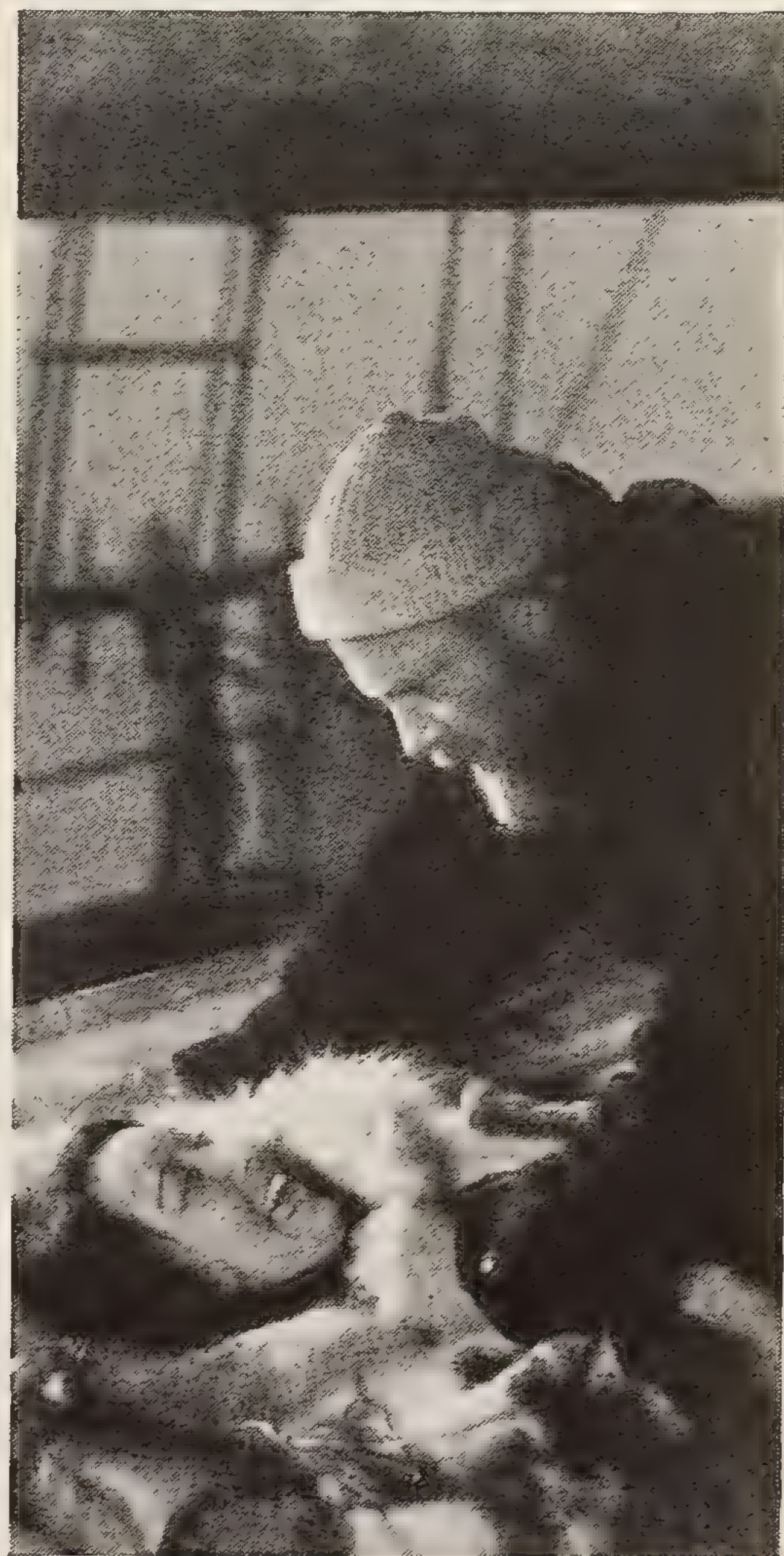
*Cecil DeMille's big show about Youth. It's worth your seeing . . . red meat . . . and strong dramatic action.*

## AND THESE ARE ALL ABOVE AVERAGE

*Eskimo*  
*Headline Shooters*

*Lady for a Day*  
*The Death Watch*

*Midnight Club*  
*The Devil's in Love*





# Mickey Mouse's

**W**E L L, Hollywood start the season off with a bang! Eddie Cantor's shooting "Roman Scandals," the cameras are shooting Eddie Cantor and the producers are shooting the works. The upshot of the whole thing is that the coming season will witness more big pictures than ever in the history of the industry. (I got that out of a book.)

**O**VER at United Artists things are popping plenty. Darryl Zanuck announces a new release every other day.

That Zanuck crowd is certainly giving Hollywood a new release on life! No sooner was Twentieth Century formed than the announcement was made that Arliss would be their first star. That puts an end to all rumors regarding Arliss.

*A happy ending I calls it. Arliss well that ends well!*

**L**EE TRACY has started work on Metro's "Turn Back the Clock," a very timely subject. Colleen Moore will appear with Lee in this picture.

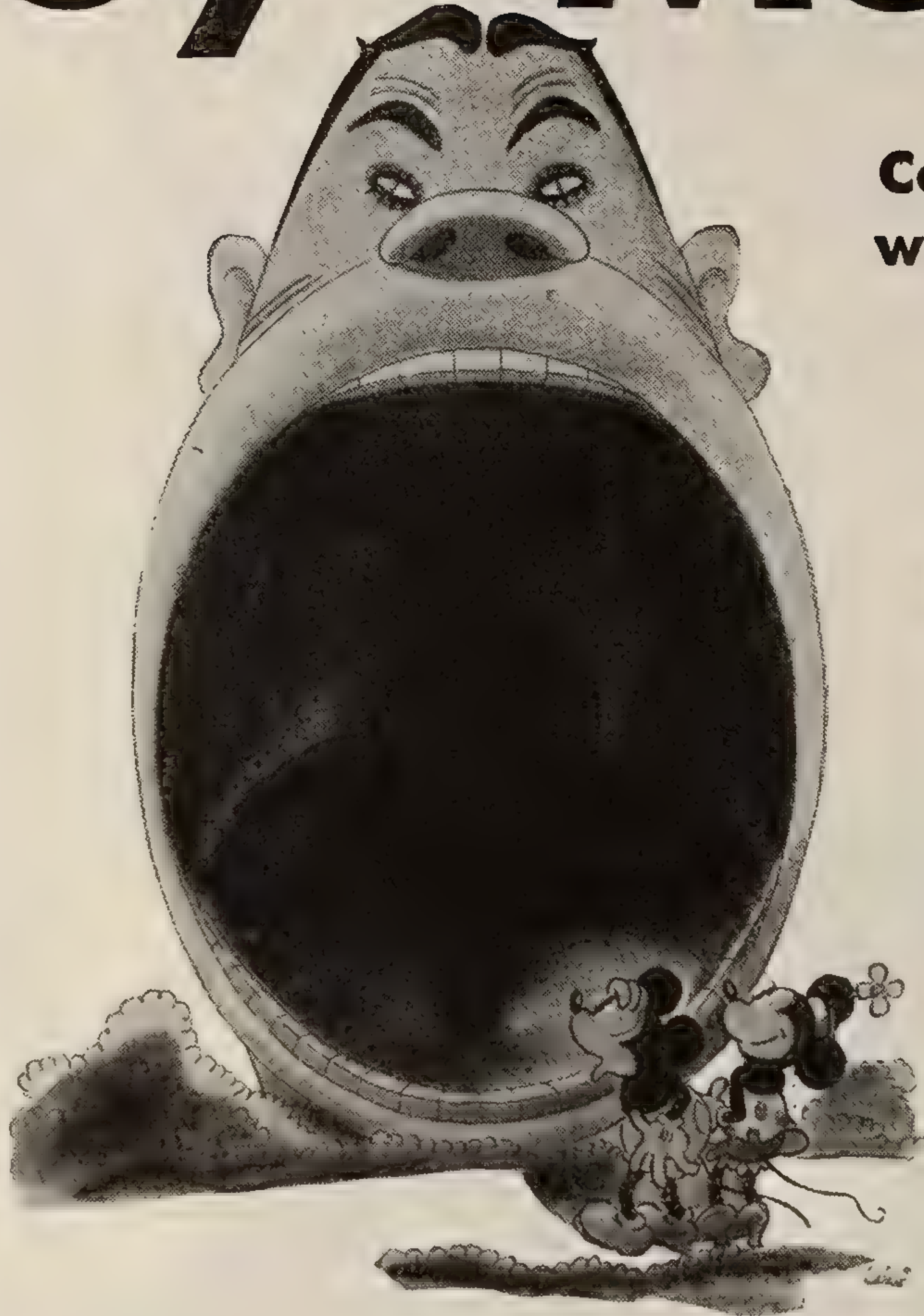
*Swell! We'd love to see Moore of Colleen!*

**J**ACK HALEY has been brought on from New York to co-feature with Jack Oakie in a picture for Para-

**Comments on the Hollywood news by the world's most popular actor**

**By  
MICKEY MOUSE**

**As told to Hal Horne**



That's the biggest opening I've ever seen in Hollywood."

mount called "We're Sitting Pretty." There's plenty of Jack in this one!

*With Paul Muni doing "America Kneels" for Warner Brothers and the two Jacks doing "We're Sitting Pretty" for Paramount, the business is beginning to look like setting-up exercises.*

**A**LICE BRADY has been cast in "Bride of the Bayou."

*How's Bayou, Alice?*

*You did a mighty swell*

*job in "When Ladies Meet."*

**P**ARAMOUNT'S "Midnight Club" is hitting on all twelve! This picture features Clive Brook and George Raft—a swell choice.

*A Raft goes well with a Brook.*

**W**ITH Fox releasing "I Loved You Wednesday" and Paramount offering "One Sunday Afternoon," every day in this business is beginning to count. Not to be outdone, Universal is giving us "Only Yesterday," with Margaret Sullivan and John Boles.

*I can just picture them advertising ONLY YESTERDAY STARTS TOMORROW! Nothing fazes a theater man.*

**M**-G-M is giving us "Another Language." I just can't wait to hear it. Ann Harding is riding along nicely in "Double Harness" for RKO with William Powell in the feature role.

*More Powell to you, Ann! You and Bill should make a swell team in "Double Harness."*

**W**ILLIAM GARGAN heads the line-up in "Headline Shooters" for the same company. *Should be Gargan-tuan.* If you know what I mean. I don't! Seriously, Bill's becoming one of the most popular stars in Hollywood. All the companies are after Bill. So are the autograph collectors. *Bill collectors, I call 'em!*

**W**ALLACE BEERY is doing a swell role in "The Bowery" for Twentieth Century. It's the Beery's, they say! Raoul Walsh was borrowed from Fox to direct. It was all done in a very polite way, of course.

*Zanuck stepped up to Fox and graciously asked, "May I have the next Walsh with you?" How could they refuse under the circumstances?*



It's only Walt giving me a party.



# Movie-Go-Round



Free wheeling?

**T**HE Four Marx Brothers have just finished "Duck Soup" for Paramount and theaters will soon be serving it to their customers.

*A swell dish, from what I hear!*

**W**ILL ROGERS is doing "Green Dice." From what I understand, it's being produced on a very lavish scale.

*Where there's a Will there's a weigh. "Green Dice" should be a natural.*

**U**NIVERSAL is releasing "S. O. S. Iceberg"—their initial production for the season. By all means, see M-G-M's "Tug Boat Annie" with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery.

*"Tug Boat" certainly should draw!*

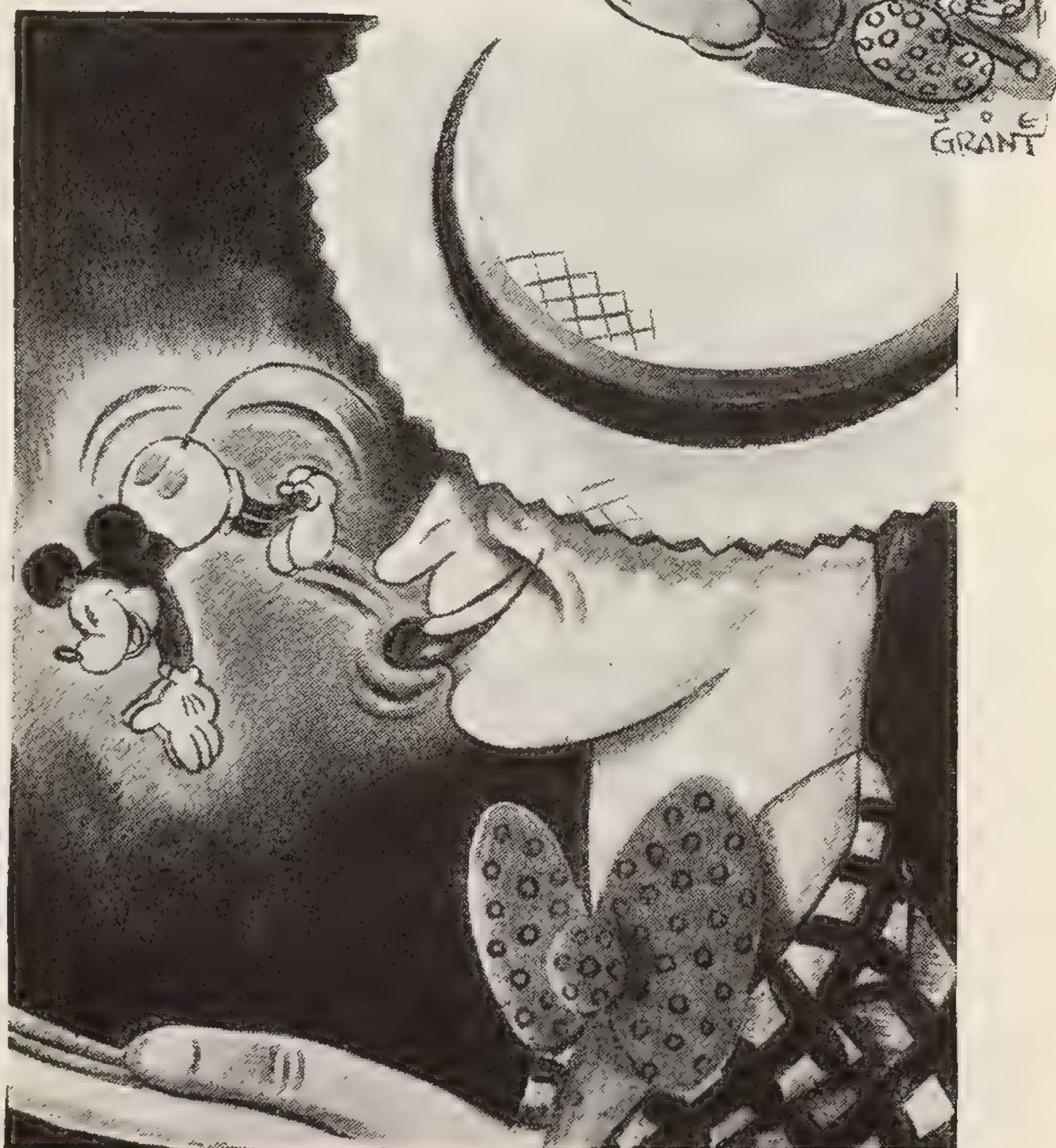
All in all, it looks like a swell season for Hollywood—a season with plenty of spice.

**A**ND am I excited! They're giving my latest picture, "Mickey's Gala Premiere," a formal opening at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Walt Disney, my boss, says they expect to have a monster turn-out, but I haven't been able to find out the monster's name.

I did hear, though, that after the premiere they are going to throw a big party—I think the big party will be Primo Carnera. He's so big that when he starts falling, it takes him at least a month to hit the floor.

*So, until that time, as Minnie said when she opened her mouth and tried to reach a high note, "I'll be C-ing you!"*

I say, "Lip and let lip!"







Above: A facsimile of the photograph of June Knight, the new Universal star, that appeared in the June issue of **THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE**, from which the accompanying type-sketches were made. . . . Details of the selection of the two first awards and also information regarding the Claudette Colbert type-sketches, to be made from a photograph of Miss Colbert that appeared in the July **NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE**, will be found on page 96 of this issue.

★

Below: The type-sketch of Miss Knight made by C. W. Crumb, of Detroit, Michigan, selected as one of the two best of the many that were submitted.

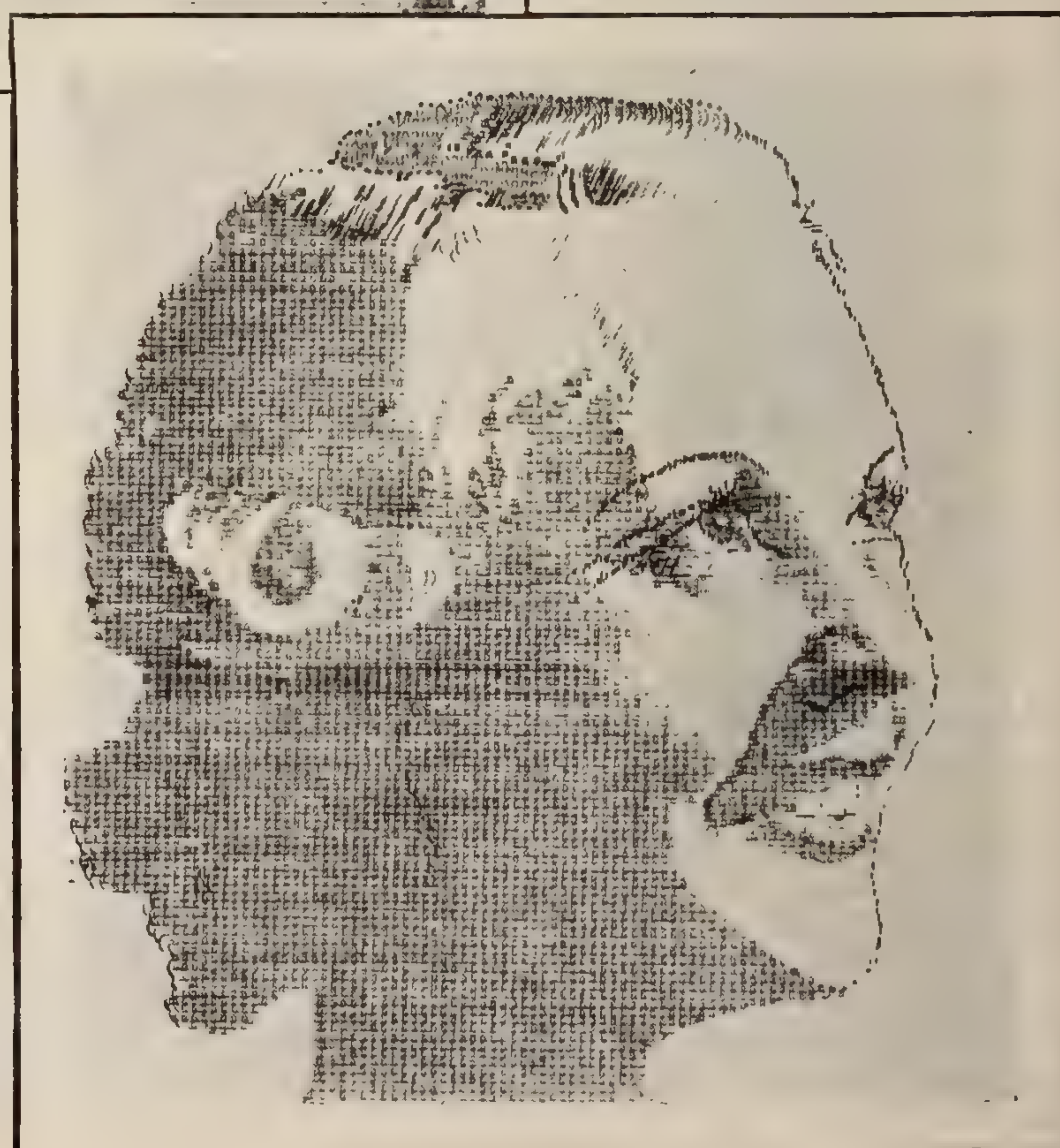
# TYPE TRICKS

★

**Portraits of the stars made  
on the typewriter**

★

Dorothy Hardke, of Benton Harbor, Michigan, is the typewriter artist who made the above sketch of June Knight from her published photograph. The ingenuity shown by Miss Hardke in achieving shades and tones was highly regarded by those who went over the scores of type-sketches submitted.





**HALE HORTON** tells of the long-drawn-out struggle of

**Hollywood's latest find—and of her sudden success**

## **"O.K., Helen!"**

**H**ERE you have no Arabian Nights story of movie renown won at the wave of a wand! Not even was Helen Mack's inception auspicious. Not by the wildest flight of your imagination! For she was born in New York City to poor parents, and she lived in a furnished room on Seventy-second Street until well into her fourteenth year.

Her father and mother ran a small grocery store; Helen managed the housework by herself, cooking the meals and washing the dishes, as well as her clothes. And kept up her chores even while attending the Children's Professional School.

"But, I doubt if I'd have had any beau anyway," she told me, with a wry grin, "because I happened to be a plain little brat with straight, stringy hair and no particular fascination. And I'm glad I was," she adds, "otherwise I wouldn't have been given so many character parts, parts unsuited to more beautiful children. And by getting jobs in 'Zaza,' 'Pied Piper Malone' and 'The Little Red School House,' I managed to help pay my tuition.

"But after graduating from school I couldn't get a job for love or money! I'd left my name with every agent in town, and every day I'd make the rounds, begging for work. But they just didn't want me.

"It wasn't until just before my fourteenth birthday that I finally managed to sign with a vaudeville act. I told them I was sixteen.

"For two years I traveled with the act and when I returned I still wasn't sixteen! And when I was fifteen I managed to convince everyone I was eighteen, and finally I began to get stage jobs. I guess I must have been a pretty good fibber."

**A**T the age of sixteen Helen came to Hollywood with William Hodge in the play "Straight Through the Door." Whereupon she experienced her first desire for a movie career: "At first I thought I'd stay on the Coast, but something told me to return East and wait until Hollywood called." And Hollywood was to yoo-hoo frantically within a year, Winnie Sheehan, Fox executive, being on the business end of the call.

Thrilled with the possibility of becoming a great motion picture actress, Helen boarded a westbound train, taking her mother along. She felt her career was well under way, especially when she was immediately elected a Fox debutante star.

Her first picture assignment was that of a sweet ingenue. Her second picture assignment was that of a sweet ingenue. At which point the studio decided she wasn't a sweet ingenue, a fact that Helen had been trying to impress upon them for three months. And for the remaining nine months of her contract she was given no assignments whatsoever. Not even extra work.

"Day after day I'd take the bus to the studio, only to receive vague promises of work in the future. Everyone tried to avoid me. You'd have thought I was poison.

"My only friends were the prop boys and electricians and the employes in the make-up department. I found them more human than any other people in the world. Hour after hour I'd sit there and watch other girls being made-up for character parts that I just knew I could do.

"Oh, I tell you I didn't like those days very well! I almost died with loneliness and disappointment. I begged the studio for a (Please turn to page 77)



Helen Mack, who first scored in "Sweepings," shown with Phil Harris, the radio crooner, in "Melody Cruise."



# HOLLYWOOD NIGHT by NIGHT

**J**UST about all the young mamas of Hollywood were gathered at the party given by the Joseph Cawthornes.

And it was fun to hear them talk!

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, who is very young looking and pretty, despite the fact that she has a sixteen-year-old daughter, said she was just preparing to become a grandmother when she became a mother!

She told how Jack Dempsey sent the baby two pairs of boxing gloves. She took him to the doctor one day wearing the gloves, and the doctor's eyes bulged out when the baby began brandishing his fists about.

Helen Hayes and Mae Marsh were comparing notes about their children. Mae said she had just nursed her three through chicken-pox and got them back into school, but that she had told them, "If you come home with the whooping cough or anything, I'll just leave you to your fate!"

Mae has lately written a book of child's verse, very charming, called "When They Ask Me My Name." Helen Hayes said that her little daughter loved it.

Louise Fazenda was asked whether she had wanted a boy or a girl, and Louise answered humorously, "My dear, at my age, you take what you can get!" She said she had no idea a little baby could take up so much room; that they had to move to a larger house. "If we have another one, we'll have to move into a hotel," she said.

Mrs. Joe E. Brown told how little Mary Elizabeth Ann, her older daughter, three and a half, loved her baby sister, how she would stand off and pretend to be squeezing the baby in her arms, without ever really touching her!

Dolores Costello Barrymore came for a few minutes, but said she hadn't been well. She and John left early.

"Sorry, I can't stay to tell you how wonderful our children are," she smiled, as she waved us good-bye.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Brian and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Corthell both have young children, too, and you should hear Donald, who used to be the gayest, most

## HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

dashing of young actors, rave about his little daughter.

"He's much more foolish about her than I am," Mrs. Brian confided, with a smile.

Of course all the husbands of the young mamas were present, but most of them, including Hal Wallis, Louise's husband,

Edward G. Robinson, Donald Brian, Herbert Corthell, Joe E. Brown and the others, went upstairs to play bridge or poker in the library.

Besides the young mamas there was a grand assemblage of other married couples—Frank Craven and his wife, Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans, Adele Rowland and Conway Tearle, Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, Lois Weber and Captain Harry Gantz, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. David Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Robert North, Mr. and Mrs. John Flinn and many others.

The Cawthornes have been married thirty-three years, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan twenty-three!

Then, of course, there were the newer couples—Elsie Janis and her husband, Gilbert Wilson, Greta Nissen and Wellborn Heyburn and others. Other guests included Laura Hope Crews, Antonio Moreno, Jane Grey, Mary Forbes, Louise Mackintosh, Billy and Ella Wickersham, Mrs. Laura Grismer, Mrs. Wilfred Buckland.

Helen Hayes was charmingly dressed—but, pshaw, who cares what Helen Hayes wears?—she is so much more than dress!—in a green crepe gown trimmed in velvet of the same shade, the trimming in soft criss-cross effect across the breast and draped with a large green velvet bow at the shoulder.

Mrs. Robinson wore a dark blue crepe dress trimmed in double circular ruffles of starched chiffon around neck and arms. Our hostess was lovely in an Eleanor blue lace over silk of the same shade, cut princess, and Louise Fazenda wore a tight-fitting beige silk.

(Please turn to page 103)



Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable (at left), photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine, enjoyed themselves immensely, according to Miss Kingsley. Try as it will, Hollywood can't convict Clark of any social indiscretions.



Jean Harlow and her stepfather, Marino Bello, at one of the parties to which they accompanied Miss Kingsley. You'll see Jean out quite frequently these days, now since her period of deep mourning is past.



**Come out for a merry round of  
the gayest movie parties with  
GRACE KINGSLEY, The New Movie  
Magazine's society reporter**

*All photographs made exclusively  
for the New Movie Magazine*



Anna Q. Nilsson, John Roche and Alice White snapped at the party which the Steeles gave.



Mrs. Joseph ("Queenie") Cawthorne, the hostess, Elsie Janis and Joseph Cawthorne, the host.



Nina Quartero, Theda Bara, and Mrs. William G. McAdoo, Jr., daughter-in-law of the Senator from California.



Helen Hayes's mother, Helen and Mrs. Jimmy Gleason (Lucile Webster), at the party to young mothers given by the Cawthornes.



# SCHOOL DAY



Marilyn Knowlden, who appears with Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory," gives this as her favorite dinner menu:

*Roast chicken    Mashed potatoes  
Plenty of gravy  
Canned or fresh asparagus  
Crackers and jam or jelly*



Dorothy Gray, who has been a child double for more stars than any other youngster in Hollywood, chooses this breakfast:

*Orange juice  
Cooked or uncooked cereal with  
thin cream  
Poached egg    Buttered toast    Milk*

**T**HE Hollywood mother faces the same problems that bother little Johnny Jones' mother in Masselin, Ohio, or Salem, Oregon. She has to figure out healthful diets to suit the needs of her child and choose the best schools. But the mother whose child works in pictures has probably the most difficult problems to solve.

His working hours are irregular. If the child attends school, he has to keep up his lessons while he is working in a picture. The law provides that any child working in a picture shall spend three hours of the day with his lessons and the shooting schedule of the picture has to be adjusted to fit these hours. It is sometimes difficult to get the right food when the child is away from home, at the studio, or perhaps on location. Her major problem, however, is to keep her child well so that he can do his film work, keep up his lessons and at the same time get his normal amount of rest.

The Hollywood mother has made a study of these problems and gives her entire time to her working child. No afternoon bridge parties for her; she must be at the side of her child at all times. True, she may not be on the set, or even in sight, but she is always within earshot.

"When Cora Sue is working in a picture I always give her her lunch in her dressing room," Mrs. Collins says. "I take her clothes off and put her nightgown on and make her lie down and feed her like a baby. She relaxes and rests and her food has a chance to digest. Even if we have only an hour I do that. If she eats in the dining room she gets excited and I

**Hollywood parents give serious thought to their children's bills of fare**



Cora Sue Collins has her heartiest meal at lunch time. Here is one of her favorite menus:

*Vegetable soup  
Broiled lamp chop    Baked potatoes  
Green peas  
Raspberry gelatin dessert*

notice that her work isn't as good in the afternoon. Her noon meal is really her dinner. She has either soup or broth, one green vegetable and one white vegetable, that is, potatoes or a starchy vegetable; steak, lamb chops or chicken. Her meat is usually broiled, never fried. For dessert she has something not very heavy, like custard or junket, or a gelatin dessert. Once in a while sponge or other plain cake."

One of the clauses in Jackie Cooper's contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stipulates that he shall have a private tutor and not be required to attend either public school or the school at the studio. He has his lessons with his teacher at home every morning from nine to twelve. This seems to be a satisfactory arrangement, for Jackie at the age of ten is in 7-A grade.

Dorothy Gray, who has been a double for more stars than any other child in pictures, is almost ten years old and attends public school. She eats normal, nourishing food and drinks quantities of milk. At breakfast, lunch and dinner she drinks a glass of milk, and when she is working in a picture, her mother gives her milk between breakfast and lunch and again in the middle of the afternoon.

With the opening of school this business of planning wholesome meals for growing boys and girls is a question of absorbing interest to parents not only in Hollywood but everywhere. Realizing this we have prepared a special set of food circulars that will help you arrange the best possible diets for your children.



# DIETS



Eric von Stroheim, junior and senior, and (below) young Eric's dinner menus at Black-Foxe Military Institute:

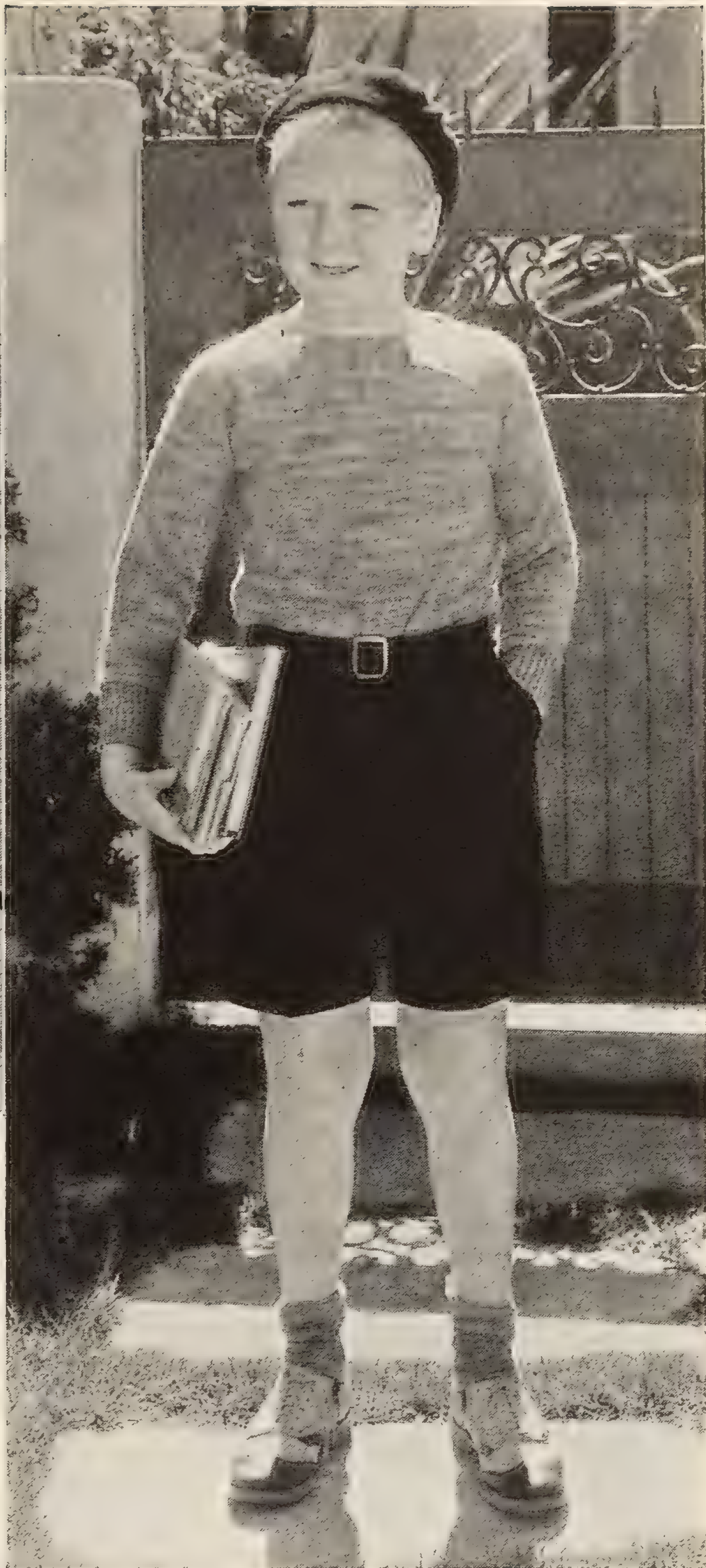
*Leg of lamb*  
*Browned potatoes      Creamed peas      Hot rolls*  
*Blackberry jelly      Summer squash*  
*Cottage cheese and pineapple salad*  
*Ice cream and cake      Milk*

*Sword fish*  
*Scalloped potatoes      Spinach with egg*  
*Apple butter      Cracked wheat bread*  
*Cabbage, apple and marshmallow salad*  
*Fruit Jello with whipped cream*  
*Orange juice*

Jimmie and Robert Keaton (sons of Buster and Natalie Keaton), Arthur Levine (son of Nat Levine), Gaylord Lloyd, Jr., (son of Gaylord Lloyd and nephew of Harold Lloyd), George Bosworth (son of Hobart Bosworth), William Counselman, Jr., Irving Cummings, Jr., Pat Forde (son of Director John Forde), Chester Foxe (son of Earle Foxe, who is head of the school), Douglas and Marshall Green (sons of Al Green, director), Richard Sargeant (son of Mrs. Richard Barthelmess), and Al Ray, Jr., (son of the present Mrs. John Stahl and nephew of Charles Ray), are among the students at the Black-Foxe Military Institute.

The boys work and play hard and their diet is heavier than that of less active boys and girls.

Directions for securing recipe circulars may be found on page 103.



Jackie Cooper and (below) his meals for a day:

**Breakfast** *1 glass of fruit juice or small bowl of stewed fruit*  
*2 soft boiled eggs or dry cereal with skimmed milk*  
*1 piece buttered toast and glass of milk*

**Lunch** *Portion of salad made of greens: lettuce, watercress, tomato, celery, etc.*  
*Fresh fruit if in season, otherwise bowl of cooked fruit*  
*1 glass of skimmed milk*

**Dinner** *Portion of cooked fresh vegetables*  
*1 medium small baked potato or baked macaroni, noodles or spaghetti*  
*Fresh or cooked fruit or small helping of cake*  
*No milk at evening meal*



# The PEOPLE'S

**SPENCER TRACY** as the wisecracker in "Me and My Gal," with Joan Bennett, was a natural. The picture itself was the nearest thing to being true to life that I have seen. I imagine that I could walk right in and feel at home with them, instead of putting on airs and a high hat for these sophisticated dramas that just give me the yawns. You know the kind—Teas and dawnces and shiny nails with do-wagers pronouncing secretary, "Sec-retry." Oh, well, you can please some of the fans some of the time and you can please some all of the time. Anyway, I would like to see real honest-to-goodness, natural people in plain-spoken pictures.



"Joe E. Brown for me. I don't want to cry with all the girls. I want to laugh. And he gives me plenty to laugh about."

I saw the "Phantom Broadcast" last week and want to put in a complaint for the terrible ending. The moll that did the actual killing is seen in the last fadeout on a boat bound for Europe, free and none the worse off for her crime. Why should she remain unpunished? I still claim murder will out and would like the screen to stick to this theme—Casey E. Cieslak, 5237 Argyle St., Chicago, Illinois.

**Never Seen Garbo:** Time for me to express my opinion of Great Garbo. I have never seen any of her pictures and wouldn't want to. I have no use for a person like her. If she wants privacy, let her have it, but there are times when she should come out of her shell and show a bit of gratitude to the public responsible for her salary (excluding myself). I don't see anything wonderful in Greta and I believe that there are American girls just as good. Away with Greta Garbo! Fay G. Du Bow, 2298 Main St., Hartford, Connecticut.

(Note: What a chance for you Garbo fans to answer! Come on!)

**Why Go to Dramas?** At last the musical pictures have come into their own again. We've waited a long time

Where the **BOX OFFICE CRITICS** talk directly to the picture producer

for the return of these pictures, but if you saw "42nd Street," you will agree with me that we have not waited in vain. Because if this is a sample of the singing pictures they're going to show in the future, then here's more power to all the fellows who helped make "42nd Street" a success. . . . In these times of depression and worries, why spend money on a drama when you can get a picture full of humor, song and dance for the same money? Anyway, why go to a movie for a drama? Especially in these days, all you have to do is look in your neighbor's house, and you'll find drama aplenty. . . . Go to the movies if you want a few hours of real entertainment. But if you do feel in a sentimental mood, pick up THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and read the life story of a star each month, or read some of the many articles written by some of the best writers of the present day. . . . Here's to musicals, long may they reign.—Mrs. Harry Kon, 2035 E. Rittenhouse St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Keep 'Em Wild: Here's hoping more

## Fan Letter Favorites of the Month:

Ruby Keeler  
Katharine Hepburn  
Lee Tracy  
Clark Gable  
Joan Crawford  
Helen Hayes  
John Boles  
David Manners  
Cary Grant

## Best Pictures:

Gold Diggers of 1933  
42nd Street  
State Fair  
White Sister

## Hints:

Less sex  
More music  
Less heavy drama  
More romance

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1933 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards.

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think.

The medals will be given for the following:

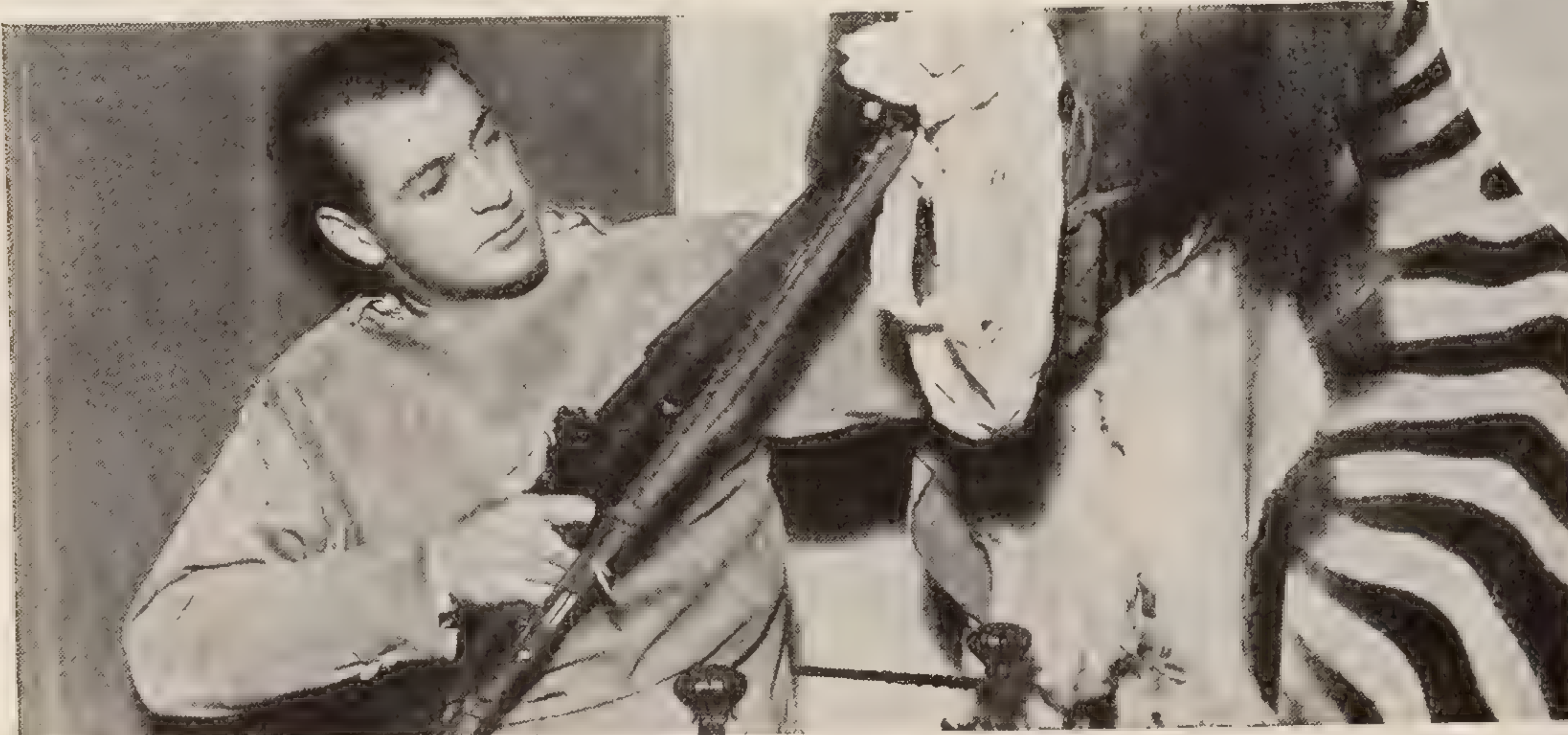
- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story

"I understand that Joan Blondell says she's lucky because she's not beautiful; that there's too much competition in Hollywood along that line. I disagree with her. I think she's a dream."



"We fans want to see more of Gary Cooper. Give us many, many more and better and bigger pictures of him. . . ." At left: We see Gary fondly inspecting one of his many adored guns in his private arsenal.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine





# Academy

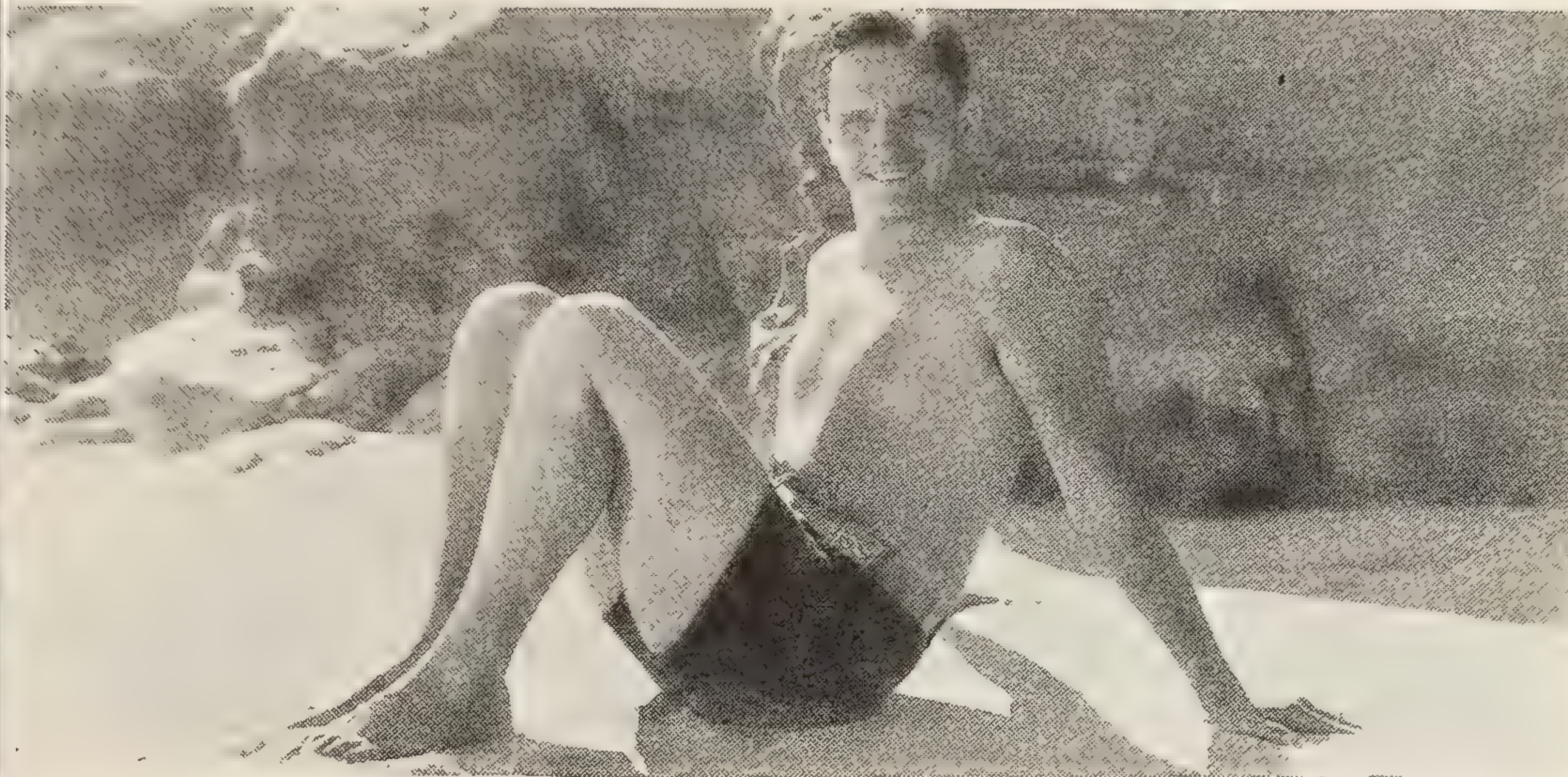
THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Make them short and snappy—and tell why you do not like someone or something. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts. THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"Spencer Tracy (above, repairing a polo stick) . . . was a natural. . . . I would like to see real, honest-to-goodness people in plain-spoken pictures."



"There isn't anyone quite like Freddy March. May he continue his 'Forward, March!' Give us more of him with Claudette Colbert."



All photographs made exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Bert Longworth

wild pictures like "Tarzan," "The King of the Jungle," and the Boris Karloff monster pictures are turned out. They are a good change from all these musical reviews and silly sex pictures from which we are getting fed up—even though they are entertaining. We want something that will keep us on the edge of our seats and make our hair stand up!—Ruby Huizar, 1217 Mateo St., Los Angeles, California.

**Don't Type Katharine:** Is Katharine Hepburn to be another sacrifice to the Great God Public? Because we hailed her in "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Christopher Strong," will she be definitely "typed" as Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor and Tallulah Bankhead have been and as Helen Hayes is in danger of being "typed"? That girl is simply bubbling over with talent. Give it an outlet—please! If not, she always will be expected by her audience to portray a bluff, crisp-voiced heroine, with now and then a black-velvet-clad dash of Garbo, and a film version of the trousered Dietrich.—Mary Clarke, 3347 Army Street, San Francisco, California.

**Bricks and Cheers:** I do wish that interviewers wouldn't write such flattering stories about the movie stars, always dwelling only upon their fine points. It makes them seem to me less human. After all they must have faults and we fans would like to hear about them along with the rest. It

"Bette Davis has everything. Why don't they star her? Why don't they give her better and bigger parts?" . . . This is Bette snapped as she was leaving the studio and overtaken by autograph-hunters.

would make the stories more interesting. Don't you think so, Mr. Editor? —Ruth Burton, Great Plain, Danbury, Connecticut.



"It's really a great treat to see good old Will Rogers. He's just folks—one of us."

**A Tribute:** Lee Tracy—you're marvelous! Have you ever come across such an "electric" personality as Mr. Tracy's? Here's hoping we see loads of your pictures—and good luck! A cheer! Three loud and resounding cheers for your very interesting magazine! It can't be beat!!—Ida R. Milano, 636 Elizabeth St., Utica, N. Y.

**Take Notice, Operators:** Being a bit hard of hearing I notice that the operators are sometimes responsible for a picture's success or failure. They must go to sleep on the job at times as the sound will go so soft or low that my wife, who has perfect hearing, cannot hear. Then when a new reel is on it is very loud. So, I say, keep the operators awake and we will all enjoy the pictures more. And give us more musicals like "42nd Street." That was a great picture. Why not trot out Mae West again? Everyone liked her last picture.—Edgar Caspari, 2118 N. 60th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

**Bow, Mr. Manners:** While you all are raving over your Gables, Montgomerys and Cagneys, I want to add a couple of hurrahs for my favorite actor—David Manners. Why don't we see him starred more often? This fine, clean Canadian lad has the quiet distinction of Ronald Colman, and the appeal of Gable; yet he can be as fresh and free as Montgomery at his wildest. Tall, slender and perfect of feature, he possesses a physical beauty that puts most of the screen's current heroes to

(Please turn to page 108)



**W**ITH M-G-M going along with its most ambitious musical offering in years, "The Hollywood Parade," Warners planning one even more striking than "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933," Universal at work on "Take a Chance," Fox turning Buddy DeSylva and its full corps of musical experts loose on "My Weakness," and Paramount and RKO injecting rhythm here, there and everywhere, there's music on the air.

This is to be a season of musical productions—musical comedies, operettas and extravaganzas. You fans have asked for it, and you're to get it full force. Our only hope is that you won't get too great a flood of them and, consequently, many decidedly mediocre. That's what happened before, you know, and you turned thumbs down—so the producers complained—on *all* musical pictures.

**F**ROM Maurice Chevalier's picture, "A Bed Time Story," we have "In the Park in Patee," played for us by the Hotel Bossert Orchestra. Not having seen the picture, I don't know how the tune is put over, but it's a fairly lively little ditty. The other side, by the same orchestra is from the same show, "Look What I've Got," a nice tune for dancing. Both sides have vocal refrains. (This is a Columbia record No. 2769D.)

**H**ERE is a real medley record, by our old friend, Duke Ellington, from the old Blackbirds show. It starts with "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," which features the sweet trumpet work of Arty Whetsel, then we swing right into a red hot one, "Doin' the New London," with the entire orchestra with Johnny Hodges running wild with his saxophone. Next, as the tempo changes to slower movement, we hear a few measures of "I Must Have That Man," played as a trombone solo, then the tempo picks up again and we hear "Baby." Now turn the record and we'll listen to  
(Please turn to page 83)

One of the sparkling  
jazz numbers in "Her  
Bodyguard."



# MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

## The Month's Biggest Hits

### "IN THE PARK IN PAREE"

Fox trot—played by the Hotel Bossert Orchestra.  
(Columbia)

### "TELL ME TONIGHT"

Fox trot—played by Ambrose and his orchestra.  
(Victor)

### "BLACKBIRD MEDLEY"

Medley—played by Duke Ellington and his  
orchestra. (Brunswick)

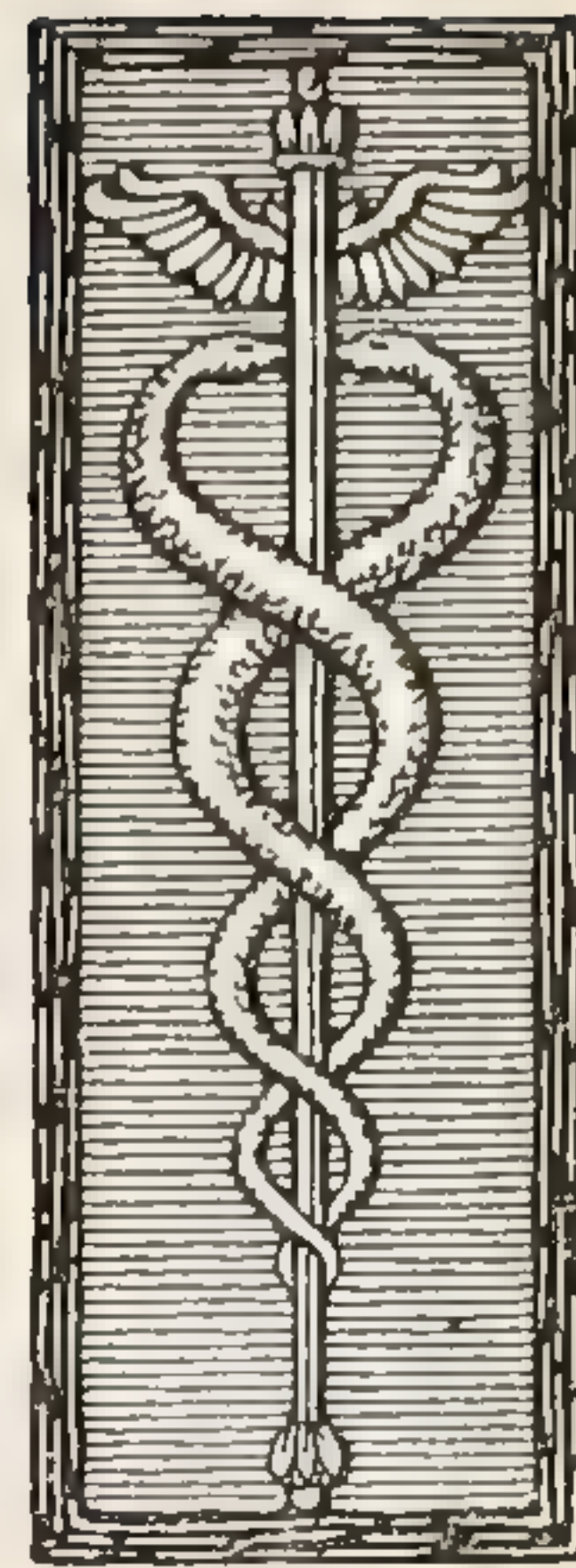
### "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

Fox trot—played by Borrah Minnevitich and his  
Harmonica Rascals (Brunswick)





The majority of cancers  
—in early stages— can be  
successfully and completely  
removed or destroyed by



# Surgery, X-rays or Radium

**S**PREAD the encouraging findings about cancer. Too many people can see only the dark side of cancer. There is a widespread and mistaken belief that cancer is incurable and that nothing can be done to stop its destructive progress. Such belief leads people, who have reason to suspect its presence, to delay having an examination—until it is too late.

Another reason why cancer often gains headway is because in its first stages it is usually painless and therefore disregarded.

Wounds that refuse to heal—warts, moles, scars and birthmarks that change in size or color or become scaly—abnormal lumps or strange growths under the skin in the breast and elsewhere—unnatural discharges—all call for immediate action.

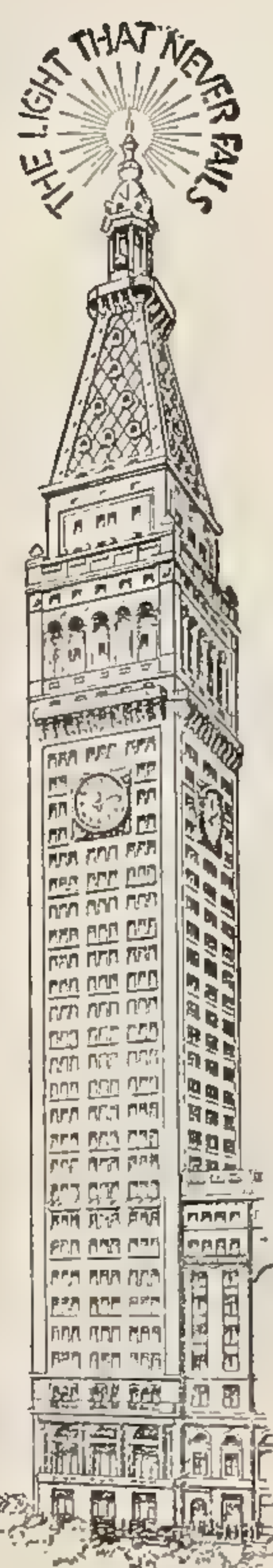
Jagged or broken teeth should be smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other

part of the body is often the beginning of cancer. When any one of the first signs of cancer is discovered, there is no time to lose. If an early discovery is made, the probabilities are that surgery, X-rays, or radium can effect complete recovery.

Cancer is neither contagious nor hereditary, although the history of the disease shows that certain types of individuals and certain families are more susceptible to cancer than others.

Some forms of cancer are obscure and can be detected only by a physician who has had long experience with the disease, but many of the ordinary first symptoms would almost surely be discovered in a thorough periodic health examination.

Tell people that cancer in its first stages can usually be entirely removed or totally destroyed. Help to save lives.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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# NEW HOLLYWOOD COIFFURES



Mae Clarke wears the only real boyish bob found among featured players in Hollywood. But it suits her, doesn't it?



Kathleen Burke chooses the sculptured bob and keeps bangs on her forehead.



Marion Shockley, right, Wampas baby star, wears a simple, youthful hairdress.

Hair is going up in Hollywood, up off the forehead and up off the neck, whether long or bobbed



Kay Francis wears her hair marcelled tightly back from her forehead in her role as "Mary Stevens, M.D."

The up-on-the-head movement is illustrated by the new Sally Eilers coiffure, featuring rolled curls.

**A** HOLLYWOOD hairdress a couple of years ago, meant only one thing—a long bob, parted on the side with much fluff fluff of curls and things smothering the neck.

Now it means the smartest coiffure for your hair and personality. You can go Hollywood in your hairdress and be sure of getting something becoming and, what is more, different from your next door neighbor's.

If you want a boyish bob with charm, try Mae Clarke's. She's the only Hollywood featured actress who has risked cutting her hair short enough for a real boyish bob. She parts it on the right side and combs it back with one wide dip at the left.

Kay Francis has a new coiffure in "Mary Stevens, M.D." It's something to choose if you want to look attractive and a bit distant and reserved at the same time. It's tightly waved, straight back from the forehead and shows more than half the ears on the side.

Sally Eilers has a new coiffure and wears her hair much shorter now than before. It's cut unevenly so that soft little rolled curls can be made almost any place on the head. The back ends are short enough so that they curl up to show the hair line. Marion Shockley, Wampas baby star, wears a youthful, debutantish hairdress, parted on the right side with the hair cut short on the left for an extra curl. The waves are wide (*Please turn to page 76*)



# You may *think* you see them...



—but there are so many things in life that, at a glance, look so exactly alike. So remember that a spool of thread is not J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. thread unless you see the name on the spool-end. Don't assume you are getting Clark's or Coats best six cord until your eye has proved that you are. The spool-end tells. Examine it before you buy. An easy way to be sure you are getting the thread you have always depended on. It pays to use good thread.

## J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.

*For more than a Century—as Today*

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD





Gail Patrick chooses rose patterned appliqués embroidered with red on natural linen.

**Popular stars show us how to  
make their favorite table linen**

*If you would like to know how to make the  
new table linens please turn to page 88*

(Right) They are smart and easy to make—those  
lace and linen lunch cloths, prized by Margaret  
McConnell, M-G-M featured player.

Two long runners and three oblong doilies give  
distinction to Marian Nixon's table.





"THESE BOOKS ARE SIMPLY GRAND, RUTH,  
FOR NEW COOKING IDEAS."



"YOU know, my family thinks they're getting pretty fancy food nowadays, but it's only a clever way of planning my meals. And I get all my new ideas out of these Tower cook books!

"Look at this page from **44 Easy, Economical Dinners**. Chicken liver canapes . . . from yesterday's chicken. I used to serve the liver with the rest of the chicken. Now I save it, add a chopped egg and out of practically nothing at all I have something exciting as a start for my dinner. It's amazing what a difference those little *planned touches* make in a meal!

"It's fun, too, cooking from this other book that has the

#### **Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars.**

The other afternoon I took the children to see Skeets Gallagher, and then that night made his favorite *Soufflé of Tomatoes*—and did Jack and Betty like it! 47 movie stars tell you how to fix the dishes they like best.

"I'm sending this other book, **Reducing the Right Way**, to my sister. She's been putting on a lot of weight lately and has been looking for some menus that will help her reduce and yet give her all the foods she needs to keep her health. And that just describes these menus."

IF YOU WANT THESE BOOKS WITH THEIR EXCELLENT MENUS AND RECIPES, FILL IN THE COUPON

Tower Books, Incorporated,  
55 Fifth Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me

- ☐ 44 EASY, ECONOMICAL DINNERS
- ☐ FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS
- ☐ REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY

I am enclosing ten cents for each one I want.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



It's really a  
*Pleasure*  
to take!



**W**HEN you need a laxative, wouldn't you rather take a piece of delicious chocolate than something bitter and nasty?

Of course you would! And millions of people feel the same way about it. That's why they use Ex-Lax—the chocolate laxative.

Ex-Lax doesn't taste a bit like medicine. No spoons! No bottles! No bitter or messy medicines! It's just like eating delicious chocolate.

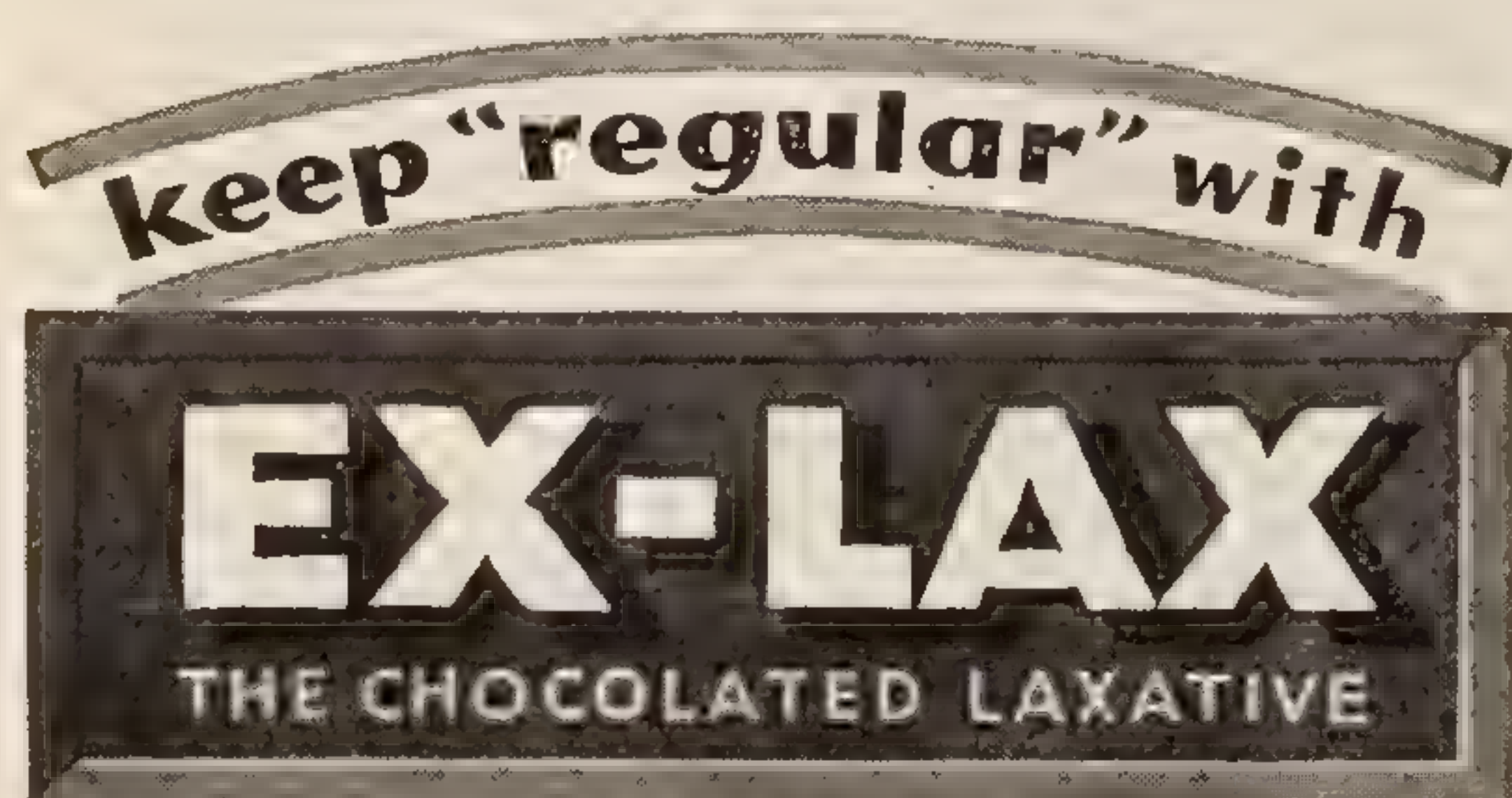
### *So Effective, Too*

Ex-Lax is *so* mild—*so* gentle—for 27 years mothers have given it to their children. And yet, it's so effective that even the strongest men find it unnecessary to take unpleasant laxatives again.

Success always starts a lot of imitations. So watch out!

Be sure to ask for *genuine* Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. Over 50,000 druggists sell Ex-Lax—and recommend it.

You can get Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c boxes. Or if you'd like a free sample, write to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B93 Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.



# The MAKE-UP BOX



Try the new deodorant compact, an automatic lipstick that works like a charm and a new complete line of beauty products.

**F**OR this still summery weather—or any weather—the big problem is a deodorant. We've a new one to tell you about. It comes in the flat, little silver compact shown above and is just as easy to use as any powder compact and as attractive, too. It not only deodorizes but acts to check perspiration. And it can be used directly after shaving as it is non-irritating. We think you'll never want to be without it once you have used it.

**Y**OU don't need to cross anybody's palm with silver to know that lovely hands are one of the best assets any of us can have. Hands are so important these days that none of us can afford to neglect them. We all have our favorite hand creams and lotions. But there's a new one, a different one that you'll want to have right handy on your kitchen shelf, especially if you like to give the kitchen chairs a new coat of paint now and then or do over the dressing table. It's a white fluffy cream that's gently rubbed into the hands before painting or using cleaning fluids or doing housework. It protects the hands from contact with paint or dirt which are washed right off with the cream.



Protect your hand loveliness.

**A**UTOMATIC lipsticks are getting better and better. In fact we've found one we'd call practically perfect. Remember those Chinese pencil boxes where the cover slid back into nothing and out again at the touch of a finger? Well, this new one works on the same principle. The cover slides down the side and the lipstick slides up at the same time. It's a new container for a lipstick that has been well and favorably known for many years. You'll be able to find your favorite shade and will be pleased with the consistency of the stick—not too dry, nor yet too greasy.

**W**E'VE always liked to have our jars and bottles match so we were happy to find out that the makers of one of our preferred cold creams had come out with a new and amazingly complete line of cosmetics. Both a cleansing oil and liquefying cream are included in the group as well as a tissue cream, skin tonic, hand lotion and an unusual foundation cream that comes in a skin tone. Rouge and powder shades are planned on the basis of eye colors along with skin tones rather than hair and skin tones. The jars and bottles are most attractive and planned to fit in with any dressing table or bathroom color scheme.

**W**HAT'S a week-end without a week-end kit, particularly the attractive new one we just ran across? It's a colorful and compact box, ivory, orange and black and holds large sizes of cleansing cream, skin lotion and face powder—the preparations women use most frequently—as well as tubes of rich cream and a powder base finishing cream. We're taking it with

us this very week-end. You'll like the almond hand cream featured by the same company. In the past it has only been sold in a jar but now a tube has been introduced. It's recommended for use as a hand soap as well as cream when traveling and leaves the hands beautifully soft and smooth. The tube form makes it convenient to pack and to carry in your handbag.



For that week-end trip.

If you would like further information about the articles described here, names and prices as well as other beauty news and notes on new beauty methods, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



# Hollywood Goes Goona-Goona

(Continued from page 45)

goona—goona, and we love it!

Of course, Miss Crawford, Miss Garbo and Miss Harlow are not absolute nudists. They all wear salad dressing.

Miss Crawford's recipe: equal parts of vinegar and oil. Baste body regularly in sun. This gives that old French fried potato effect.

Ever try a clove of garlic, Miss Crawford? Ummmm.

MISS CRAWFORD is always an eye-ful whatever the dressing but of late her air of brooding gives one the uncomfortable feeling she may leap off any moment in *Ophelia's* mad dance, pelting gardenias all over the place.

GETTING back to Herr Hitler: (Personally I'd rather brood with Joan, but the show must go on) Mr. Hitler feels that nudism excites disrespect for women. He hasn't, of course, seen our Malibu women. Mae West, for instance, shyly admits you couldn't tell her and the Venus di Milo apart if you met 'um at Malibu . . . ! 'Cept, of course, Mae's got arms.

I'M sure the German Chancellor would agree that it's educational to visit the Louvre and view Mae di Milo. Well, Malibu is a living Louvre. Mae says you must come'n see'um sometime and get a load of kultur.

CASTING care and garments to the servants, Hollywood roughs it in the raw. At a recent house party some one suggested we all get back to the essentials like our covered wagon ancestors—fling off the effeminizing luxuries and enslaving pleasures.

The idea was acclaimed. Bright and early next morning at noon we donned slacks, sweaters and berets and clambered laughingly into old covered Packards and Pierce Arrows for the trek. After an exhausting hour we arrived in a wild mountain glen with oak trees shading a tile swimming pool.

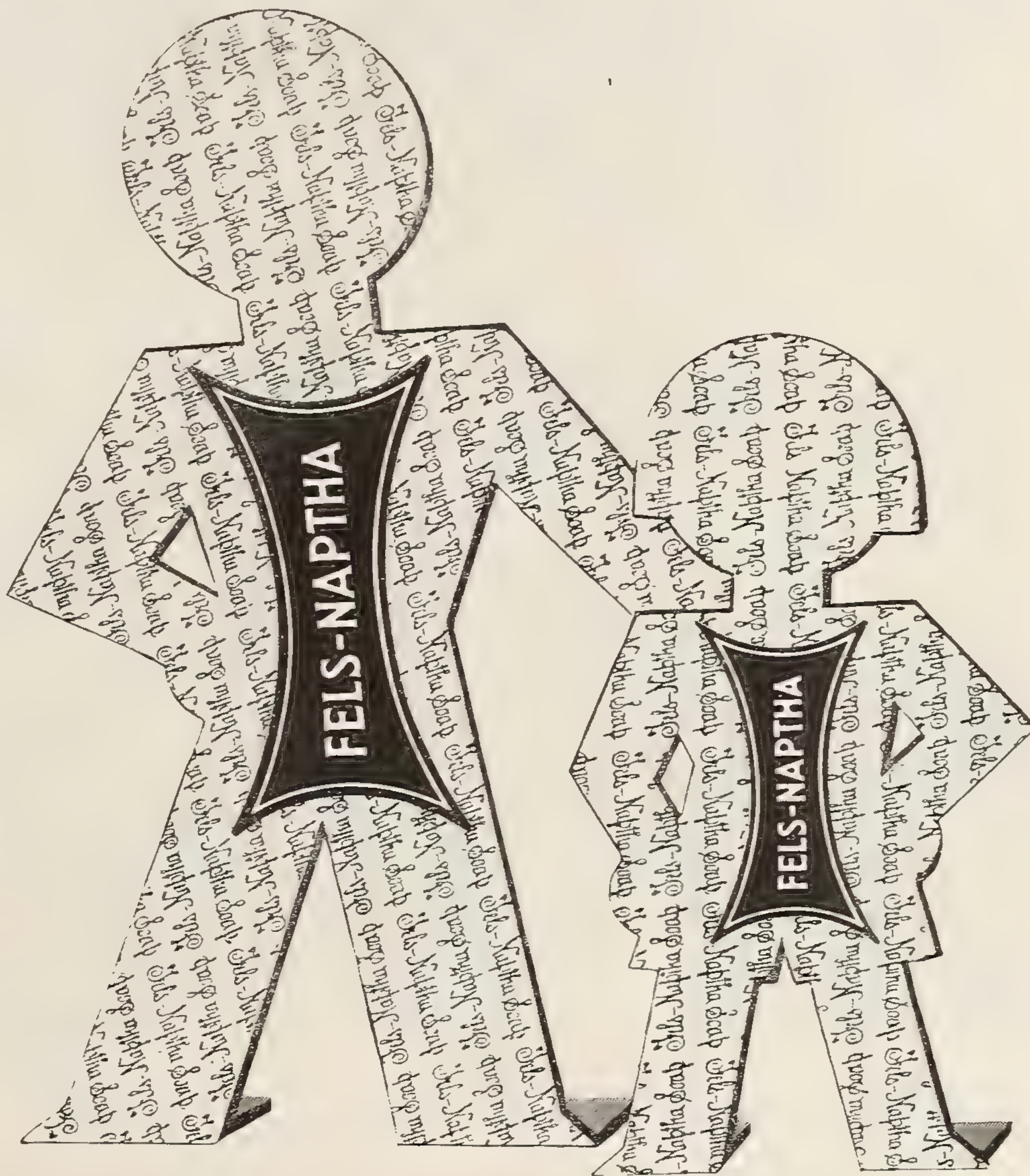
Weary, but in tune with the infinite, we flung ourselves down on rugs that the servants had spread in the shade. Several thirst-maddened wretches croaked for drinks. As if Mother Nature heard their cry, a caravan of cars appeared bearing cases of champagne, Scotch, vermouth, gin, soda and ice from our host's cellar.

Other vans yielded beauty-rest mattresses, linen, dishes and bromo seltzers.

For a whole afternoon and night we roughed it in the open under God's canopy as well as some from Barker Brothers. It was a different company that returned to the effete world next day. All were refreshed by communion with nature, all except the servants who seemed eager to get back to their frigidaire and electric stoves—unimaginative slaves of civilization!

MALIBU is still the favorite retreat because there you can get away from it all and not miss a thing, neighbors being the same only closer—so close you can get the dope before hearsay.

# We'll give you this youngster if you'll give him a chance



THIS "youngster" is a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap.

We'll gladly send it to you. All we ask is that you give it a chance at the hardest job in your family wash.

Pick out a grimy shirt or a specially soiled pair of rompers. Then put this sample bar to work. See how quickly and easily it gets out the dirt—how greasy smudges come out without hard rubbing.

Even this short acquaintance, we're sure, will convince you that

Fels-Naptha is the "helpingest" cleaner that ever went into your tub.

That's because Fels-Naptha brings you *two* helpers instead of one. Not soap alone, but good golden soap skillfully combined with *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha. You can smell the naptha in every bar! A willing team whose *extra* help means cleaner clothes with less work.

Send in the coupon today for your sample—or, better still, buy a few of the full-size bars from your grocer.

© 1933, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me that free sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. I'm willing to give it a fair trial!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print name and address completely)



## Wise babies aren't cry babies about their skins



### If you want a baby's smooth, clear skin, use the baby's beauty treatment

No use shedding private tears over a dull, old-looking skin! When men, who come to see you, stay to make a fuss over your baby sister—it's time for you to get busy!

Help yourself to a cake of the baby's Ivory Soap and start taking Ivory beauty treatments.

What better soap could you use for your own skin than this pure gentle Ivory that keeps a baby's tender skin so petal-smooth? Ivory is white . . . pure. It contains no strong dyes or cheap perfumes. And so doctors say it is *the safest soap* even for tiny babies.

*It's smart to be a baby about your bath!* Ivory's creamy-white lather caresses your skin, gently freeing every pore of the day's grime and dirt. It rinses off magically . . . leaving no die-hard soapy smell to conflict with the scent of your real perfume.

Watch your complexion grow lovely and youthful again after your daily Ivory cleansings. Feel its silken-smooth texture. And then say to yourself, "It's Ivory for me from now on!" Ivory beauty treatments cost so little, and do so much for your skin!

# Ivory Soap

99 44/100 % pure . It floats

## Hollywood Coiffures

(Continued from page 70)

and natural looking, with the hair combed off the forehead.

If you are young and quite a feminine type, try Sally Eilers' coiffure with the little curls all over. Or if you like a simple coiffure, Marion Shockley's. The style points to be considered this season are: shorter lengths for bobbed hair—don't let your hair be more than two inches long any place and shorter at the back; hairline exposure, either by an even shorter cut or tightly rolled curls; waves that start no closer than an inch and a half from the part; straight sections to contrast with curly sections; an off the forehead and face movement; sleeker, neater coiffures than before.

But there's no use worrying about hair styles if your hair itself is unbeautiful. If the waves are to catch the highlights, if the ends are to be soft and curl smoothly, if the hair is to be a lovely shade of whatever color it is—blond, brunet, or red, it must be healthy and well cared for.

Cleanliness is the first step toward beautiful hair. Once a week is not too often for the average head—certainly it should be shampooed not less than once in two weeks.

Then there are hair tonics and toners made up for various types of scalp and hair conditioners that will also aid in keeping the hair clean if they are applied with fresh bits of cotton. There's a dry shampoo to use in emergencies.

Choose a good shampoo liquid or melt your favorite soap. Wet your hair with warm water before applying the liquid soap which should be mixed with hot water. Work up a thick lather covering every section of the hair and scalp and rinse thoroughly before applying the second soaping. Rub deep into the scalp all over your head, the second time, then rinse again and be sure to rinse out every particle of soap. Next douse your head in an acid rinse such as lemon juice or one of the mild prepared rinses.

There are toners and oily tonics which should be applied before the shampoo. Hot oil treatments should be given preferably the night before a shampoo, and washed out in the morning. Part the hair in rows an inch apart to apply the lotion to the scalp. Before and after a permanent wave your hair needs special attention.

After the shampoo dry your hair speedily, using towels to mop up the loose moisture, then a clean brush and comb. Finish the drying in the sun or under a sun lamp if possible. If you are going to give yourself a finger-wave you may either dry your hair first and then apply the waving lotion or apply it to the wet hair. There are several new wave-set lotions on the market—and all are much improved.

Then you'll be ready to study these Hollywood stars and their new coiffures and choose your latest hairdress from them.

*More details on care of the hair as well as other important beauty news is waiting for you in our September Make-Up Box. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for your copy.*



## O. K. Helen

(Continued from page 61)

chance. I begged them even for character bits, for extra work. But nobody seemed to want me. So each night I'd take the bus home and go in hiding. I couldn't even face my friends.

AT this point a girl of less spunk might have accepted defeat and returned home. But not so Helen! "By skimping and scraping," says Helen, "Mother had managed to save a little money from my salary. So we decided we wouldn't let Hollywood beat us; that we'd fight darned hard until our last dime had been spent.

"I couldn't even get an agent to handle me," she said, "until one day at RKO, Dick Polimer found me waiting outside the casting office while other girls were being rushed in ahead. I guess he must have taken pity on me, because when the studio started casting for 'Sweepings,' he talked them into giving me a test. They really wanted Alice White for the part, but Alice turned it down," Helen adds with a sigh, "so I was finally signed up. And at last I had an honest-to-goodness character part!"

DIRECTOR John Cromwell praised her work. The studio said she was swell. And once again Helen felt she was actually going to town. Hope displaced despair, and her spirits zoomed to dizzy heights—only to be crashed to the ground two days before the preview. Polimer discovered that two thousand feet had been cut from the film . . . and since Helen was the least important of the cast, he rather feared her sequences had been cut completely. As a result Helen drove to the preview in utter despair.

"You'll probably find me starring on the cutting room floor," she said. "My big break!"

But she couldn't wisecrack her fears away. So imagine her amazement, if you will, when she discovered that her part had not only been left as originally "shot," but that her three sequences so etched their way into the audience's appreciation that her final scene brought a spontaneous roar of applause! . . . She burst into tears.

S AID Helen to me, a few days later: "It came so suddenly that for a while I didn't know what it was all about. For almost two years no one had paid any attention to me. And suddenly I was being sought after and congratulated by people who never in the world would have spoken to me before. I couldn't quite understand it. I kept telling myself that I hadn't changed at all, that my acting wasn't a bit better than it was when I first came to Hollywood.

"The only difference was that I had finally been given a break. The whole thing made me feel kind of funny. I sort of wanted to cry. . . . And then gradually I began to figure it out. I realized I had no cause for bitterness concerning my treatment at Fox.

"Many girls experience the same thing. People just aren't willing to take a chance on a newcomer, and I really don't blame them. *Thinking you're good isn't enough. The studios have to be shown. The trick is to keep on showing them! And if you can do that,*" she added with a sudden grin, "*you're okayed!*"

Which Helen-is, don't you think?

"*why do my*  
**NAILS BREAK?**"

You wash  
dishes an hour  
a day in strong  
suds . . it makes  
your nails  
**BRITTLE**

Use Ivory for dishes  
(and all soap-and-  
water tasks) for  
a week

. . then . . see the difference

No free alkali in Ivory to roughen your hands, break your nails, spoil your manicure—Ivory is pure. Doctors advise Ivory even for a baby's skin. And Ivory is so economical. 99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % Pure.

**IVORY SOAP** ***SAVES  
HANDS***





"I should think she'd notice it herself!"

A MAN has a perfect right to feel resentful when he meets a pretty girl, only to discover that she is lacking in a certain personal nicety.

"How can she help noticing it herself?" Underarm perspiration odor is so apparent to others, we wonder how the victim can be unconscious of it.

It's all the harder to excuse when you think how easy it is to avoid.

Just a little half minute applying Mum to the underarms when you dress—that's all you need for *sure all-day* protection.

Use Mum any time. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration—just prevents ugly odor. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS USE, TOO. As a deodorant for sanitary napkins, Mum gives an assurance that women appreciate.

# You Can't Believe Your Ears

(Continued from page 33)

1. The sound of the wind (a hodge-podge requiring several sound machines).
2. The jingle of sleigh bells.
3. The slithering of the sleigh runners over the snow.
4. The sound of the horse's footsteps in the snow.
5. The grinding of the sleigh against the bank.
6. The straining of the sleigh's timbers.
7. The crash as the sleigh overturns.
8. The clatter of the tumbling packages.
9. The floundering of the fallen horse (thudding noises, jangling bells, creaking wood, heavy breathing, etc.).
10. The crack of the breaking shaft.

All these sounds were artificially produced, and all had to be timed precisely to match the action, which had already been photographed.

SNOW sounds must be synthetic, for studio "snow" is made of cornflakes, gypsum or salt. Walking in it produces a faint, half-hearted sound wholly unlike that peculiar squeaky, crunching noise which results when real snow, at low temperature, is subjected to sudden pressure or friction. Delfino solved the problem by filling a large leather sack with a compound of alum and cornstarch. By treading on that, he gains the sound required.

Wind machines occupy a place of importance in the sound department. Delfino uses no less than eight, each one of which is designed for a particular effect. Since he can control their speed, he also controls the "wind velocity," and produces, at will, the sounds of a raging hurricane, a steady, business-like gale, a gentle, sighing breeze or a gusty prairie storm. His most valuable device is very simple, being merely a small wheel studded with long, flexible wire arms, which whistle through the still air of the recording chamber most convincingly. It is used to duplicate the sound of wind as heard from within a building.

SOUND pictures were still in their infancy when the seeming impossibility of reproducing water noises accurately began to turn the hair of the sound men gray. For some inexplicable reason, a harsh, metallic resonance was always acquired in recording. Years of patient experimentation have solved the problem, and today every sound department stocks a special device for each kind of water noise.

Perplexing difficulties were also encountered in recording gunshots and explosions. Invariably the sudden report wrecked the delicate recording mechanism—"put out the light," as the sound men express it. The shot on the screen was utterly lacking in vibration.

Eventually sound men found a system of loading shells which overcame part of the trouble. Heavy blasts are still a problem, however. Usually they are recorded by setting off six or seven charges at such brief intervals that they register as one explosion. By so doing, the proper vibration is assured.

Veteran aviators who worked in the war picture, "Body and Soul," paused in amazement outside the sound stage and swore that an assortment of military planes must be maneuvering inside the huge building.

Entering, they found Delfino busily massaging a kettle drum with an electric vibrator—the same kind which your neighborhood barber and mine use as an instrument of torture. By making the drum-head taut, he increased the motor speed; by moving the vibrator nearer the center of the parchment he deepened the tone and brought a bomber into being; by slowly moving it back and forth he produced those peculiar variations which result from changing air currents. It's all very simple—if you know how!

One of the most spectacular "effects" ever recorded was employed to accentuate the dramatic climax of "Dynamite," Cecil B. DeMille's pioneer talkie. Remember the great cave-in which trapped the three leading players in the mine? Remember the horrible, nerve-racking din as the tremendous supporting timbers strained, cracked and finally broke under the force of the avalanche?

Sound men worked for days to produce that terrifying combination of sounds. Every complicated device they tried was a failure. Finally one half of the problem was solved to perfection—the sound of falling earth and debris was duplicated by dropping tons of coal down an inclined chute erected at considerable distance from the microphone. Accident revealed the means of producing the more important noise of the straining, breaking beams. A property man stepped on a piece of coal and the sound expert cried, "Eldorado!" Taking several small fragments of soft coal near the "mike," he covered them with a board, then ground them under his heel. Even the exacting DeMille was satisfied with the result.

WHEN jungle pictures became the vogue, sound men were forced to delve into the realm of the zoologist. For example, Delfino was ordered to provide a jackal's yelp for a certain picture. For two days he haunted the Seelig Zoo before his patience was rewarded; then, with the eerie cry of the single specimen in that collection echoing in his memory, he dashed back to his workshop and began experimenting with two ordinary tire pumps and a brass horn.

When the contraption was completed to his own satisfaction, he secretly carried it to the stage where Victor McLaglen was working. Hiding behind a pile of equipment near the set, he offered a silent prayer to the goddess of luck and started working the pumps. A series of ready yelps rang out—and McLaglen, who once served with the British forces in Arabia, whirled around and with great excitement demanded to know who had smuggled a jackal into the studio!

Reproducing the incessant chattering of small monkeys is a much simpler matter. The sound man needs nothing more elaborate than a cork, some rosin and a piece of glass. But with those articles operated by an expert, the "effect" would make a monkey of the most canny critic.



## You Can't Believe Your Ears

Incidentally, Delfino gives a formula for testing the authenticity of sounds in jungle movies. "If you hear only one animal noise at a time, you can be certain that the picture was 'shot silent' and then doctored with synthetic sound," he says.

And then, since the jungle always offers a veritable bedlam of sound and a microphone can't be too choosy, his test seems fairly conclusive.

The well-equipped sound department of today contains mechanical devices which reproduce every animal cry and bird note.

And the sound man's mechanical ingenuity is far more dependable than the ability of the human "imitators" who haunt the studios for employment. In the early days of the talkies they found ready work, but today only one, a Senor Rodriguez, is called with anything like regularity. His specialty is imitating the cry of a young baby, and he receives twenty-five dollars a day.

The deafening clatter of an elevated railway train, the deeper rumble of a subway express, the creaking of a tug as it strains against its cables or the dock timbers, the squeaking of a new pair of shoes; all such sounds have been studied and duplicated by means of ultra-simple "gadgets" which are kept in stock and used time after time on a moment's notice.

The sound of escaping steam is imitated to perfection by fixing an empty tin can over an air jet; and, with that *modus operandi* established, it is an easy matter to duplicate the hissing chug of any specified steam engine by varying the size and position of the can and controlling the escape of air through the jet.

When, on the screen, you see a brick wall crumble and hear the ear-splitting crash of the falling bricks, be sure that Delfino or one of his fellow-craftsmen has been on the job. The "bricks" used in pictures are feather-weight imitations made of papier mache or plaster.

When the villain breaks a chair over the dauntless hero's handsome dome, the sound man supplies the "effect." The "breakaway" chairs used in such scenes are made of balsa wood, a material as light as cork and incapable of producing that loud, convincing thwack. Illusion added to illusion—such is the art of Hollywood.

Even the thuds of flying fists in a fight scene are synthetic, a tribute to the sound man's skill. It is not good business to permit high-salaried stars to risk their health for the sake of realism. Therefore, punches are "pulled."

**H**OW do the sound men gain their ideas? When a new "effect" is demanded how do they know which materials to use and how to set about constructing a workable device? Ask Delfino, and he replies, rather vaguely, "I don't know. I guess we just depend on our imaginations and our experience—you see, our ears are trained to recognize basic sounds." Perhaps that's as adequate an answer as any.

# "You didn't Know I snapped this one—did you?"



Special surprise? Every batch of snapshots is full of surprises. That's why it's always so much fun when you see the prints.

Snapshots are very much better now than ever before. With Kodak VERICHROME Film, the possibilities are immense. Dull light or bright—snap your pictures when anything happens that you want to get. People needn't pose or squint at the sun . . . take them relaxed and natural. Your prints will be clear, rich. Today, try a roll of Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



### HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

- Verichrome is the double-coated film. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshot success.

# KODAK VERICHROME FILM



# You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with  
Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . .



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

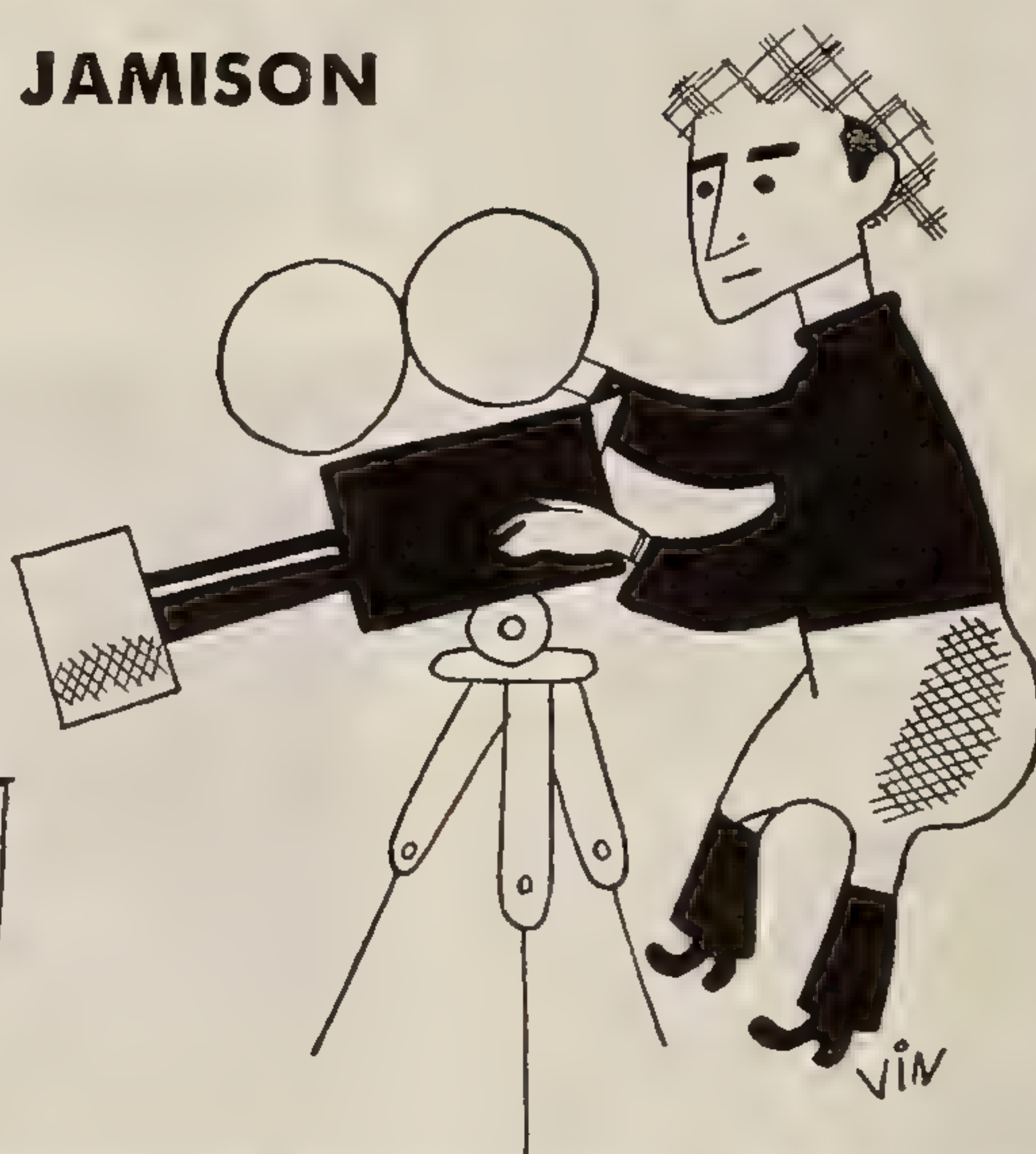
On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

# Tintex

## COLOR REMOVER

# The Miniature Man

BY JACK JAMISON

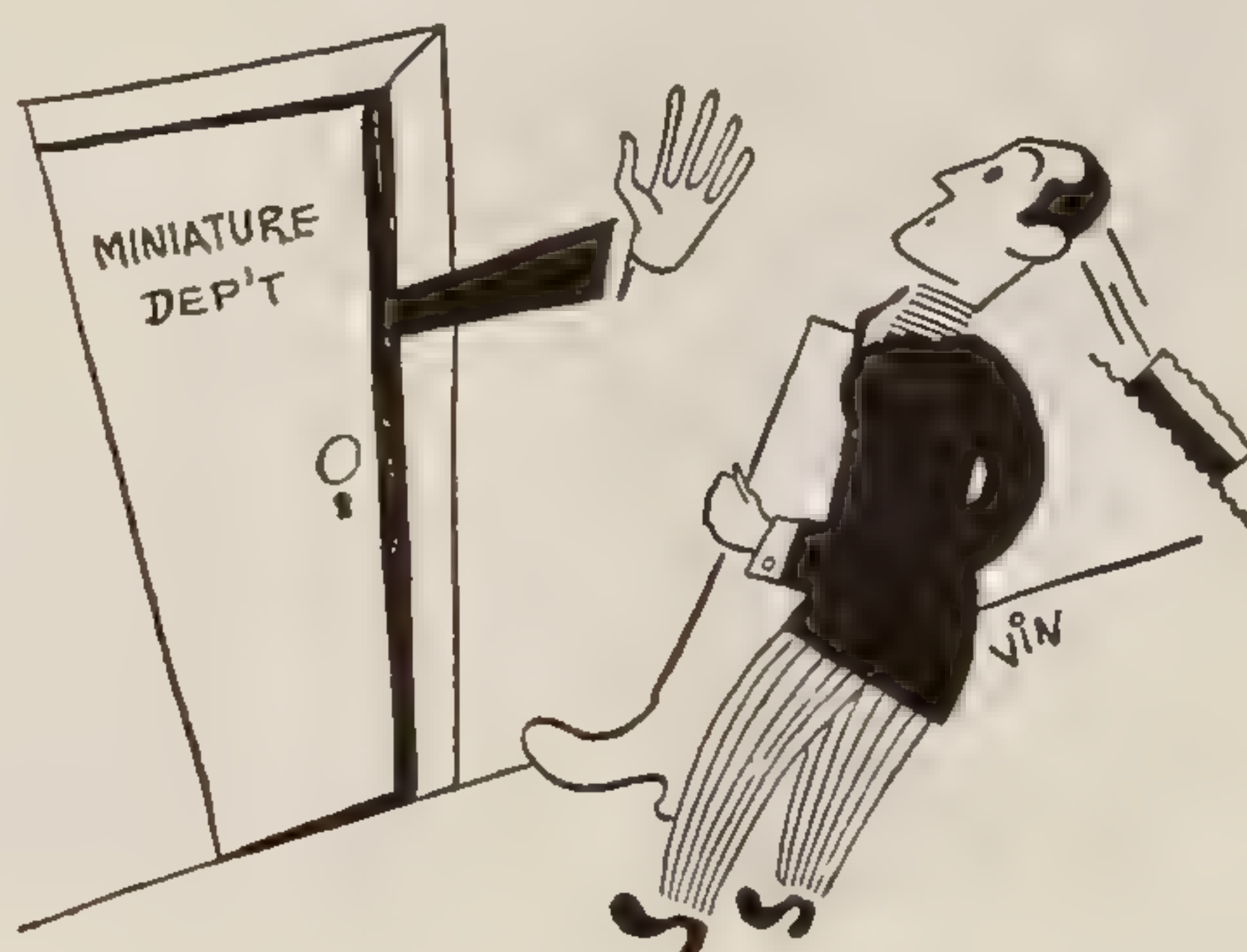


Photograph a marble one inch away and it looks like the moon.

Another in the series on what goes on behind the cameras

**S**HHH! BIG SECRET! Not the machinations of spies during war-time are kept any secret-er than Hollywood keeps its "miniature shots." No miniature-man (no relation to Paul Revere) dares to reveal the tricks of his craft. No writer is allowed to barge into the miniature department of a studio even if he disguises himself as an old rubber boot.

**WHYZAT?** A few years ago it leaked out that miniatures were used



The whole department is kept a dark secret from every prying eye.

in pictures. Instantly 90,674,293 fans wrote in, "We will not have our pictures faked! So there!"

But the fans just didn't understand that there are two darned good reasons why miniatures have to be used—safety and economy.

**HOWZAT?** The Joel McCrea-Dolores Del Rio film, "Bird of Paradise," that came out a few months back, is a swell example. It had a volcano and an earthquake in it. Now, s'pose the studio had waited till a real volcano blew off its hat right smack when the cameras were trained on it. We would have seen the picture about the year 1991 A.D.! Another bad thing is that the 'quake would have killed the whole company including Joel and Dolores—who, by that time, would be very elderly and acting their love-scenes from wheel-chairs—and smashed the cameras and burnt up all the film. See? So they set up a baby volcano of papier-mache and stuck a prop man underneath it to blow smoke out of it.

**SAVING.** One and the same picture may call for three backgrounds as far apart as the Taj Mahal, the Empire

State Building, and a Pennsylvania steel mill. To please the fans who insist that pictures shouldn't be faked, the studios would have to send whole companies of actors, technicians and tons of equipment and props to all of those places, making the cost prohibitive.

Yet, to make a film interest us, the stories do call for such locations. Well, there's only one thing to do. An alabaster model of the Taj Mahal can be bought at any curio shop, the Empire State Building can have a baby just like daddy made up out of two cents' worth of cardboard, and, as for a steel mill, did you see Charles Bickford and Irene Dunne in "No Other Woman"? The giant smokestacks of that mill were one foot tall. The smoke and flame spurting from them were ordinary illuminating gas and steam, controlled by an effect man sitting at a box like a piano keyboard. Steam was used for the smoke because real smoke blinds the cameras and the cast, while steam evaporates in a jiffy. And the studio saved buying railroad tickets.

**SEA STUFF.** In the pictures gay crowds of hotsy-totsy society folks are always toddling off hither and yon on yachts and ocean liners. That's just



So the studios build wading-pools and sail tiny boats on them.

dandy, except that it costs a fortune to hire a liner for a picture, and yacht-owners have fancy notions about rent, too. So the studios build wading-pools and sail toy boats on them, the big sissies.

Given a dark night, some sun-arcs, and a wind-machine to kick up waves, you have a tempest in no time; in fact, the well-known tempest in a teapot.



## Ted Cook's Cook-Coos

(Continued from page 31)

Times that try director's souls  
When Chevalier forgets his French  
accent.

Extra girls with great big brothers  
Get less work than lots of others.

She offered him her ruby lips,  
She closed her soulful eyes,  
But hold your horses—for he was  
One of those make-up guys.

**T**HE cry for economy in the studios  
has reached such a high pitch that  
it wouldn't be surprising if they or-  
dered Dietrich to make a picture with  
one leg tied behind her.

*Anyway, movie stars who go too  
far frequently develop a large  
following.*

**"I**T takes an Oriental to understand  
an Oriental," says Edmund Lowe,  
"and an actress to understand an  
actor."

And furthermore, it takes a great  
actress to convince him she does.

**N**OW if our Discussion Group will  
kindly bring their chairs a little  
closer, we'll take up Topic A.

There seems to be considerable talk  
here and there—among people who  
really care for this sort of thing—as  
to whether or not the motion pictures  
"have an effect on life."

Does the screen influence human be-  
havior more than press and pulpit?

Do our children pattern themselves  
from an eye-ful of Harlow or an eve-  
ning of George Raft?

And do you and I unconsciously try  
to be like Garbo or Chevalier? (Draw  
in your lower lip, Mrs. McGillacuddy.)

Some say, "Yes"—while others mere-  
ly laugh politely and ask how long  
it's been since you wrote to mother.

Indeed, very few people take the  
matter seriously enough. Except club  
women who are mainly worried about  
the morals of youth and a paper they  
have to prepare for next Friday.

If the movies are influencing life,  
well and good. It convinces them they  
are doing something besides using up  
lead pencils okaying other people's mis-  
takes.

Of course we shouldn't worry about  
it. But somebody has got to worry.  
And it's Hollywood that ought to worry.  
What if life becomes like pictures?  
Then pictures will be like life. And  
what will people do—the people who  
have been going to movies all these  
years to escape from the drabness of  
everyday existence? It's clear enough.  
They'll merely yawn and turn to the  
novels of Teddy Dreiser, to forget their  
troubles.

The producer was seated at his  
XIVth Century Spanish table, and  
at his right and left sat supervisor,  
director, scenario editor and star.

It was apparent by the babel of  
voices that there was a difference  
of opinion. Suddenly the producer  
jumped to his feet, pounded the  
table with his fist, turned on the  
supervisor, and shouted:

"Are you the producer?"

"No."

"Very well, then—don't talk like  
an idiot."

## RESTORE GAY

## COLOR TO

## FADED

## SUMMER

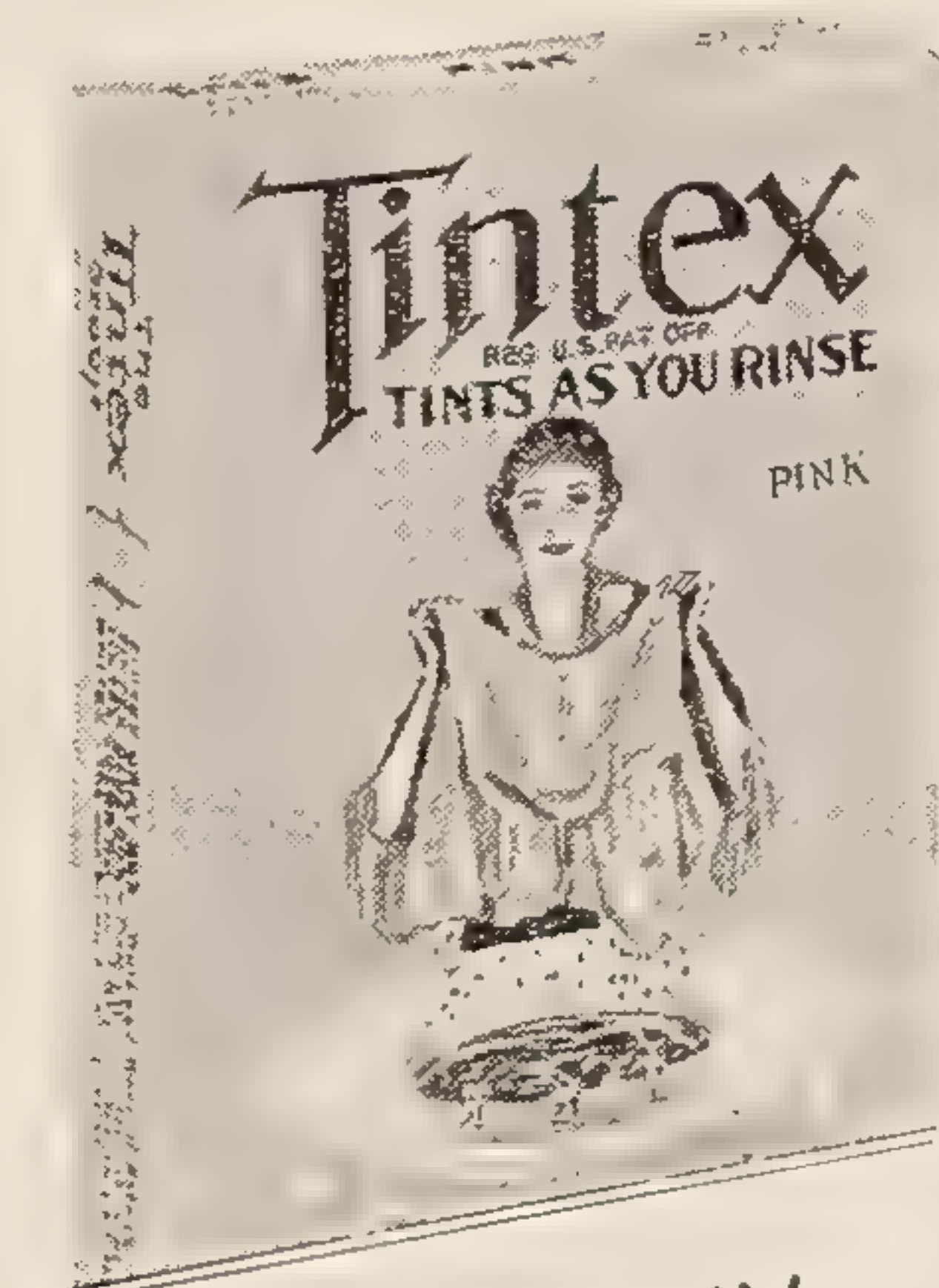
## WARDROBES



## Sun-harmed Fabrics Become New Again with Easy Tintex

There are still many days of summer to come. But there  
is no need to buy new summer clothes to replace the  
faded ones. Instead—just spend a few pennies for Tintex!

These famous Tints and Dyes instantly restore gay, original  
color to all sun-robbed fabrics—or give them gloriously  
different colors, if you wish.



"TINTEX IS EASY..  
JUST TINT AS  
YOU RINSE!"

At Drug Stores and  
Notion Counters Everywhere

You will marvel at the magic of  
Tintex! So easy—so quick—so per-  
fect in results. And you will be sur-  
prised at the *dollars* it saves you. *This  
very day*—rejuvenate your entire  
summer wardrobe with the brilliant,  
long-lasting Tintex colors. There are  
35 from which to choose!

**Tintex**  
..World's largest selling  
**TINTS and DYES**



# THE *Lure* OF LOVELY EYES

can be yours with

*Maybelline*  
Eye Beauty Aids

Now  
obtainable  
in 10c  
sizes



**Maybelline Eyelash Darkener**  
instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and absolutely harmless. The largest selling eyelash beautifier in the world.

× ×



**Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil**  
smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry.

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**Maybelline Eye Shadow**  
delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

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**Maybelline Eyelash Grower**  
pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.

× ×

These famous preparations in 10c sizes mean simply that you can now enjoy complete highest quality eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them and achieve the lure of lovely eyes simply and safely, but—insist upon genuine MAYBELLINE preparations—for quality, purity, and value. Purse sizes obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

# I Kiss Your Hand, Madame!

(Continued from page 34)

make him seem tenderly dramatic, adorably tragic, and—downright friendly. High cheek bones, thin lips, a charming smile—these are other features in the strong, impressive face of Hollywood's newest star.

"What sort of pictures do you want to make?" I ask, trying to put over an arch glance through my mysterious new black veil.

"Well—" Francis laughs a little—"I certainly hope they will be good pictures!"

"I mean—comic or serious?" I persist, while my heart bounces around. For the disarming smile has mercilessly scattered my thoughts.

"Is there a difference?" asks Franz curiously. "It is only what happens to people that makes them seem funny or sad. Inside, they are all the same—just human beings. So it is with me. I do not want to be funny, or sad, but real—human."

Ah, me, Franz, don't be so business-like! I try a brilliant smile in rather vain imitation of my favorite movie actress. And to my great astonishment Francis reacts.

"You look very charming," he says gallantly. I sigh in relief. That will keep me going for half an hour, to say the least.

"WHAT about these stories that you're going to play the prince in 'The Merry Widow?'"

"No, no!" Francis exclaims. "I should like to play it—yes!—but I am not the one for that role. It is Chevalier—he is the one to play it." And thereupon, Franz begins to sing the praises of the illustrious Frenchman. "He is a miracle—like your skyscrapers! He is gifted by God. He is a real genius! I see all his films—sometimes twice. Last year, I heard him give a concert in Prague. It was marvelous!" His brilliant eyes glow, and he gestures rapidly to explain his generous admiration.

"Everyone predicts that you'll rival Chevalier," I inform Francis.

"I?" He is genuinely surprised. "But that is impossible. I believe in myself—yes—but how can I hope to compete with such a completely finished artist as Chevalier?"

THE sun, beaming through the huge windows of the club lounge, lights the intense young face before me, and reveals a devouring ambition surging in a restless soul. I am impressed. Brown eyes are afire, thin lips quiver, long slender fingers run nervously through the tousled black curls. The lean, lithe body moves restlessly in its chair.

There is poise about this man—an adult sufficiency. But there is also naïveté, and a wonderful little-boy-ness. He is like a child trying to act grown up, and succeeding so well, at times, that you almost believe he isn't a child. But then, he becomes enthusiastic, or perhaps a little shy, and you find yourself thinking: "He's so young!"

Sometimes, it's hard to understand why one man should be able to inspire adoration as Francis has done. Why one tall man, with curly hair and flashing eyes, with sparkling smile and deep sweet voice, should be able to bring to his feet—and into his theater

—mobs of admiring women. Why one young Czecho-Slovakian boy should be able to make his audiences laugh one moment, over a charmingly naughty line, and then make them sob the very next moment, over a sincere bit of drama.

It is hard to understand this until you meet Francis. But when you see how ambition devours him, you can understand everything. His ambition is absolutely exhausting—as it always has been—and as it probably always will be.

FRANCIS is exactly twenty-six years old. Just six of those years have been spent in the theater, although he won a scholarship to the Prague Academy of Dramatic Arts before he was eighteen. But there was a period devoted to military training which Franz, like all his Czecho-Slovakian countrymen, had to serve.

Rapidly achieving popularity in amateur dramatics, Franz won his way into professional bits, and then found a place in a small repertory company. Playing leading roles, he made his career a long series of conquests. Town after town, Europe fell before him. Finally, he reached Berlin, and after a brief but sensational preliminary career, he played *Romeo* under the great Max Reinhardt—and was acclaimed on all sides the greatest *Romeo* in the history of the German stage.

As the gigolo in "The Wunderbar," his talents were recognized and demanded by every capital in Europe. Franz went to London to play in "Meet My Sister." Then came the sensational "Autumn Crocus," in which Francis became the matinee idol of the London stage. After cementing his popularity in London by starring in an operetta, "The Cat and the Fiddle," he brought "Autumn Crocus" to Broadway, and instantly set this phlegmatic blasé New York afire.

He has made numbers of motion pictures in Berlin, and his present contract with RKO is two years old. But he declares that he will never desert his first love, the theater. And he has written into his contract a clause which will permit him to appear in a legitimate play during four months of each year.

OH, yes,—about American women! Francis, alas, finds us "interesting."

"But too—sophisticated," he says, in one of those outbursts of frankness which aren't so good for him. He gets up, and struts around the room in perfect imitation of an ultra-sophisticated woman. I giggle appreciatively. Francis smiles amusedly and sits down again.

"Women should be—womanly," he tells me, in his charming accent. "American women, I think, try hard to imitate men. That is not good. They lose the deeper charm of womanhood by trying to appear masculine." Then, suddenly aware that he has been too frank, he adds chivalrously: "But you are different!"

Blissfully, I gather up my things and start to go. Once more, Francis bends over my hand, in true Continental fashion, and presses it gently to his lips.



# Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 68)

"Dixie" played as a sax solo by Johnny Hodges and then the red-hot number, "Digga Digga Do," with Albany Bigard going crazy on his clarinet. Now the tempo slows again and we hear Joe Nanton and his trombone playing "Dorgy." Then the finale, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," played by the entire orchestra, with Freddie Jenkins hitting a flock of high C's and ending on high F. (This is Brunswick record No. 6516.)

HERE is George Gershwin's famous "Rhapsody in Blue," played by an orchestra composed entirely of Harmonicas. No doubt you have heard Borrah Minnevitich and his Harmonica Rascals over the radio, and if you have, I know you will want this record. It's amazing the music these boys can get out of an everyday ordinary mouth organ. The solo parts in this are played by Borrah, himself. The other side is also by the same group, and this time one of Mr. Minnevitich's own compositions, "The Ghost Walk" and it's every bit as good as the other side. (This is Brunswick record No. 6507.)

"SOME SWEET DAY," that old favorite, is next, and this time we're listening to Louis Armstrong and his orchestra. There was a report some time ago that the Rev. Armstrong had left this mundane sphere, and was giving Gabriel some competition in the horn blowing line, but this was proved false, for which we are duly grateful. Of course, Louis does all of the vocal work in this one, and his trumpet playing is right up to par. The other side is also by New Orleans' favorite son, and this time it's a somewhat newer tune, "He's a Son of the South." This is also recommended for all Armstrong fans. (This is Victor record No. 24257B.)

HERE is a good novelty tune for those who relish this form of entertainment. "H'ya Duchess," played by that old master of novelty music, Ted Weems and his orchestra. Since Ted makes a specialty of this type of tune, he does it in great style, and I know you'll agree with me when you hear this one. The vocal work is done by Parker Gibbs and Andrea Marsh. The other side, also by Ted Weems is another novelty number. This time he tells us all about that great American Tragedy, "Juggling a Jig-Saw." If we could get the puzzles together as easily as Ted plays this tune, everything would be fine. (This is Victor record No. 24205B.)

## A Movie House for You

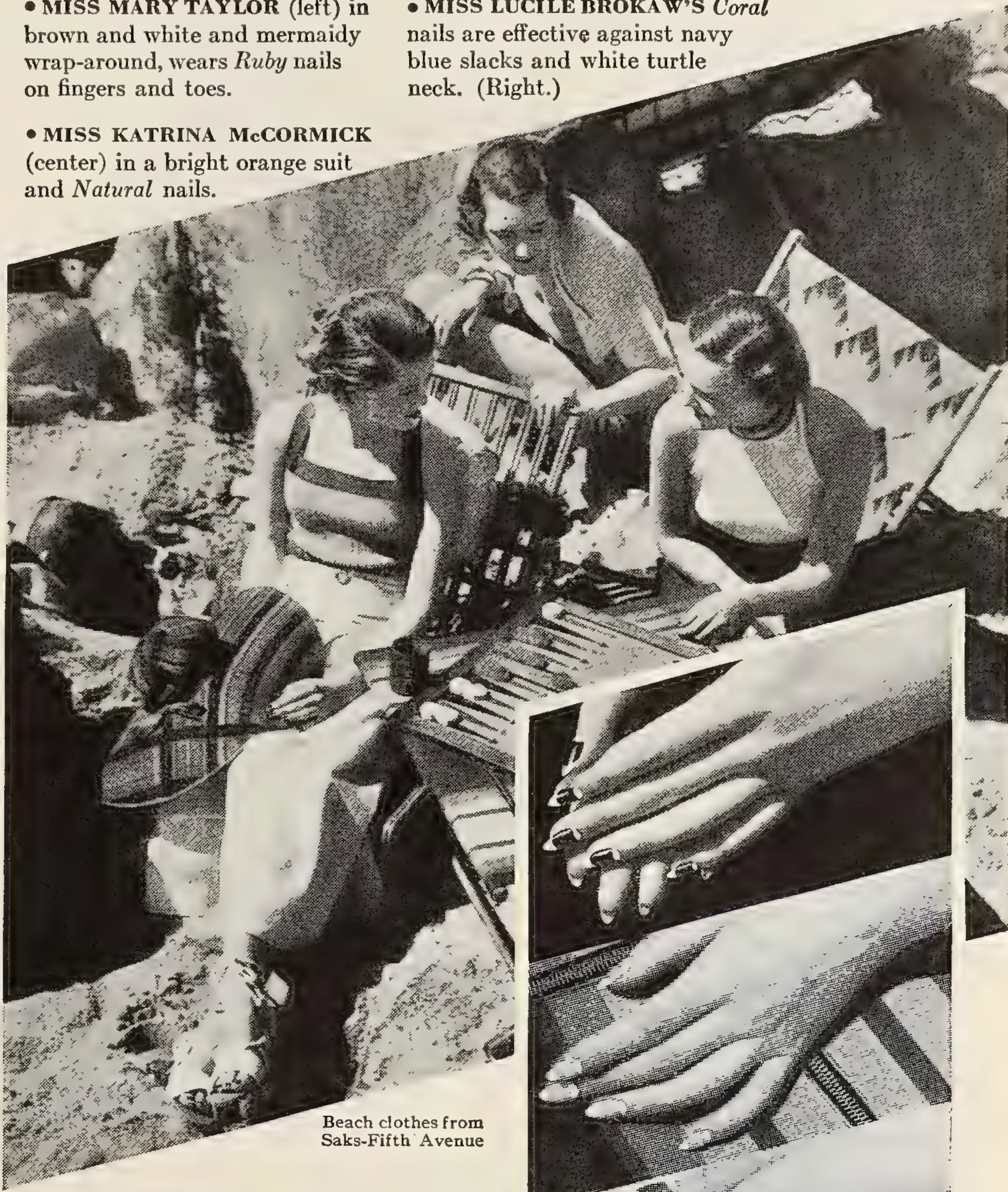
Would you like to have a house like the ones the movie stars own? We've blueprints of a dozen or more houses including a Spanish House of unusual charm, such as those the film stars own in California. Send three cents postage for your copy of the Spanish house blueprints to Tower House Editor, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York N. Y.

# What color nails at Newport? ALL SHADES!

• MISS MARY TAYLOR (left) in brown and white and mermaidly wrap-around, wears *Ruby* nails on fingers and toes.

• MISS LUCILE BROKAW'S *Coral* nails are effective against navy blue slacks and white turtle neck. (Right.)

• MISS KATRINA McCORMICK (center) in a bright orange suit and *Natural* nails.



Beach clothes from Saks-Fifth Avenue

WHETHER it's backgammon on the beach, or tennis at the Casino, or a moonlight stroll on Hanging Rock, the Newport girls are busy ensnaring everybody with their brilliantly tinted finger nails. All shades!

See if variety in finger nails doesn't make your summer more adventurous, too! You start out with the ten finger nails you were born with (toe nails, too, if you've been careful to keep them nice). Then apply the tint that best accents whatever color frock you're wearing.

And do be practical. Good colors are very, very hard to find, so choose Cutex. In 7 smart shades perfected

by the World's Manicure Authority. Goes on evenly, stays on, and never, never blotches. Start now.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

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**CUTEX** Liquid Polish Smart Inexpensive



# Guard your DRESSES Spare your FRIENDS

**Perspiration can Cost  
You Both**



New dresses may be easy to buy, but new friends are hard to find. Even if you *can* afford to ruin good dresses with unsightly perspiration stains, don't risk offending your friends with perspiration's odors!

For underarm odor subtracts irreparably from your charm. And the dress that perspiration fades, is all too soon discarded.

**Odorono Protects your Charm  
and Saves your Dresses**

Perspiration is no problem, if you prevent it. This, Odorono—a doctor's prescription—does safely and surely. For underarm moisture *must be prevented* if you want to save both your dresses and your friends. With Odorono, perspiration and its odors will never disturb you.

Both Odorono Regular (ruby red) and Instant Odorono (colorless) now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



**ODORONO  
REGULAR**

*for use before retiring  
—gives 3 to 7 days'  
complete protection.*



**INSTANT  
ODORONO**

*is for quick use—while  
dressing or at any time.  
1 to 3 days' protection.*

## ODO·RO·NO

# Tom Brown's Buddy

(Continued from page 42)

when he was elected president the larger portion of the burden fell upon his shoulders—and he is not the type to let those cares roll off like water from a duck's back.

The twenty-two members couldn't decide on a suitable clubhouse, and when they did find one—high in the hills—that appealed to them and their finances, the mothers of the girls decided it would be too dangerous to drive up those winding roads at night. Hence, it was up to Tom to try to break the lease. He came home and worried about that—and also the fact that they still had no clubhouse when it was already past time for the rehearsals to begin for their charity revue.

Alexander Leftwich, Billie Burke and many other notables had promised to help with the show and it was also up to Tom to scout around and collect the material and skits for the gala performance.

Until the clubhouse was finally found and rehearsals under way, this house of ours was one madhouse of puppets, phone calls, leases, more phone calls and more puppets, all supervised by a Tom Brown who had made up his mind that this club and this show would be a success or he'd know the reason why.

And how Tom worried!

**T**OM worries over his picture work a great deal. There is no hiding his feeling when he thinks he's done a poor day's work at the studio. He'll come home and argue for an hour that he's the worst actor living; that he will be "lousy" in the picture. Tom is moody and at such times will wander away by himself until he has overcome his feelings. But it is this same temperament that has inspired him into greater things.

When he's on the lot Tom takes himself and his work so terribly seriously that the cast often has a marvelous time playing jokes on him—and he can take it! He'll often come back home and have a good laugh at something that has happened at the studio—gags played on others or by others on himself, all of which go to make a hard day's work a little easier.

I have in mind one day in particular on the "Destination Unknown" set over at Universal. The director felt a bit kiddish and kept coaxing Tom to pour water in the pockets of Ralph Bellamy's and Pat O'Brien's blue dungarees. Of course, it takes a few moments for the water to seep through, and by the time the victim notices something peculiar—the jokester has disappeared.

But the funny part of this was that by the time Tom had soaked six or seven people, word had spread around who was doing it. So the cast and the director decided to turn the tables on Tom.

The camera was grinding away; Tom was acting through the scene for all he was worth. Mr. Garnett, the director, motioned for him to move closer to the camera. Tom obeyed, moved up as close as he could get; and just as he got within three feet of the lens, a pail of ice cold water hurled through the air and drenched him from head to foot—with the camera

and "mike" still running full tilt.

You should have seen the expression on young Carl Laemmle's face when he saw and heard this particular part of Tom's unrehearsed scene when it was shown in the projection room.

But Tom enjoyed the joke as much as the rest of the cast, and it at least cooled him off—until his next escapade.

**U**SUALLY Tom is quick to catch on to a gag or practical joke. But some days at the studio he gets so wrapped up in his part that he wouldn't even recognize one of his own puns were it thrust back upon him.

It was one of these days at Universal when the director of the picture said, "We'll shoot your scean, Tom, and then go to lunch!" They got the camera set upon Tom and one by one the cast and crew disappeared until only the director and cameraman were left. Finally they excused themselves saying they had to look at some film proofs and would be right back and for Tom to stay right where he was until they would return.

After a half hour of waiting all alone on a one-hundred-and-sixty-five foot stage Tom got temperamental. "I'll be darned if I'm going to stand up here all day and wait till they get good and ready. I'd like to know what's the big idea! Well, they can just come over to the lunch room and call me when they get ready," said Tom to himself, and with that he stalked over to the cafeteria.

When he arrived at the lunchroom the entire company, cameramen, director, etc., went into hysterics. They had left him on the stage and were by now down to eating their dessert. Tom took it—but it wasn't long before he pulled as good a one on them.

**"I**S Tom Brown conceited?" many have wondered. "Or has he changed since becoming a star?"

I wondered, too, whether Tom had changed since his arrival in Hollywood. The last time I had seen him—two years ago—he was living at the little Palace Hotel on West Forty-fifth Street in New York. A weekly half-hour radio broadcast, on the "Real Folks" program, provided his only contribution to the family income.

Today he is one of the leading boy actors in the world. His pictures have been a success. Could this success and new mode of living have changed this boy whom all Broadway knew as "little Tommy Brown"? Absolutely not! His letters back East were always enthusiastic about his new friends and his work but never once did they carry the smallest taint of his being a changed person. It was the same old Tom Brown—it is the same old Tom Brown—and, above all, will always be the same Tom Brown.

Tom is still much interested in all of his friends back East and can hardly wait to return to New York for a visit. Tom is, naturally, older and more serious than he was two years ago and he has learned much more about many things and made many new friends. He earns a great deal of money but instead of spending it for a new car and lots of clothes (as many of us would be tempted to do) he turns every bit of his money over to his family to



# Tom Brown's Buddy

make the home more comfortable. He receives a weekly spending allowance. This is Tom's own idea and he even insisted on stopping that allowance when the studio cut everyone fifty per cent. So you see this Brown boy is a regular, honest and earnest fellow who possesses the grandest personality that ever blessed a human being.

**F**ANS of Tom Brown who write and ask for pictures have often wondered whether he actually reads and takes care of the many letters himself. Let me assure you that this is one player who attends to every bit of his own mail "in person." Tom feels that anyone who takes the time and trouble to write to him and who is interested enough to send for a picture, certainly deserves every consideration he could give. He personally autographs every picture.

When John Smith writes to Tom asking for a photo, instead of receiving a picture with the star's signature stamped on it he becomes the owner of one of the latest photographs with "To John, Sincerely, Tom Brown," written across it in ink. He puts that added personal touch to it because he actually feels that a fan is a friend.

Many times a second letter will follow a month or so later saying that the writer had already asked him for a picture but had not, as yet, received one. The only reason for this delay is that it takes time to read thousands of letters and autograph pictures—especially after a hard day's work at the studio. But it is an absolute fact when I tell you that Tom will sit up late at night to sign autograph slips or endorse pictures. He would rather lose sleep than have a secretary do it for him, or have a fan feel that Tom is too "high hat" to bother.

**S**UMMING it all up, then, we find Tom a clever, buoyant boy, quick-witted, one who loves to work and loves to play—and above all leads a well balanced, sensible life. His most amusing impersonations of George Raft, Maurice Chevalier, Lon Chaney and, above all, Mae West are clever and most entertaining.

Tom would have to have a marvelous sense of humor to swallow the ridiculous things that have been said about him. The funniest thing I have heard to date is that "Tom Brown's favorite indoor sport is making fudge." Tom is an athlete and very fond of all outdoor sports, so you can easily imagine that that remark just about floored him.

If you really want to know what is this actor's favorite indoor sport, I'll let you in on a big secret when I say it's Anita Louise. Who can blame him?

## Last the Best

The perfect end of a perfect meal is the dessert. A hostess who can end her dinner with a perfect dish will know that her guests' party has been a success. We have two circulars to help you—Desserts Are In Again and Fruits for All Occasions. Send ten cents for each to Rita Calhoun, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



# GUN POWDER WIFE

**Y**ou know the type—a woman with a temper like gunpowder, ready to explode at the slightest provocation.

Friends wonder how her husband stands it. And perhaps he wouldn't stand it—except that he remembers the time when her disposition was sunshine itself. Then gradually things had changed. She had become cross and irritable, flaring into anger over trifles she once would have smiled at. *Something had gone wrong.*

Too often that "something" is simply—*coffee*. Many people, of course, can drink coffee in moderation without any ill effects. To others it means overwrought nerves—"gunpowder" nerves. It means nights of sleeplessness, with tired, draggy "mornings-after."

## Why many can't drink coffee

Coffee contains a drug stimulant—caffeine. This drug can lash nerves into action even when they're crying for rest. It can keep you from the sound sleep your body needs.

"But," you say, "I can't give up coffee." That's what two and a half million others said—until they tried Postum. They found Postum a deeply satisfying, cheering drink. Did they miss coffee? Scarcely. But they did miss coffee's harmful effects. For Postum contains no caffeine.

It's made only of whole wheat and bran, slightly sweetened and roasted. Nothing to keep you awake. Nothing to cause nervousness, indigestion or headaches.

## Try Postum for 30 days

If coffee does not agree with you, drink Postum instead for 30 days. Give your system that much time to get rid of caffeine's ill effects. After 30 days, judge for yourself how much better you sleep, how much better you look and feel. Mail the coupon—we'll send you the first week's supply of Postum free.

Postum costs less than 1/2¢ a cup. It comes in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or percolate. Don't miss the fascinating Postum show—Foods and Agricultural Building, Chicago World's Fair.

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T. M.  
9-33

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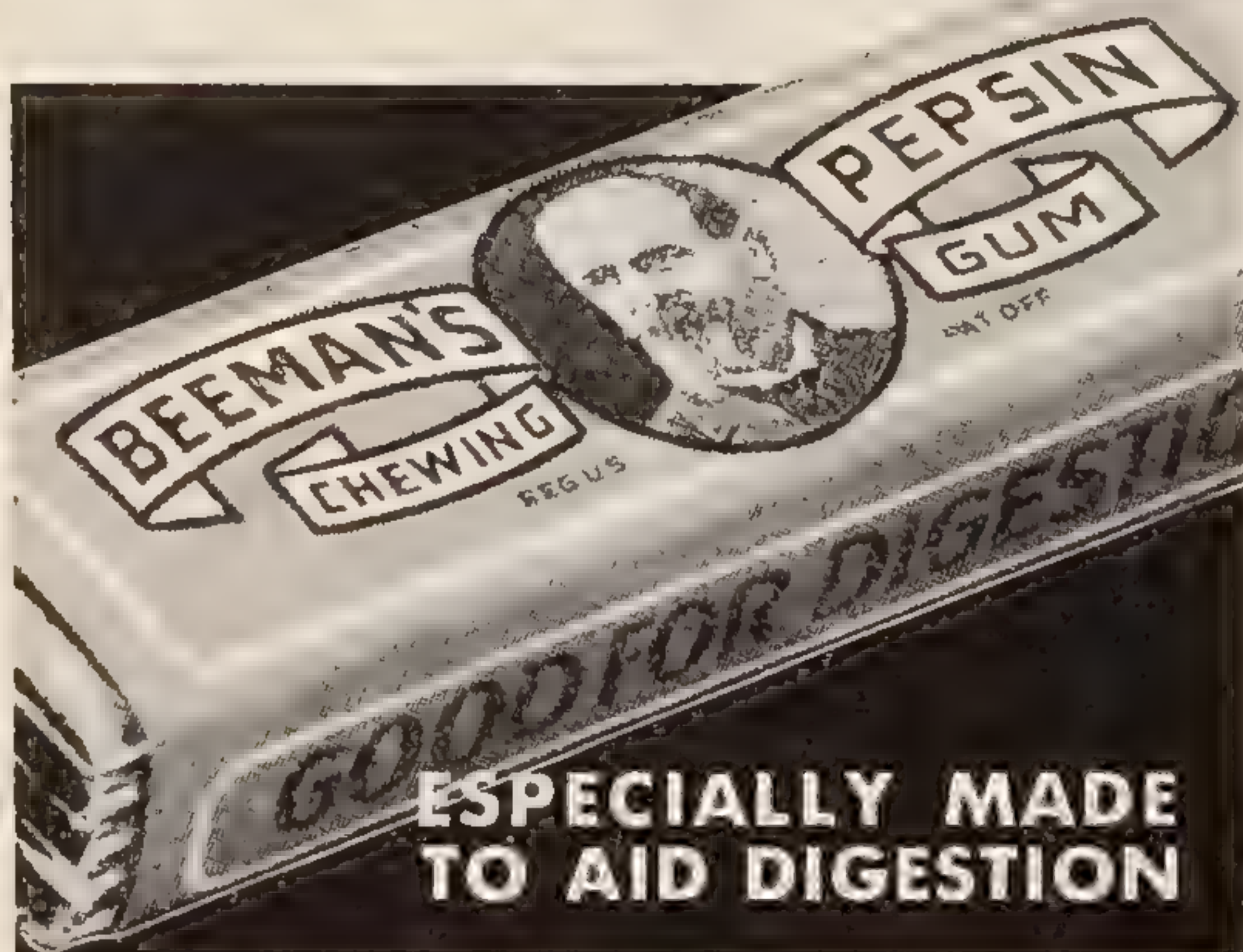


police!

"Hold back the crowds". That's what you almost expect. You feel so radiant—so beautiful. You have so much pep when your digestion is good.

But lots of people have a little indigestion without knowing it. They don't realize what makes them feel tired and restless. That's why so many chew Beeman's regularly. It's a delicious chewing gum that helps keep your digestion "just perfect". Chew it every day.

*Chew*  
**BEEMAN'S  
PEPSIN GUM**



# Hollywood's Mad Man Hunt

(Continued from page 23)

make the box office clink with echoes of O's and M's.

Richard Barthelmess is in transition. He's no longer Dickey and yet not George Arliss. His strength depends wholly on that of his pictures. I think as a producer he will come through.

Lew Ayres dipped. He bounced so high with "All Quiet" he couldn't get roles to follow up. And he needed experience. Co-starring at Fox, he will probably come up again. I think he has the steady stuff.

Tom Brown, best juvenile bet of the younger-than-young generation, hasn't been getting pictures. He should take the hurdles if they would set them up.

Bob Montgomery never was strong enough to shoulder a picture but smart enough to steal it from the one who did. He's a smoothie who'll get his as a picture-snatcher.

Dick Cromwell has been loafing for nearly a year. He got plenty of O-o-oo when he led off. All he needs is a screen.

Bill Haines declined with the smart-cracking vogue. A good actor, he should ride along in all-star pictures.

William Powell is not the dick he was as Philo Vance. Still, he gets a substantial middle-aged O-o-oo! Much depends on his pictures. I think he would shine larger in all-stars.

Charles Farrell had rating as a co-star but could not go it alone. He will have to return through the side door.

Conrad Nagel, who tossed and pitched on the old tiger skin with Aileen Pringle in Mme. Glyn's pashies, has retired to the stage with enough bonds to keep the tiger from the door as long as he lives.

Ronald Colman, for whom Garbo murmured o-s to no avail, is another Hollywood expatriate. He's an actor who insists on being a gentleman—after all these years in Hollywood! But Ronnie will always be sighed over whenever he chooses to appear. The girls don't care whether he makes love on tea or whisky straight.

WITH the above gentlemen in retreat—or momentary decline—you can understand why producers are unleashing the hounds for a man hunt. They need not only male stars but leading men. Right within sniffing distance of their studios are some live possibilities:

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., did a dip from star rating because he went up before he'd completed his ground work. No sooner did this occur than his work commenced improving. Rid of the coltish affectations, he is steadily gaining distinction by his subtle intelligence. Doug is very likely to become our foremost actor.

Herbert Marshall got away before they discovered his worth. He's the type that makes the temple dancing girls trip and faw down. Ladies who do not care for Mr. Cagney's direct approach—and even those who do—can be had by Mr. Marshall's suave touch. Best of all, he is also an excellent actor.

Paul Muni is another Thespian peer who is being brought back for a build-up.

Johnny Weissmuller might have put over the tarzans somewhat as Valentino did the sheiks. This is an age when ladies appreciate the old animal,

as the Duchess West says. Nature in the raw with horseradish. Besides, Johnny brought the kids to the theaters—and, of course, their mamas had to come, too. The studio allowed him to lay off and age. But if his bones don't creak too loudly, he's still a god for the Boy Scouts, the Girls, too—even the D. A. R.

Nils Asther—the big mystery man!



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Irene Hervey is M-G-M's new discovery. Her first picture was "Stranger's Return." Tell us if you share the studio's enthusiasm.

M-G-M discovers him and mislays him regularly once a year. The Swede accent held him back for a time but that's been no hindrance these many months. When he makes his annual appearance the O-o-oos are piercing. They can't be drowned even when he is sunk in the role of a Chinaman (because of his Swedish accent, no doubt!). Explain this: They work Gable into a sanitarium and let Nils loaf into sleeping sickness.

CARY GRANT is the rush-around at Paramount. I doubt if he's star



# Hollywood's Mad Man Hunt

stuff but he's big star support. Much the same may be said for Warren William, Joel McCrea, George Brent, Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Eric Linden, Bruce Cabot, Gene Raymond, Alexander Kirkland, Spencer Tracy, Jack LaRue, Randolph Scott, Buster Crabbe, Lyle Talbot, Dick Powell, Gilbert Roland, Onslow Stevens. . . . Any of whom may spring a surprise and get the gasps.

In the co-starring class there is the reliable Dick Arlen and Jimmy Dunn.

I haven't covered the comedians—Jack Oakie, Joe E. Brown, Will Rogers, Harold Lloyd, Jimmy Durante, Laurel and Hardy—who elicit sounds quite as precious as the m-and-o-sighs. A valuable rediscovery in this order is W. C. Fields, who is allowed vacations for no good reason. Raymond Hatton is another who can strut in a burlesque character.

Yet with all this male aggregation there aren't enough for the ladies to do wrong. Mary Pickford is thinking of signing up several just in case she decides to go West. Mae herself feels there aren't nearly enough once she gets goin'. Garbo had an awful time being satisfied as *Queen Christina*. That's why it is so hard for the o-boys like Gable, Cooper, Novarro and March to hold their star footing. The m-m- maidens grab them and pass them around until they have to be taken to a rest cure—even though they are perfectly willing to die in Garbo's arms.

"It's sumpin' fierce the way they cry for you," Jimmy Durante says. Jimmy had to quit his New York show when it was barrelling money in order to rush back to Hollywood. And for why? "Garbo, that's why," Jimmy avowed. Garbo couldn't seem to get goin' without Jimmy, Jimmy said.

**LADIES** come first in gallant Hollywood. It is quite proper for Mr. Novarro to support Miss Garbo, but preposterous—if not downright gigolo—to suggest that Miss Garbo support Mr. Novarro.

Mr. Gable willingly ministers to Miss Davies in "Polly of the Circus," but no one would be so absurd as to suggest that Miss Davies play church choir in one of Mr. Gable's numbers. And I certainly wouldn't want to be the one to suggest that Miss West take the grapefruit from Mr. Cagney—much as she regards the old animal.

But the box office is singularly hard-boiled, caring nothing for Hollywood's knightliness. Indeed, the gentle admirers of Mr. Novarro let fly some verbal grapefruit in the direction of Miss Garbo when she Mata Hari'd Ramon. And there is a constant barrage against the conspirators who keep Mr. Asher from the starlight.

While the Misses Garbo, Crawford, Bennett and Hayes are all great favorites with women, one must not forget that the all-time record was set by Valentino's eliciting the rhapsodic O-O-O-O. That John Gilbert for a time was greater than Garbo, that Wally Reid came before all the contemporary ladies, that Gable was agitating the box office more violently than Miss Shearer, Miss Davies and other goddesses before he was assigned to escort them.

(Please turn to page 88)

## BREAKING INTO SOCIETY

MRS. BLAIR PHONED. WANTS US OVER FOR BRIDGE, TONIGHT

SO WE'RE BREAKING INTO SOCIETY! WELL, I'M NOT GOING. BLAIRS ARE SNOBS ONLY ASK US WHEN SOMEONE ELSE BACKS OUT



I KNOW... BUT WE GET SO FEW INVITATIONS. I'M LONESOME. DO LET'S GO

NO! ANOTHER REASON IS I'M TOO TIRED. SAY, HAVE I TIME FOR A BATH BEFORE DINNER?



YES, AND THERE'S SOME NEW TOILET SOAP—LIFEBUOY. THE GROCER SAYS IT'S SO REFRESHING

TO HERSELF—

I DAREN'T TELL HIM HE NEEDS TO USE LIFEBUOY. HE'D BE SO HURT IF HE KNEW HE OFFENDED WITH "B.O."



LIFEBUOY'S GREAT! GRAND LATHER. FEEL SO CLEAN AND PEPPED UP... YOU REALLY WANT TO GO TO BLAIRS' HONEY? O.K.

LATE THAT NIGHT—

NOBODY COULD HAVE BEEN MORE PLEASANT THAN THE BLAIRS WERE TONIGHT. I'M PLAYING GOLF WITH HIM SATURDAY



WHAT THE BLAIRS THOUGHT—

THEY'RE A NICE COUPLE. LET'S HAVE THEM OVER OFTEN. BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE WAS... CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."

SO HE WAS. BUT HE MUST BE USING LIFEBUOY NOW. I'M SO GLAD. I'VE ALWAYS LIKED HER AND NOW WE CAN BE REALLY NEIGHBORLY



MY SKIN IS CLEARER AND FRESHER, TOO

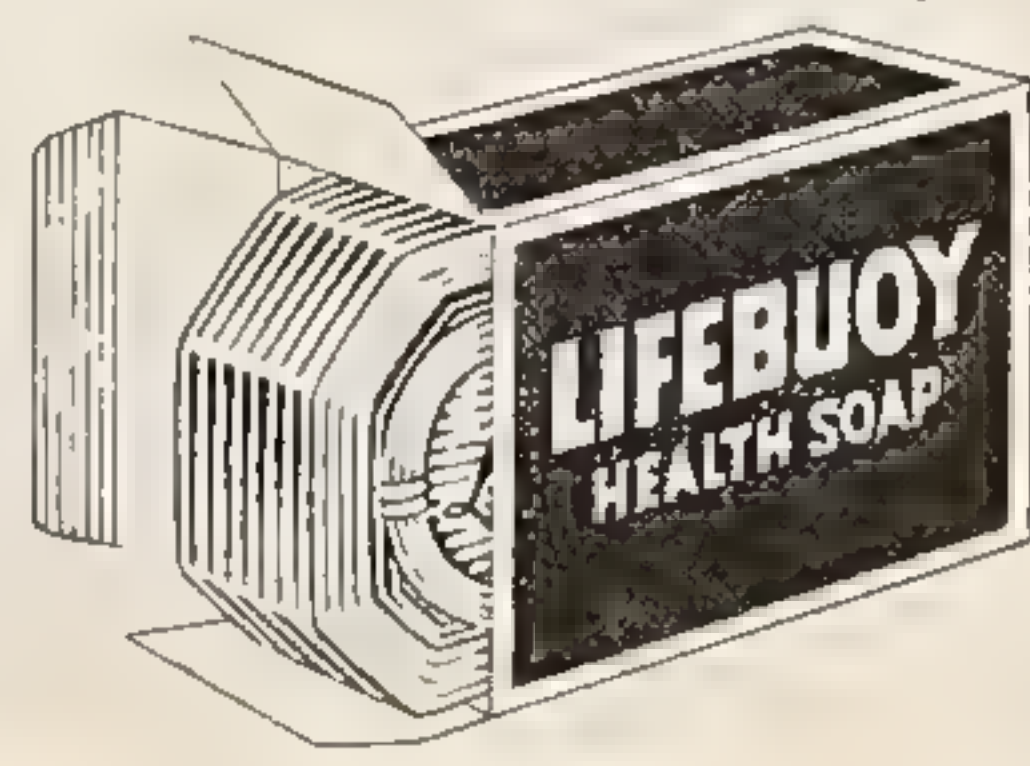


**N**O WONDER women everywhere are enthusiastic over Lifebuoy! For they not only find that Lifebuoy baths protect daintiness—prevent embarrassing "B.O." (body odor)—but that Lifebuoy is marvelous for the complexion, too.

Its lather is bland and soothing—yet it gives the thorough, pore-deep cleansing essential to complexion beauty. It gently washes away clogged impurities; freshens dull, cloudy skins.

**Notice its extra-clean scent**

You'll quickly learn to love its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent. It tells you Lifebuoy does more than ordinary toilet soaps.







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## GRAYING HAIR

If a single touch of gray shows in your hair, there is a wonderful secret that you may learn. You can try it FREE without the slightest risk. It will show you how to bring to every faded strand lustrous color that rivals youth's own radiance.

You merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, colorless liquid through the hair. Color comes evenly: black, brown, auburn or blonde. A new scientific improvement enables you to control the color desired. Hair stays lustrous—easy to curl or wave. No "artificial" look. No fear of washing or rubbing off on garments or linens.

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☐ DARK BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ BLONDE

# Hollywood's Mad Man Hunt

(Continued from page 87)

WHILE the Hollywood producers are all gentlemen (what ain't ice) they are not in business for pleasure or philanthropy. They must balance the budget between male and female. Even Memnon DeMille, with all his classic appreciation and understanding of bath-tub Venuses, never forgot to include the O-o-oo element in his pictures. He developed Wally Reid's possibilities. Rex Ingram's success was due in no small part to his presentation of Valentino to the world—and later Novarro.

The return of musical shows to popularity caused the producers to go on the quest of pulchritude for choruses, always with an eye to star finds. Concentrating on this pleasant pursuit, the studio sleuths had no time for male recruiting and it was at a standstill for months. Faced with a shortage of leading men with "names," the producers pressed male stars into service only to find they had depreciated valuable property.

That explains the sudden mad man hunt. Universal has signed Jan Kiepura, magnificent tenor of "Be Mine Tonight." Paramount has hopes for Brian Aherne. RKO has imported Francis Lederer, the capital O of the New York stage; also Fred Astaire, a sort of hoofing Prince of Wales. Henry Garat inspires hope in Fox, which has no male star to compare with Janet Gaynor.

A big New York daily has assisted with a male beauty contest. The boys sent in photographs with height,

weight, coloring and references to other qualifications. Scions of wealth and nobility are not shy in presenting themselves at Hollywood's back door. It's easy money if you've got that thing. But just because you are male, healthy and handsome, don't pack the bags. Only one actor out of ten got a job last year in Hollywood, and there are thousands of extras trying to get along.

ANOTHER reason that Hollywood has had more difficulty in recruiting men than women is that men have more occupations to choose from and have in the past been bashful about admitting screen ambition.

The Standard Oil company gets plenty of applicants when it sends its scouts annually to colleges to grab the best prospects. Paramount tried the same procedure a few years ago but wasn't very successful. Handsome, athletic, popular males preferred a safe and sane line offering ten thousand a year to the hazards of Hollywood for all its possibility of a hundred thousand.

But this is no longer the attitude. The way has been pioneered by such college men as Fredric March, Lee Tracy, Buster Crabbe, Franchot Tone—the latter a Cornell professor, my word! So the scouts are revisiting college campuses.

After all, the New Deal did promise to remember the forgotten man, and it's good to see producers falling into line. The girls may rate first, but we've got to be had!

## Worth While NEEDLEWORK

Peasant types of table linen are in high favor. They are easy to do and most effective. Whether you have had experience in needlework or not you will want to make some of the new table linens, including those shown on page 55.

Here they are:

Se 244. Diagrams and directions for making Italian drawn work table-cloth and napkins.

Se 245. Illustrated instructions for two charming Mexican table linen designs, embroidered in bright colors.

Se 246. Colorful table doilies from a Czecho-Slovakian design may easily be worked with the aid of this circular.

Se 247. The famous French Assisi chicken in easy cross-stitch work is shown in detail in this circular. It is suitable for table linens, bureau covers, and children's dresses.

Se 248. Here you will find illustrated directions for two of the most characteristic types of Russian embroidery, suitable for table linen and bureau covers.

Se 249. Diagram and directions for Gail Patrick's favorite appliqué embroidery table linen.

Se 250. Margaret McConnell's table linen trimmed with lace edging and insertion is easy to copy with the aid of this circular.

Se 251. Simple illustrated instructions for simple embroidery, crochet and drawn work stitches are given here.

Write to Frances Cowles, care of this Magazine, enclosing 4 cents for any one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars or 15 cents for all 8. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying description.



# From Vaudeville to White House

(Continued from page 29)

vaudeville. He sang a bit, hoofed a little and clowned twice a day or more for years. A dash of the iron jaw which he displays so well now made him demand more money from the then all-powerful Keith-Orpheum Circuit. His demand was refused.

The jaw shot out and Wally followed it over to the opposition vaudeville, which folded, as oppositions will. When Wally decided that it was better to have less money for a long time than more money now and then, he found himself black-balled, barred, made an example of what no actor could get away with against vaudeville rulers. In other words, Wally "got the air," and he had no lyric ready.

We don't recognize him the next time we see him. He is hidden under a beard, playing a man much older than his own father, and all New York is talking about his wonderful performance in Eugene O'Neil's high-brow, low-down masterpiece, "Desire Under the Elms." Had we been quick enough we might have seen him in one other play before he landed under the beard under the elms. A play called "Mr. Pitt," by the author and undoubtedly many other names by the producer, as it only lasted six weeks.

THE leap from singing a song of his town composition called, "I Haven't Got the Dough-re-mi," for Messrs. Keith and Orpheum to the title role in "Mr. Pitt" was made possible through the influence of his sister, Mrs. William Carrington of New York, Westchester, Santa Barbara and the world, rich, socially prominent, a patroness of opera, art, drama.

But skip all that—she's really just Margaret Carrington, and above all, she's Wally's sister. You may have read that John Barrymore studied and was coached for months before he played Hamlet by some wonderful woman who knew more about diction, elocution, Shakespeare and breathing than any one existent. You may not have mentally pigeon-holed the name of the coach. Let me recall it. Margaret Carrington. She was an opera singer herself. I imagine marriage and millions cut in on her career, but nothing cut in on her desire to help people.

When brother Wally needed a little encouragement, Margaret moved, and when Margaret moves things happen. She told Brock Pemberton, the producer, about her brother Wally who had been hiding his light under a bushel of vaudeville for years.

"Rise and shine, if you can!" Mr. Pemberton said, giving him the script of "Mr. Pitt."

Out to Margaret's beautiful California home came brother and sister Huston. All Summer she coached Wally. When he went East to start rehearsals in the fall he knew the entire play by heart. His first speech, a sales talk by a nervous and shy salesman, was as long as most of Hamlet's speeches. At Margaret's suggestion it was spoken all on one breath—the result was a round of applause on the opening night.

"You can imagine what that meant to me," Wally said the other day. "I was scared stiff, of course. It was all (Please turn to page 90)

# "Here's a wife-saver!" New easy way to wash!"



NO NEED to linger over the washtub these sizzling days! Just try the quick La France way.

You'll find La France blues perfectly *right in the suds* while it helps the soap work better! Dissolve  $\frac{1}{3}$  package La France with your regular soap and wash as usual, in tub or machine.

No need to bother with that separate

**La France . . . saves bother of bluing separately . . . gets clothes cleaner, whiter**

bluing rinse! La France does a beautiful bluing job . . . no streaks . . . no spots, even in hard water.

Isn't it a simpler, easier way to wash? No separate bluing operation . . . and no hard rubbing either, for La France helps loosen dirt so thoroughly! Your clothes are immaculate! Pat yourself on the back, lady . . . there isn't a whiter wash in town!

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SATINA, added to boiling starch, makes ironing easier—keeps iron from sticking. Satina is never more than 6 cents . . . enough for 4 starchings.



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T. M.—9-33

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69 Murray Street New York City

# From Vaudeville to White House

(Continued from page 89)

so different. No going into the dance. No chance to meet the audience eye-to-eye and fight if they happened to be hard, as we used to do in vaudeville. You know what I mean," he added. I'll say I do, having played my first date at the age of seven and my last at thirty-seven!

"Well, after that applause," Wally continued, "I said to myself: 'This legitimate Broadway business isn't going to be so bad.' I sort of felt that I had them." He grinned apologetically.

After the beard under the elms, New York was decidedly Huston-conscious. "Elmer the Great" added a lot to his popularity. People who don't like old gents with face fittings got a good look at Wally as the conceited but lovable baseball player.

I was playing a lot in France and England in those days so I didn't see Margaret Carrington's brother Wally, but I had heard so much about him from her and from Jack King, who was my accompanist, friend and best audience, that I dreaded the day when I would at last come face to face with this paragon who sounded, in their descriptions, too good to be true; and certainly too good to interest me. I like men with wicked pasts and weary futures, but when I finally married, I grabbed one so young that most of his past was in the nursery. His future may be weary, but there's so much of it that I can't strain my eyes looking ahead.

**R**ETURNING from Europe. I found everyone talking about "The Barker" with Walter Huston and the latest model in attractive leading ladies, Miss Claudette Colbert. From the front row I got my first glimpse of brother Wally. I wonder if Margaret was surprised when I called her up before all of the trunks were unpacked! Jack King, who had been trying to sell Wally to me as a sure thing for the Janis Futurity, was so busy saying, "I told you so," that he could not answer my many questions regarding Wally's private life. In other words, I fell for *The Barker's* spiel, and would have joined the circus in 'most any capacity. I had a route of my own to play, however, so it was just "hello!" and "au revoir," to brother Wally.

When he came to California to film "Abraham Lincoln" I saw him several times. He seemed to be sort of in character, which any good actor is apt to be when trying to reproduce a great and idealized hero. His hair was long, his collar loose, his usual twinkly expression seemingly replaced by the more thoughtful one, so much a part of the great emancipator. We said "hello!" but I don't remember saying "au revoir."

Later he played *Trampus* in "The Virginian," and in "The Bad Man." Then the law caught up with him, district attorneys, editors, bank presidents, Hard-Hearted Huston always dominating the situation. Even in "Gabriel Over the White House" he had to get knocked out before they let him soften or give in.

I was wondering, on my way over

to the studio, whether playing so many men of steel would have changed his personality. It often does, you know. Let the press and public keep on telling some perfectly normal person that they have an elusive or whimsical quality and they'll finally get so elusive that they can't find themselves. They'll become so whimsical that you want to ship them over to Sir James Barrie, with a note saying, "You started this whimsy stuff. Will you please finish it?"

We ate chop-suey and talked religion. Quite symbolic! There's a little bit of everything in both. We agreed that religion is in the heart and that as the heart beats under God's blue sky, in man-made subways, on studio sets, or in the bath tub, it is not compulsory that we gather under one roof at a certain time to express devotion.

From religion we switched to its natural understudy, nature. Wally has a place in the mountains where he spends all of his time between pictures, and most of his week-ends. When he talks about that haven, he unconsciously looks as *Jud Hammond*, the inspired president, looks every time he



Hollywood was all a-dither about what would happen to Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, once Lupe returned from her New York stage engagement with Jimmy Durante in "Strike Me Pink" and heard about Johnny's squiring other stars hither and yon. But—much to the disappointment of the tongue-waggers—nothing happened. Lupe and Johnny took up their palship as before, and are seen as much together as of yore. ... And to prove it, here is Johnny squiring Lupe's little adopted daughter.



## From Vaudeville to White House

hears *Gabriel's* horn solo over the White House.

His wife loves the hideaway, too. "I can hardly get her to come down here at all," he said. As he had already told me that he was counting the days until he could get back to the mountains, I put two and two together, making eighty-four, and decided that Wally is still in the bridegroom class, even though he has passed the first year, which for some unknown reason, is said to be the most difficult in married life. As we had both been billed in the papers as marrying suddenly, at about the same time, we naturally compared notes, and got a very nice song out of the collaboration. I learned that Wally's marriage was far from sudden; that Mrs. Huston had played with him in "Elmer the Great." In my own case, it took two years of other people's constantly trying to make up my mind to bring about my "sudden" marriage.

WE recalled a dinner party given about six months before our respective leaps off the deep end of single cussedness. We met as two eligible parties, who ought to have a great deal in common. We had it all right. Wally was in love with his present wife and I was in love with my husband, but we both did excellent imitations of eligibles on the loose. The host beamed upon us both most approvingly as I stepped into Wally's waiting car. He drove me home.

I hadn't seen him again until we mixed chop-suey and religion in the Metro studio commissary last week. I'm going to see him again, however, and soon. He has asked my young man and me to the mountain paradise, and I'm sure Wally wouldn't ask any one to share any part of the one spot where he can be completely himself, if he wasn't sure they would understand why he loves the place so much. I want to see him doing the things I'm sure he likes to do. He didn't tell me how he spends his time up there, but if he doesn't putter around, planting things, building fences, tearing down walls and putting up others, like most of us who have spent our lives doing what press agents, managers and even the public think we should do, eventually find joy in doing, then maybe I'm all wrong.

Maybe he is Walter Huston, great character actor, much in demand, rising steadily in the eyes of the world, turning out one splendid performance after another, stealing one picture after another. Maybe he fights about contracts and money and billing as most successful people do. Maybe, when his blue eyes seem to be looking at something I can't quite see but can imagine is simple and honest, he's really looking ahead to that next salary raise. Maybe the cerise scarf blinded me. I doubt my own doubts—and one of these days when the studios run out of long speeches tinged with politics, power and propaganda, they may let him play just a nice guy with whom you will cry a little, laugh a little, and understand a lot. Then you'll be saying, "Why, I'm glad to meet you, Wally. I thought you were a couple of other fellows."

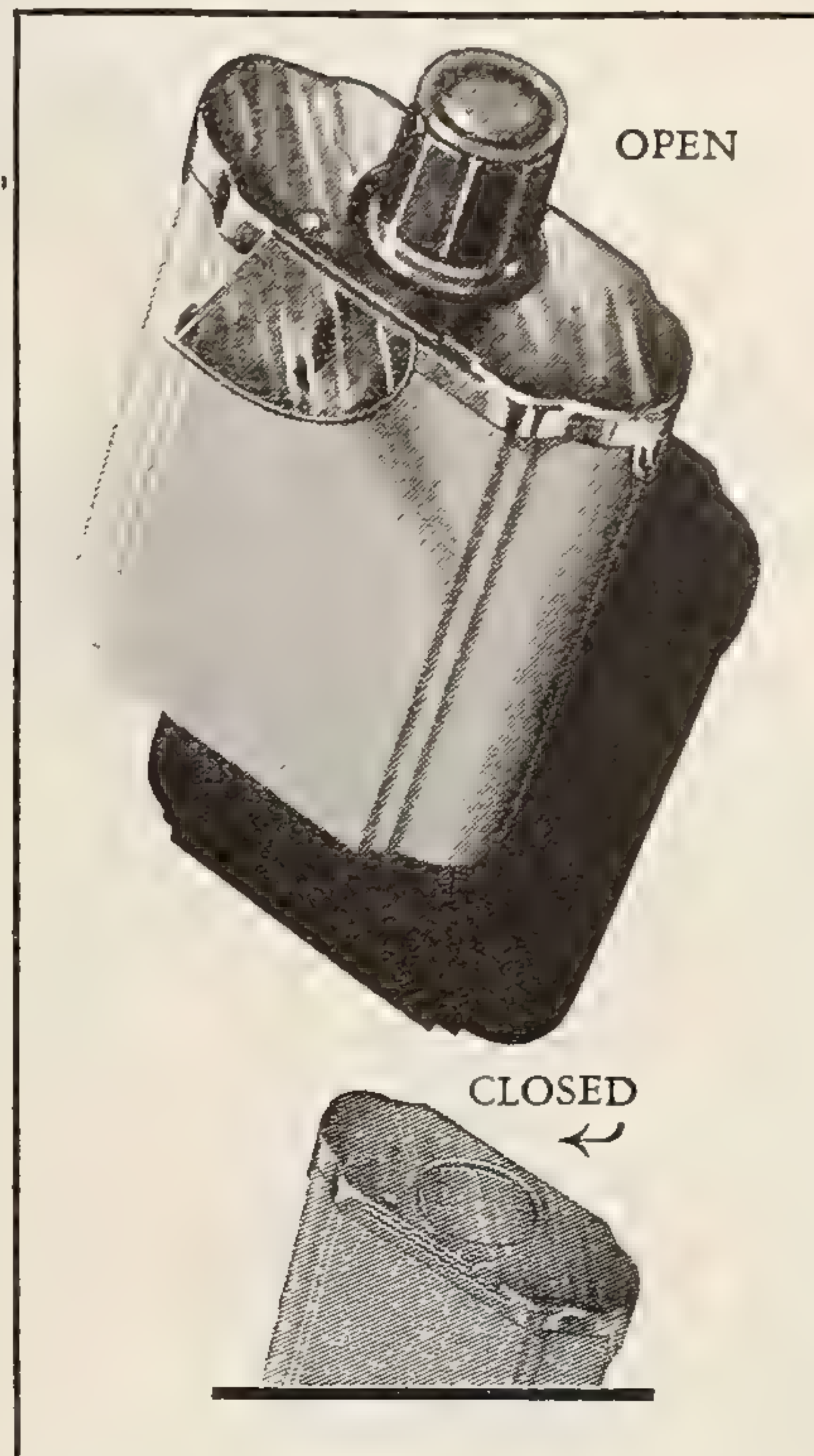
## A Beautiful

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To get yours, just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10c (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted...using the convenient coupon printed below.



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If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new **KISSPROOF** Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*... This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring **KISSPROOF** they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get **KISSPROOF LIPSTICK** in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

# Kissproof

## Indelible LIPSTICK

# It Can't Be I . . .

(Continued from page 25)

there or, in Summer, at the family's seaside cottage at Fenwick, near Saybrook, in the years since she graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1928 and went directly to the stage.

And the moment she arrives "home" she is no longer the exotic and famous young actress. She is just Kate Hepburn, Mrs. Ludlow Smith, a local girl who has made good.

The first time she got back to Hartford from Hollywood she had her first look, weeks after its release, at "A Bill of Divorcement" and found herself a local celebrity a long time after she had become world-famed. The second time she spent most of her visit in the Hartford Hospital, where her dad is a member of the staff, a novel experience for a girl who had never been ill in her life. But she always goes home, for although she has had a New York residence for five years, and has one in Hollywood now, Connecticut is home to her and probably always will be. And once there, she goes native.

**S**HE was born and brought up in Hartford, the eldest daughter of the successful specialist and surgeon, Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn, who was born in Virginia, son of an Episcopal clergyman. He is a big good-looking man with the reddish hair and the forthright manner of Katharine. Mrs. Hepburn, who was a pioneer worker for suffrage, feminism and birth control, is slim, youthful, handsome. It seems impossible that she is the mother of six children, several in their twenties. Her slender figure, distinctive features, hazel-green eyes and crisp, unusual voice as well as her courage, aggressiveness and poise, have all been passed on to her actress daughter, for whose aims she has always had sympathetic understanding.

"Kate" is the oldest living child in a family now numbering three daughters and two sons, an older son, to whom she was devoted, having died under tragic circumstances in boyhood. She is "going on" twenty-five. Next is Richard, twenty-one, a senior at Harvard, where he is completing a full course in three years. It was he who started the family scrapbook, and who, as a boy, wrote the plays which Kate, from the age of twelve, produced for the entertainment of friends and neighbors.

Then comes Robert, almost twenty, a sophomore at Harvard. The two small sisters are Marion, who is fourteen and much like Dr. Hepburn in appearance, plump, quiet and charming in manner, while Margaret ("Peggy") is twelve, a bit of a tomboy, blond, pretty and slim. They both want to be actresses, too, after they finish Bryn Mawr, where their mother won her A.B. and M.A. and where all her daughters will matriculate.

The girls' theatrical aspirations have been encouraged by Katharine, who has given them a miniature theater in which they produce plays, mostly classical and some Shakespeare. A sudden decision to rehearse one day not long ago kept them so interested that they forgot Marion had turned on the water for a bath in the adjoining bathroom, and a dripping ceiling in the room below brought a sudden end to cues and speeches. But not to their ambitions.

"Kate says we have to be prepared



Photo by Wide World

Doris Kenyon, widow of the late Milton Sills, and her new husband, Arthur Hopkins, wealthy real estate broker of New York and Syracuse. Mr. Hopkins, noted as one of the most active practical jokers in the metropolitan area, was taken seriously by neither his friends nor the newspapers when he announced his engagement to the actress, concert singer and poetess, but here they are! Mr. Hopkins is reported to have fallen in love with the beautiful Doris when she was a little girl.

to stand a lot of discouragement if we want to go on the stage," they'll tell you gravely, and Marion adds, with naivete:

"Kay says I have the talent but Peggy has the looks."

**L**OOKS do not seem to matter where the talent is, however, for when Katharine Hepburn, movie star, turns into Kate, the local girl come home, she would never be recognized by those who know her only on the screen. Gone is the mask-like face, the sweeping, dark lashes, the wide-spread eyebrows, the odd, passionate mouth, the gorgeous, alluring clothes, the effect of inscrutable depths revealed in burning flashes.

The Kate Hepburn who sits before the fire wondering at what the big, fat book of clippings reveals, is direct instead of deep, simple instead of exotic, plain rather than beautiful.

She is as slim as her screen image, but a bit on the bony side. Her hair is sandy, naturally straight, even lanky. Her lashes, like the eyes beneath, are light and not especially intriguing. Her mouth is wide, thin-lipped, the decisive upper lip holding down the lower with its humorous quirk. Her features are regular, distinctive, her face the triangular shape that registers best on the screen. Her clothes? No velvet tea gown, no brocade negligees, no allure at all, but probably a smock, an old, plain dress, a pair of overalls, or pajamas, boyish and practical.

But do not think this, the real Katharine Hepburn, is an unattractive girl. She has the personality, the honest charm, the youth and fire, that emanate from her shadow on the screen, which rather than the effect wrought by make-up artists, have made her successful.



## It Can't Be I . . .

THE living room where she sits is large, low-ceilinged, pine-panelled, with comfortable, well-used furniture and chintz draperies. Its long windows give across to a garden walled about with hedges.

The present home of the Hepburns, on Bloomfield Avenue, in a smart suburb of Hartford, is a rambling, red brick house of English style, in the \$50,000 class, one of scores of handsome homes in the neighborhood.

Its service wing is toward the street, an idea originated in Hartford by Mark Twain many years ago. And speaking of Mark Twain, the home where Katharine Hepburn spent her girlhood was close to that of the great American humorist.

Like that old Hepburn home, the new one can be identified, even before its number is visible, by the boys and girls romping about it. Juveniles gather there to play in all weathers and Marion and Peggy, like their elder sister, invariably wear pants.

It is perhaps too bad to dispel the legends that have already grown up about Katharine Hepburn's overalls, but as a matter of fact, they are just an old Hepburn custom. During Summers at the seashore years ago she wore white duck sailor trousers, like thousands of other girls.

Then, saving money and laundry, she adopted blue denim dungarees, the working clothes of Jack Tar. These were not always easy to obtain, so when army and navy stores had none in her size, she bought blue denim overalls instead. They were cheaper, anyhow, and easier to get in small sizes.

Middy blouses, knit jerseys or Russian smocks went with them, and a bandanna knotted around her hair. Her hair was long, once she left little girlhood, and worn in pigtails until she did it up in a severe little bun at the back of her head. A bandanna has been almost a uniform with the younger set in Hartford for years, from Junior Leaguers to High School students.

SO at home, as a girl, during college vacations and on her sojourn with summer stock companies (Stockbridge, 1930, and Ivoryton, 1931) she wore dungarees or overalls as a matter of course, with bandanna, smock and rather disreputable but comfortable bedroom slippers or tennis shoes, as her working uniform.

Then came Hollywood, a warm climate, the same old working clothes—but now they were photographed, discussed, even established a vogue! Quite amusing to Katharine Hepburn, who had bought them for years at army and navy outlets or small town general stores or anywhere else that seemed handy, who likes them best when somewhat shabby and thinks a dollar a fair price especially if they're union made with shiny buckles and plenty of pockets.

So when she gets back home to Hartford, even though the neighborhood is very swank, she makes a bee-line for her old clothes, first recovering from a tempestuous welcome from the girls and boys in "the front yard" who are apt to yell, with scant awe for Hollywood's new star, "Hey, Kate, play on my side, will yuh?"

She has ardent hugs for her mother  
(Please turn to page 94)

# The Olive green color in Palmolive

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Palmolive green

IN Cleopatra's day beauty was worshipped. And women who sought beauty sought the aid of olive oil. For nothing in the realm of beauty aids has ever been found to equal the precious, soothing olive oil that keeps skin lovely and alluring.

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# It Can't Be I...

(Continued from page 93)

and dad, smiling greetings for the servants, friendly pats for the dogs, then she is up the stairs, two at a time, to her own room, with its old furniture and gay chintzes, and its closet full of her "home clothes." She is out of her New York apparel and into overalls or smock or pajamas in a jiffy. Then she shuts Katharine Hepburn, the star, into that closet and emerges from her room as just Kate Hepburn, a local girl back home from the big city to visit the folks.

Every possible moment is spent outdoors by this other Hepburn girl who dotes on camping out, hiking and active sports. She takes long drives into the Connecticut countryside in her own car, a convertible coupe, or one of the family cars, which range from Fords to Packards. Perhaps she plays a round at the Hartford Golf Club where she had early training under the pro, Jack Stait, became, at fifteen, runner-up in the state woman's championship tourney and was urged by him to train for national tournament play.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said then in her husky voice. "I think golf is just for fun."

One drawback to the enjoyment of golf club life by this Miss Hepburn is the fact that so many people in that set insist on thinking of her as the movie star and regarding her as if she were a curio in a museum or an animal in a zoo, unless they know her well enough to act on, "oh, well, what of it?" lines.

BUT it is not only golf that she thinks is just for fun (and she is one of the best golfers in Hollywood right now) but many other things some people take too seriously. Bridge, for example, she plays well, and she does play now and then, without caring much about it. But she loves ice skating and is an expert and graceful figure skater, while, at the other extreme, she excels at fancy diving. Since she is accomplished in these two spectacular but contrasting sports it will be odd if the screen does not exhibit her prowess at both of them.

When she is not outdoors, during her visits home, she putters around the house and garden like any other girl in similar circumstances. She pokes about the kitchen and perhaps cooks something herself, she presses out frills in the little modern laundry with its electrical gadgets, she watches her kid sisters in their theater, reads some new books, greets the friends who come in for tea or dinner (usually trying not to appear as impressed with her triumphs as they secretly are) or just sits and talks to her own folks.

Her husband, Ludlow Ogden Smith, native of Philadelphia, insurance broker in New York, who courted her when she was in college, married her after her first year of trying to succeed in the theater and has encouraged her in every phase of her career, is always with her in Hartford for weekends if not the whole visit. As they are both especially fond of roast beef, that is apt to be the main dish of their first dinner at the Hepburn home, in a dining room with ivory walls, mahogany Georgian furniture, tall candles for its only illumination, and windows looking out on the garden. She loves

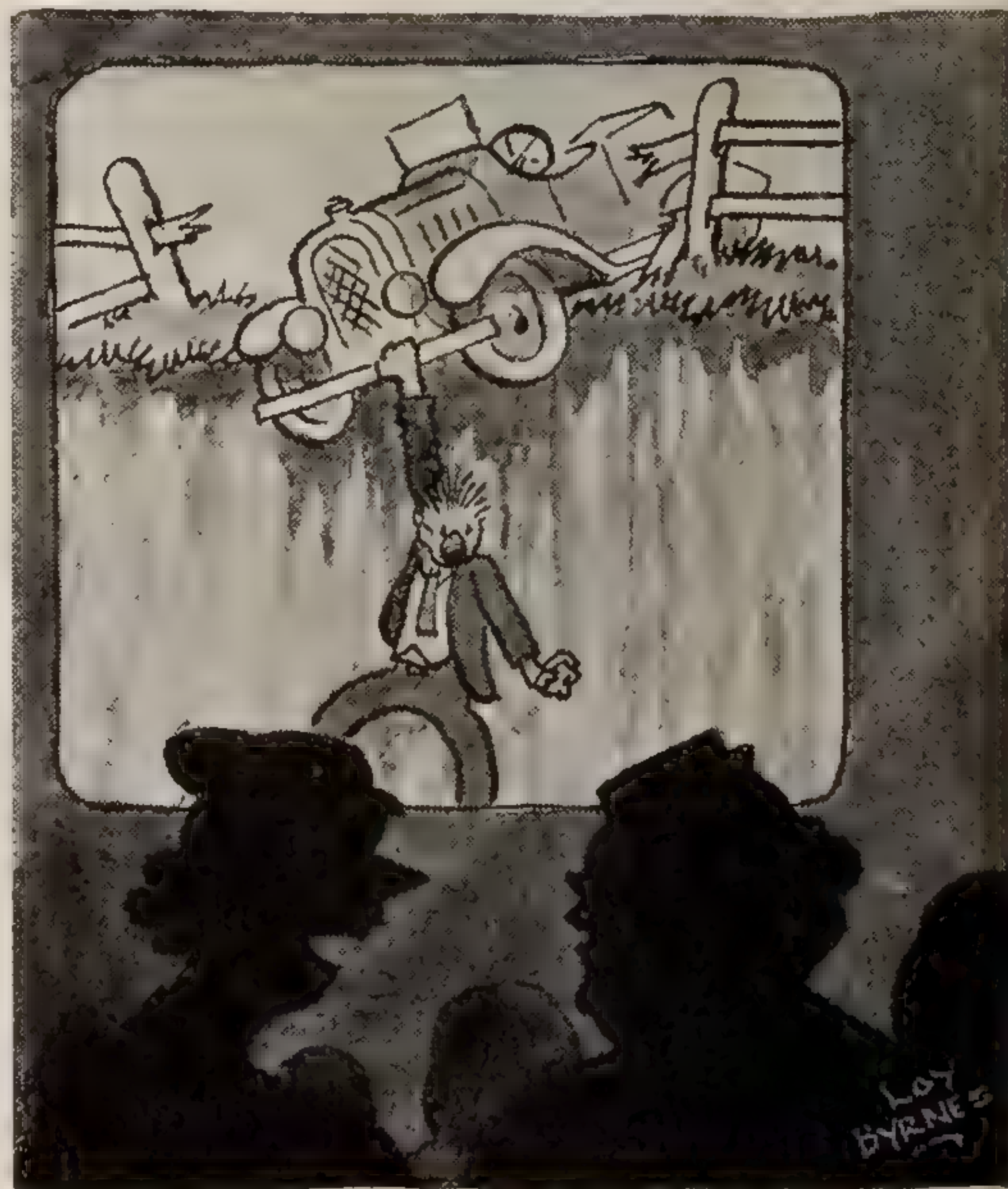
good food, eats whatever she wants and is always slim, though she was rather chubby as a girl.

YES, in Hartford Kate Hepburn sits in a house by the side of the road and lets the rest of the world (even Katharine Hepburn, the movie star) go by.

And how does Hartford feel about it? The home town's reaction to this local girl's success is just the typical and traditional reaction. Other local folk have made good on the stage. Winchell Smith, Otis Skinner, Charles B. Dillingham, William Gillette, Robert Ames, Walter O'Keefe, Russell Rhodes, Jerome Cowan, all came from Hartford to the stage. Richard Barthelmess made his first stage and movie appearances there, as a student at Trinity College. Only one other Hartford girl has ever approached stage success—Elvia Enders, blond, beautiful and socially prominent, who went from Junior League amateur shows to a principal role in "Little Accident" and played the season of 1928-29 in that comedy, marrying and retiring before Katharine Hepburn, who began in that same season, was even heard of.

But in any case, Hartford's attitude was at first mere tolerance, for Hartford does not wholly approve anyone who seeks success outside its own boundaries. Miss Hepburn's aspirations, like those of all the rest, were not viewed seriously. Her early progress was ignored. Even when "Art and Mrs. Bottle" and "The Warrior's Husband" brought her favorable attention from New York critics as an actress of the metropolitan stage, Hartford was reluctant to give her credit, and even when "A Bill of Divorcement" rocketed her to fame, the home town seemed slow to realize the importance of her meteoric rise. But at last, when all the rest of the world had done her homage, her home town hopped on the bandwagon, welcomed her with open arms, bragged about her and assumed an attitude of "we knew it all the time." And "we knew her when..."

Nobody now will ever be allowed to forget that Katharine Hepburn is a Hartford girl—she would be claimed as such even if her residence there had



"... with a white crepe de chine shawl collar and a hat to match."



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### COLD FISH APPETIZER

2 cups flaked left-over fish  
1 cup vinegar  
1 cup water  
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4 whole peppers  
½ teaspoon brown sugar  
1 slice lemon

Boil all ingredients together except fish for five minutes. Pour hot over the fish. Chill and serve.

Here's one of the effective recipes from this bulletin.

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## It Can't Be I...

been brief. Once of Hartford, always of Hartford, especially if one is world-famous. So the brief notes that were once, and infrequently, the only publicity Miss Hepburn received in her home-town papers, have grown into front page stories. Nothing, indeed, succeeds like success.

THE star is honestly indifferent to this sort of recognition and is no more approachable to Hartford reporters than to those of bigger cities. On the other hand, she rather likes it when "real folks" give her tribute. In the Hartford shops the salesgirls whisper and nudge and are honestly thrilled at the sight of her. Traffic cops tip their caps or salute with a flourish while she waits for lights to turn from red to green. A shy young fellow at a gasoline filling station says, "Beg pardon, you're Katharine Hepburn, aren't you?" To all of these she will acknowledge that she is that other self, for although she is termed "high hat" or "snippy" by some people, she is gracious to those who serve her, always.

There is another Hartford reaction. The Hartford Junior League, of which she was never a member, took over a local theater for the city's premiere of "A Bill of Divorcement," the proceeds to go to charity. The star, home to visit, was guest of honor, with her family. Debutantes, wearing orchids, were ushers. Awnings and carpets stretched from lobby to curb. Crowds gathered. Flashlights boomed. Hartford society turned out, so to speak, in a body. It was on this occasion, long after the film had been released, that she saw, for the first time her first picture.

"HERE I am, at the same theater where I used to see movies on Saturday afternoons, when I was a little girl," she said, "seeing myself on the screen. I was afraid to look at the pre-view—I hope I can bear this."

She sat through it, watching herself enact the heart-breaking role of *Sydney*, who gave up love when she learned of her family's taint of madness, watched herself dominating by sheer personality and acting art the scenes she shared with John Barrymore and Billie Burke, watched herself seeming to live that tragedy, heard herself applauded, saw others of the audience wiping away tears. She watched it all calmly, critically, as if it were another girl. She heard the home-townners clap and stamp and even shout "Bravo" (rare tribute from Hartford) when the film was over.

"So that's Katharine Hepburn, the new star of the screen," she commented. And doubtless added to herself, "It can't be I—it must be another girl." To which the other Katharine would retort:

"You're darned right!"

### The Rudy Vallee Figurette

You can make a figurette of Rudy Vallee, curls, megaphone, saxophone, plaintive expression and all from the pattern designed by Vince Callahan. Complete directions are included. Send 5 cents in stamps for your copy to Vince Callahan, care of The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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**Nadinola Bleaching Cream**

# Prisoners of Heart-break Town

(Continued from page 27)

decorating it with laurel wreaths whose buds will never bloom.

Before the advent of the Central Casting Corporation each studio handled its own extra players. In those days it was much easier for a newcomer to break into the game if he had a little pull with someone in the casting office. But now casting directors at the studios only cast major players and bit performers. When a mob is wanted, Central Casting supplies it.

Also there are a few choice extras with elaborate wardrobes. These extras work most of the time as atmosphere on small sets. And yet, even they are not busy all of the time. Of 6,000 men registered, only fifty-eight average three days of work per week. The average is even smaller with the opposite sex. Of 10,000 women registered only twenty average three days of work a week, or better. Thus it seems that the demand for men is by far the larger.

**I**N the days of silent pictures every extra was a potential star. Directors picked them out of the mob and fostered them to fame; producers looked to them as the white hopes of tomorrow. Stars considered them rivals in embryo.

To work on a motion picture set was a golden opportunity, an open sesame to screen success, a definite rung up the ladder of fame. But the talkies changed all that.

Experience and intelligence and the gift of speech became prime essentials. The screen had found its tongue, and with one grand gesture it did smite down a thousand careers, seduced the dreams of as many extras to something less than the dust.

Overnight the extra became an eternal serf of make-believe—a stationary figure in a giant industry—an unimportant necessity in the production of world entertainment. Something that could make about as much advancement as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

Today motion picture producers pick their future stars from the Broadway stage, the stock companies of the hinterlands, the Little Theaters such as the Pasadena Community and the Hollywood Spotlight, from the foreign studios, and occasionally from the best of the men's and women's colleges.

Often in a quest for new faces they resort to the old beauty contest procedure. Only recently Paramount recruited four players from different parts of the country in the "Panther Woman" contest. As a result of it Kathleen Burke, Verna Hillie, Gail Patrick and Lona Andre are under contract, being groomed slowly for possible stellar honors. Without any previous experience, all of these girls are already playing leads, and possibly one of them may become a first-rate luminary.

They have achieved in less than a year what some poor extra girl with perhaps more talent and beauty cannot accomplish with years of struggle. The extra girl is stamped, branded! Her face is known around the studios. She has no glamour, no mystery. She is

just an extra girl. The contest winner is at least a transitory butterfly whose wings of splendor beguile producers.

**F**ROM the extra ranks of the pre-talkie era came such great screen personalities as Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery, ZaSu Pitts, Rudolph Valentino, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor, Bebe Daniels, the Talmadge sisters and many others. But of the extras of the microphone generation not one has risen from the cross of crucifixion. Their reward is only a rainbow of the illusion; their resurrection a new rendezvous with death. For them Hollywood is Calvary.

The wise girl of today who wants to break into pictures doesn't come to Hollywood. She goes to Broadway. And there she haunts the theatrical agencies until she gets a bit in a play or a chance to gain some experience in stock.

Either she makes a name for herself

**TYPE-SKETCHES** of June Knight, the new Universal star, whose picture appeared in the June **NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE**, poured in upon the judges from all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Many of them were excellent, and we regret that more prizes were not offered. As it was, the two prize-winners selected are:

**DOROTHY HARDKE**, Western Ave., Route 4, Fair Plain, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

**C. W. CRUMB**, 682 Collingwood Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

The first named will receive a Standard Royal portable typewriter, and the second named will receive a Smith-Corona portable typewriter. These each constitute a first prize.

Awards for the type-sketches selected as the best of Claudette Colbert, made from a photograph that appeared in the July **NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE**, will be announced in the next—the October—issue of this magazine. Watch for them.



# Prisoners of Heart-break Town

thus, and is snapped up by some motion picture company, or fortified with this background she takes the gamble of coming to Hollywood on her own. Once here she can get some reliable manager to guide her career. One part, a screen credit, a little publicity and a spark of ability makes the rest easy.

But unless a girl can definitely prove that she has had previous theatrical training, managers aren't interested.

There are three kinds of extra girls. Those who have an income of their own, those who hope and starve, and those who take the easiest way as their only salvation. These are girls who are either ashamed to go back home and admit they are failures, or figure they might as well get everything they can out of life while their beauty is still fresh and their figures desirable.

But most of the others starve. One finds them in restaurants as waitresses, in office buildings running elevators that take them up to hell, selling their services as professional party girls. Frustrated ambitions, still-born success, blasted dreams, rob them eventually of their beauty, their vitality, their very desire to live. All over Hollywood one finds them—Youth in ruins; tragic and forsaken and beautiful, even as the skeleton of ancient Rome must be beautiful.

The successful extra girl earns on an average of about forty to fifty dollars a week during the year. Out of this she must buy clothes that are up to the minute in fashion, pay room rent, feed herself. Sometimes she must also support a family. The girl who works only on an occasional big set, and they are few and far between since the talkies brought intimate stories into vogue, earns less than two hundred dollars a year! Barely enough to put soup in her stomach and keep a roof over her head.

**WHERE** do these girls live? How do they exist? Prisoners, I've called them—prisoners of hope. But real prisoners are given shelter, even though it be dark, dingy cells—and they are fed every day. Hollywood doesn't even feed its prisoners—and allows them to wander the streets like homeless dogs looking for bones.

Some, who are more fortunate, live in swanky apartments, silks on their backs, shame in their hearts, confusion in their eyes. Others exist in dumpy bungalows, in small rooms with four walls and pull-down beds.

Those that parade the Boulevard when the lights are low, looking for a lift, an invitation to a warm bed, a bite to eat, are the most pathetic. In Hollywood the police don't issue yellow tickets. Hard luck passes them out.

**THE** Studio Club, founded by Mrs. Cecil DeMille several years ago, has been a God-send to the extra girl. It has given shelter, encouragement and understanding in the storm of struggle to many of these unknown soldiers. It has been a blessed retreat from the battlefields of ambition when the long, hard day of fighting was over.

Its small, cozy little rooms have been littered with the wounded—some for whom there is no recovery—but its

(Please turn to page 98)

**YOU'RE RIGHT,  
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BLUE WALTZ beauty aids make  
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Trust Leila Hyams, enchanting star of M. G. M., to find the perfect make-up treatment! "You'll never sit out a dance," she says, "when men discover that you have Blue Waltz."

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It's smoother, daintier, safer and superior  
Sold at the better Five and Ten cent stores

**REMOVES ALL BODY ODORS**

# Prisoners of Heart-break Town

(Continued from page 97)

triumphs have been many, too, for some of its brave inmates, such as ZaSu Pitts, have gone on to fame and fortune beyond their wildest dreams.

Run on a non-profit basis it is able to give room, food and service as good as any found in the best hotels, for an amount of money within the income of the extra girl who works at least two days a week.

Mrs. Frances Williams, who has been in charge of the club since its inception, treats all the girls as her own children. At present the club supports a hundred girls, but there is a long waiting list. The moment one girl leaves she is immediately replaced with another.

Sometimes some of the girls become so attached to the place that they stay on although they have become successful. But there have been tenants who would not leave even when requested to do so. Girls with uneven morals who are in Hollywood for fun and not for work are not tolerated. There is only room for those who are sincerely and earnestly ambitious.

Mrs. Williams will go out of her way every time to help a girl who is making an honest fight. Such girls have been allowed to stay on without paying rent, have been fed and even supplied with small living funds. On the other hand, screen-struck novices have come to live at the club who, though sincere and honorable, are totally unsuited to the demands of a cinematic career, these hopeless dreamers are not encouraged for long. Eventually Mrs. Williams advises them either to seek domestic happiness or to take up some more profitable line of work to which they are more suited. But some are so sure of their eventual recognition as great undiscovered stars that they stubbornly scorn such advice and linger on in penniless persistence.

In its way the Studio Club has as many "problem girls" among its tenants as a school has "problem children." There was one girl who lived under the tragic delusion that she was a great beauty and a second Bernhardt. Even the blunt, cruel truth of her mirror could not convince her that she was in reality an awkward, undeveloped, homely wallflower totally lacking in grace, carriage and knowledge.

Everything was against her but her terrific ambition—and that rivaled Napoleon's. Had she aspired to ZaSu Pitts' roles there might have been some hope for her, but blindly she built up the illusion that she was more exotic than Garbo, more stunning than Swanson, more capable than Shearer.

When at last she became a burden and an expense to the club she was asked to move, but even a cyclone could not have made her budge an inch. Finally Mrs. Williams had to go out and at her expense rent a furnished room to which she had the girl's belongings removed.

When "Greta Garbage" (for that is what the other girls called her) discovered that she had been put out bag and baggage she raised the roof off the house. Her declamations could be heard from the Coast to the Rockies.



Photograph by Wide World

Doug, Sr., and Doug, Jr., strolling on the Lunnon streets. Young Doug returned ahead of his father, on a studio call and also to get back to work on the novel he's writing. He hopes to finish it this Fall. When young Doug was asked what he and his father were going to do abroad, his answer was typical. "Dad," he explained, "always is full of big plans—but we'll probably end up by going to Coney Island."

Reluctantly she went. Before the waning of a new moon, however, she returned, uninvited, and hid herself under beds, in clothes closets, behind screens. Secretly she had kept the key to her old room, and the new occupants would come home to find her hidden somewhere.

Eventually the lock on the door had to be changed. However, with fiendish persistency she would go to the club at late hours, sneak in, and hide herself in any room that happened to be accessible. One night there was a panic, for word spread that she was going to set fire to the place, and was at that moment hidden somewhere in the building; perhaps already making good her threat.

In pandemonium everyone went on the search, wildly trying to find her, thinking that she was out of her head, perhaps mentally unbalanced from starvation and lack of sympathy. When at last seen, the search ended with a mad merry chase on the roof of the building to which she had climbed by means of a fire escape.

Soon afterward she was sent back to her home town by contributions from the other girls, and she is said shortly afterward to have committed suicide. Of such fabrics is the tapestry of Hollywood woven.

THE favorite eating place of the extra girls who have only small change in their purses, is Simon's on



# Prisoners of Heart-break Town

the Boulevard, which somehow, with its white tile front, resembles some of the cheap automats on Sixth Avenue under the "L" in New York.

The place is open twenty-four hours, and one can get a fairly good meal for a quarter—or, at least, coffee and doughnuts for a dime. On cold winter nights it often shelters many of the extra people who are out of work with no place to sleep.

Flotsam and jetsam rub shoulders. Derelicts sip coffee with declassé ladies. Tough girls discuss the return of prosperity with gentlemen who boast English accents. Out here they sometimes call it "The Brown Derby of the Extras."

There is a new type of extra player on the horizon, according to Dave Allen, head of Central Casting. The demands of the talking screen have slowly been creating this new entity. As in all evolution, the price of growth demands a heavy toll. When the new, advanced extra has been perfected it will mean the casting aside of thousands of atmospheric players who, outside of drawing a day's pay, have no interest whatsoever in creating anything, and no ambition to learn.

THE extra of the near future will not only be able to speak lines with intelligence, but will know something of screen technique and will have at least a working knowledge of the mechanism of motion picture production. As in the silent days, the producers will once more look forth to the extra ranks for new talent to advance to featured roles and stardom.

"In fact," states Mr. Allen, "the day is already at hand." Sol Wurtzel of the Fox studio, for example, is giving some extra girl or boy a part in each new picture that he will produce in the future. The roles will not be large, but if the lucky ones selected show promise they will be put under contract for larger parts.

Four girls have already been selected by Mr. Wurtzel to begin the experiment. These girls—Julie Carter, Elsie Larsen, Lucille Porcet, and Anita Thompson—will shortly play their first credited roles; and will be given every chance to step permanently out of the extra ranks.

Yet in Hollywood there is no guarantee of success, no formula for "clicking," as they call it. Miracles happen every day, and the unexpected success is almost the general rule.

(Please turn to page 100)

## The October Issues

of • **HOME**

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# Prisoners of Heart-break Town

(Continued from page 99)

What if these girls should fail? What if they should have to go back to that long, endless extra line after a taste of glory and recognition? It happens every day in Heart-break Town. The extra sets are full of ex-stars, ex-directors and the debris of once brilliant careers.

**T**HE return to popularity of musical pictures means a new deal for the extra girl too, declares Mr. Allen. Such major studios as Paramount, United Artists and Warner Brothers are signing dozens of girls to contracts to use in future pictures.

Sam Goldwyn, who made The Goldwyn Girls a household word in Eddie Cantor's last two pictures, "Palmy Days" and "The Kid from Spain," will repeat again with a new group in Cantor's forthcoming travesty on the Roman Empire.

In the last group of Goldwyn Girls was Paulette Goddard, a stunning beauty who is to be Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady in his next picture, and it is whispered his next bride, as well.

**A**T Paramount girls who can sing and dance, besides look beautiful, are being given a big play, too. Demure, dark-eyed Jenny Gray, who was one of the girls in the screen chorus of "International House," was recently given a screen test by Cecil DeMille for the lead in his new picture of youth, "This Day and Age." Although the executives were pleased with her test she didn't quite make the grade—but her test is being shown to other directors, and she is assured of a part in some other picture.

In the chorus of "International House" were two other attractive beauties who are to be given better opportunities. Little Althea Henley was selected out of the line by the director for special close-ups. Now Paramount is said to be interested in her as a contract prospect.

Ruth Romaine, the other girl, is a luscious blonde picked out of the cellophane chorus by Peggy Hopkins Joyce as the most promising extra girl in Hollywood. Under Miss Joyce's guidance she has had a special test made that will show her possibilities to every executive and director on the lot.

Interesting to note that in the lineup of chorus girls in "International House" are two girls who were once well-known child players in silent pictures. Peaches Jackson and Mary Jane Irving once earned several hundred dollars a week, and now they are content to make their seven and a half to ten dollars a day, hoping that opportunity will come again to give them a chance to express the talents inherited from their childhood. Miss Jackson is said to live comfortably with a family that is well fixed, but little Miss Irving supports a crippled mother.

**MARY JANE SLONE** is Paramount's favored extra girl. She has appeared in dozens of their pictures; her beautiful face lost in a sea of other faces; her lovely figure a mere

ornamental asset in a crowded monument of beauty.

Toby Wing, Dorothy Shaw and Elsie Larson have crashed the gates to fame in different and interesting ways. Miss Wing has appeared in the chorus of every musical picture Warner Brothers have ever made. Now she has her reward. Out of all the chorines you saw in "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933," she alone has won a contract, and will soon play her first featured role.

Dorothy Shaw came from a Hollywood bakery and Elsie Larsen from the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Miss Shaw, who is neither beautiful nor slender, came from Canada to break into pictures, but ended up selling cakes because Central Casting wouldn't even register her.

When Fox sent out a call for tall girls to play Amazon women in "The Warrior's Husband," she applied, and won the role of one of the Queen's Guard because of her exceptional height. Not only did she get a larger salary but a chance to speak lines as well. Now she has offers from several comedy producers. But if it doesn't work out, she says there is always the bakery.

Elsie Larsen, one of the girls picked by Sol Wurzel to play in Fox pictures, was waiting on tables to earn bread



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Bert Longworth

Lucien Hubbard, film executive, and Eleanor Holm, swimming champion. Eleanor is one of the finest and most popular girls in Hollywood. She has announced her engagement to Art Jarrett. Mr. Hubbard is pretending to be looking to the heights to which Eleanor will rise.



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**SEM-PRAY**

## Prisoners of Heart-break Town

and butter after a desperate attempt to keep body and soul together by working in pictures. A director saw her at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby and recommended her to Wurtzel, who put her under contract. Now she has put her tray away—but she still knows where to find it in case of a rainy day.

ONE of the strangest fates in Hollywood belongs to Jeraldine Dvorak, an extra girl who became famous because of her amazing resemblance to Garbo. You would think that such good fortune would lead to unusual opportunities in a city where Garbo imitators are as numerous as flies, but the resemblance is too startling, the likeness too perfect to give Miss Dvorak any distinction.

The nearest she has got to stardom is as a stand-in for Garbo. Now, strangely enough, she is playing Garbo in a burlesque version of "Grand Hotel," being made by an independent company in New York. I wonder if this will be her first and last part.

Marie Cooper is probably one of the most successful extra girls on the coast. For years she has been making a good living at it. Once the famous cigarette girl of the Montmartre when it was Hollywood's elite meeting place of the stars, she made the acquaintance of every important director, executive and star in the business. Offers came to her every day to play in pictures.

At first she was reluctant to give up her position for an uncertain future, but when the cafe closed she succumbed, hoping that she would soon be a star. Years have gone by—and she is still an extra; albeit one of the most expensive. Just why she hasn't made the grade no one seems to know. People just shrug their shoulders and say, "One of those things!"

EVERY year thousands of new extras come to Hollywood while only a few hundred give up the ghost and retreat to greener pastures. The demand is slowly becoming smaller while the supply grows alarmingly larger. Lately the local chamber of commerce has been sending out literature discouraging the screen aspirant who cannot come to Hollywood with at least five thousand dollars in capital.

But what are warnings to hearts that are longing for fame and wealth and applause? What does hunger mean to ambitious youth?

Out of courage they say greatness is born. In the womb of pain lies genius. What of the courage of the poor extra whose only reward seems to be oblivion; whose pains are such habit that they are no longer pains? Theirs is a Hall of Fame of invisible shadows where their names are written in sands of failure, erased eventually by the winds of a tomorrow that must make way for those thousands upon thousands of boys and girls who will be coming to Hollywood in the future.

Why will they come? Why do they stay? How can they embrace failure with such complete resignation when they might have found success somewhere else? The late Wilson Mizner summed it all up when he called it "the persistency of the uninspired." He forgot to say that hope is stronger than memory.

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KINOX CO., Inc., Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont

# Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 47)

Going about in company like that, you can guess how my Winnie felt, not having even a chance for a letter of protest from the radio fans.

Out in Chicago last month, she says to me, "Jack, it's okay for you, being a Baron the way you are, even if I do tell you you're not so funny some times, at least you've got a bigger title than any of the rest of these radio comedians. But tell me this: They've all got their wives on the air with them. Now, where do I come in on this radio racket?"

WELL, sir, I started thinking fast for an answer, and about two days later while I was still cogitating, my train of thought was suddenly wrecked by the ringing of the telephone.

"Just a minute, honey," I says to Winnie. "I can't think while the telephone is ringing that way."

Well, who should be on the phone but the director of Station WJJD, Chicago. He wanted to put me on for an air interview. I knew I couldn't go on for him on account of my contract.

I started thinking fast again. Spots were floating before my vision, my eyes got glassy, my knees began to sag, my arches were falling. Here I was in Chicago, surrounded by a Century of Progress, and yet I could feel myself slipping.

I could hear the roar of the crowds. They were shouting for a kill. I started to lead with my right and just then—I was struck with a bright idea. Why not have them interview my honey—my Winnie—my Pearl?

The station director said, "Okay." I said, "Let's go, Chicago." And that's how Winnie went on the air.

NOW, Mrs. Jack Pearl can hold her head up with the rest. In fact, I am just waiting for her to get together with Gracie Allen and Sadye (that's her real name) Benny, and hear her hand them the real low-down on microphone technique.

The Bennys, George Burns, plus Gracie Allen and we two Pearls are, all six of us, always sticking around together. It's a case of, "If you don't come to my house, I'll go to yours."

Our three better halves—Gracie, Sadye and Winnie—are inseparable. They never get tired of talking about their clothes. Just to get even with them, George Burns, Jack Benny and I got dressed up in some old lampshades and paraded around the parlor the other night, giving imitations of what their conversation sounded like to us. We didn't get far, though.

"So," says one of the girls, about to let fly with a telephone book, "you think you got our numbers."

LAST winter, the Bennys, George Land Gracie, and Winnie and I all went to Miami. When we got there we all joined forces with Eddie and Ida Cantor, to make it a double quartet. It was one swell arrangement. At last the women had a fourth at bridge, and we had a foursome for golf or pinochle.

The Cantors had a room next to ours, and thereby hangs a tale. The walls were rather thin. After a hard day of golf and swimming, we all turned in, the first night, dog tired. Now, tired people will sometimes snore, and judging from Ida's obligato after

she fell asleep, she must have been the tiredest of the lot.

We could hear Eddie, as he lay awake, snapping his fingers at her, wheedling and cajoling, in an effort to get her to stop. Every now and then Ida Cantor would quit for a while, but as soon as Eddie stopped snapping his fingers, she'd be at it again.

Finally, there came a knock at our door. There stood Eddie. "I can't take it," he pleaded. "Let me come in and sleep here, any place! I got to have a new deal!"

Winnie's a good sport, and the pathetic look on Eddie's face was too much for her. She agreed to Eddie's idea for a new deal, and she swapped bedrooms with Eddie. Strangely enough, Ida snored no more for the balance of the night.

CANTOR is a great mimic, and his idea of a good time was to call Mrs. Pearl on the phone and imitate my voice. The first time, he had Winnie completely fooled. He told her that I had to leave for a broadcast in Newfoundland at once by plane. Winnie was completely taken in until Eddie, still impersonating me, said:

"Honey, now don't forget. Please send my toothbrush immediately, by air mail."

ANOTHER swell couple—and again I'm talking about a radio performer who follows in her husband's footsteps on the microphone—is George Olsen and his better half, Ethel Shutta. They have been married seven years and they still neck in public. Two sweeter people do not exist. Are you reading, George and Ethel?

PAUL WHITEMAN, the Boswell sisters, Burns and Allen and I had a great time on our tour through the Middle West and South, recently. The first thing Paul and I did on reaching a new town was to send out scouts to find the local golf course and get out the old plus fours.

Paul adhered to his diet for as long as Margaret Livingston, Mrs. Whiteman, was on the road with us.

However, Margaret had to go back to the Coast for picture work, and then Paul's fun began. The first night he managed three or four bowls of chili con carne and a dozen bottles of beer, and the next day he was one pathetic combination of remorse and indigestion.

WELL, I'll be back on the air with you next month. They've got me out here in Hollywood, making a picture with Jimmy Durante. "The shooting" is taking longer than we thought. Schnozzle has us in hysterics with his mugging and wise-cracks. I had a line to read the other day which went:

"They threw me overboard without a stitch of clothing on."

When I came to this, during rehearsal, I saw a calculating light in Schnozzle's nose—I mean, eye. The director called for action, and the camera men began to shoot. I came to the line. Then Jimmy broke up the scene—"Vas You Bare, Sharlie?"

So long till October, when yours truly and the Federal Radio Commission again renew our long-standing friendship.

JACK PEARL.



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HOME EDITOR  
TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.,  
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# Hollywood Night by Night

(Continued from page 62)

Helen Hayes' mother was present, and Helen declared that her mother was always saying witty things and then crediting her, Helen, with them. Eddie Robinson got tired of playing poker and joined us.

"What is it about fatherhood?" we demanded to know. "You look perfectly wonderful."

"And," we told Herbert Corthell, "you used to be comedy, with all that fat. Now you're romance!"

His wife confided to us that she made him take steps to get thin, and it certainly is a wonderful improvement. She herself is beautiful. She is Marion Alta, noted concert singer, in professional life, and may do some picture work in the musicals as well as some concert work.

"Though I thought I meant to retire when I was married," she laughed.

Supper was served at little tete-a-tete tables. It consisted of salads, together with cold roast turkey and ham, followed by a dessert of cake and ice-cream. A particularly delicious dish was made of eggs stuffed with salmon salad.

I chatted after dinner with Mrs. Frank Craven, who is more of a humorist, off-stage, than her husband. She said that "most of the youth of today hardens my arteries!" She and Antonio Moreno are old friends. He knelt gallantly at her feet, as she told me how, in the New York Vitagraph days, girls used to come to her begging to be introduced to Tony.

(Please turn to page 104)

## SCHOOL DAY DIETS

School days will soon be here again and with them thoughts of renewed interest in children's diet. So this month's circulars have been written to give you the best possible help in planning and preparing proper meals for your children. Here are the subjects:

1. Nursery and Kindergarten Menus
2. Diets for Grammar School Age
3. High School Diet
4. School Box Lunches
5. Breakfast Menus
6. Dinner Menus
7. Lunch and Supper Menus
8. Favorite Dishes of Hollywood School Children

If you would like copies of these circulars send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

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A BOOKLET

"The Smart Point of View"  
WITHOUT COST



MARGERY WILSON



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says  
*Mary Brian*



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# Hollywood Night by Night

(Continued from page 103)

"All right," I'd say. "Stop heaving. and I'll bring Tony!"

As the guests mellowed with the evening, there was some wonderful entertainment. Joe Cawthorne announced that the Prickly Heat Trio would sing! Whereupon he, Donald Brian and Bobby North warbled some comic songs, after which Donald Brian sang and danced.

**SHOWERS** spoiled Frank Lloyd's garden party, so far as the garden part was concerned. But nothing could really spoil a Lloyd party.

Out there on the big Lloyd ranch, where the crowds had gathered for swimming, tennis and pole ball, the rain drove down in sheets, and we all ran for indoors, in the large, homey rooms of the beautiful Colonial mansion which is the Lloyd's country home.

There we sat and chatted in the library and drawing room, or played indoor games, the most amusing of which was "Playing the Ponies."

Nancy Carroll and her husband, Bolton Mallory, were playing with Leslie Howard, Mrs. Leon Gordon and Wallace Beery. Nancy grew quite excited, but was a long time winning. She finally did, though.

Nancy told us about bicycle riding.

"I can get on," she explained. "Then I stay on until I fall off!"

Wallace Beery and Leon Gordon had played pole ball until it began to pour rain; then they were forced indoors. Pole ball is played with tennis rackets, with which a ball on the end of a two-yard rope fastened to an eight-foot pole in the ground, is batted back and forth. Sounds very easy, but it isn't.

Frank Lloyd has a sort of family album that is a never-failing source of amusement. It is an assemblage of old stills, taken, some of them, as many as twenty years ago. These show old actors, old settings, old costumes. Occasionally, though, one pauses a little sadly in the midst of the amusement, as he reflects on the fate of the stars of other days. Some of them, to be sure, are still reigning, but how few! The others are retired, some with money, but most of them without, and some have passed away.

Many of them show Frank Lloyd as a young actor. And he doesn't care how much you laugh at him!

Chatting with Mrs. Wallace Beery, who is beautiful, as you probably know, we find her to be one of the most womanly women of the whole film colony. It is her children—and adopted children at that—who absorb her whole life. She wants to adopt another now!

"I want to have a baby in our home always," she said.

"We wouldn't mind raising six."

Mrs. Leslie Howard came and showed us where Leslie had upset some lemonade on her dress.

"You just make him do the washing of it!" exclaimed Nancy Carroll.

Sports clothes were most in evidence. Nancy Carroll, for one, wore a bright blue knit sports suit with a fetching little hat to match.

"**SOCIETY** and picture folk really do mix more and more," remarked Joan Crawford, who, with Franchot Tone, had arrived at the house-warming Sunday afternoon party which Kay Hammond, of stage and screen, was



Photo by Wide World

Remember our telling you about the mask Richard Cromwell made of Joan Crawford? Well, just to prove it, here it is. He pasted the eyebrows on and used string for the hair, coloring it with orange-colored shellac and then curling it.

giving in her cosy new English home in Westwood.

Miss Hammond—in private life Mrs. Henry Wetherby—was a society girl before going on the stage, and has among her friends the elite of Los Angeles. So we met many charming social lights that day.

But we met our picture friends, too.

James Gleason and Mrs. Gleason were among those present, and there were Laura Hope Crews, Tala Birell, Anna Q. Nilsson, Alan Mowbray and Mrs. Mowbray, Tom Moore and his wife, Agnes Christine Johnston and Frank Dazey, Dorothy Phillips (do you remember her as a picture star?) and others.

Joan Crawford spent most of her time with little Bruce Barrett Wetherby, Kay's two-year-old baby. He calls her "Aunt Joan," and proudly showed her his new bedroom, made like a ship's cabin.

Mrs. Tom Moore told us how Tom, just after their baby was born, came home with what he said was a birth present for the youngster.

"It turned out to be," she said, "a huge stick of striped candy!"

She said that her mother took a friend to the hospital, a couple of weeks after its birth, to see the infant.

"But my baby was crying so hard—just yelling at the top of its lungs—that mother was ashamed to acknowledge it," said Mrs. Moore. "So she pointed out another infant, a sweetly smiling little cherub. 'Oh, no, that isn't Tom's baby,' said the knowing friend. 'That baby that is howling is his!'"

Agnes, who is a scenario writer, and who has three little children, said, "No, I'm not having any baby just now. Wish I were—it's easier than having a scenario!"

Dorothy Phillips says that her



# Hollywood Night by Night

daughter, Gwendolyn, will probably become an actress. She wants to be one.

Tala Birell told us that she is living at the beach, and that she loves it there, for she adores the sea.

"It lets you know how insignificant are the things of this life," she said.

Wherever Jim Gleason is, there is talk of horses, and Jim told us of a polo pony he owns, which is twenty-four years old, and which he has put to pasture for good.

Jim said he might have helped win the last polo game he played only Will Rogers broke him up. "Here comes Jim on his Holstein!" Will yelled.

Sandwiches and beer were the refreshments. But Jim Gleason and your writer weren't drinking beer, so Jim promised to "make contact for coffee," which he did.

Our hostess was lovely in a sea green organdy, with surplice effect bodice and rather wide skirt.

Joan Crawford wore a black organdy, tight-fitting as to bodice, narrow skirt, and a black cloche of organdy. Her gloves were black gauntleted organdy.

**ARTISTS**, writers, actors, society folk—we found them all gathered at the party given by Drexel Biddle Steele, millionaire playboy, dilettante, artist and writer, at his penthouse apartment in Los Angeles.

The tea was in honor of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and Peggy was radiant in a fancy sports suit of white silk with small hat to match.

Peggy said she was going out with different men all the time, because she didn't want to get attached to any certain one!

She said that Josef Von Sternberg was the most brilliant man she had ever met. But she did hope she had influenced him to have a different kind of hair-cut!

Some of those present were: Alice White, Colleen Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Atwill, Betty Kendall, Messmore Kendall's daughter, Don Blanding, the Hawaiian poet; Dario Rappaport, noted portrait painter; Polan Banks, novelist; Eliot Haskell, well-known young civil engineer; Elsie Janis and Gilbert Wilson, Mrs. Edith Shearer, Norma's mother; John Roche, Mrs. William McAdoo, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, Theda Bara, Nina Quartero, Jack Quartero, formerly a writer for Ufa; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lukas, Marcelle Edwards, Mae Clarke, May Christie, novelist; Anna Nilsson.

Mrs. Shearer told us how, when tiny Irving Thalberg, Jr., found out that little Mary MacArthur, Helen Hayes' little girl, was going abroad with the party, he had told her in glee, "Oh, Edie," (of course she doesn't let him call her grandma)—"Oh, Edie, my girlfriend is going along with us!"

Now that's early, even for Hollywood!

Jack Quartero told us that when he was studying medicine in New York, and Norma Shearer was a mere extra, she had sprained her ankle in the Grand Central station. He, happening along at the moment, carried her to a taxi and took her to his office, where he fixed up the injured member.

Imagine Norma spraining her ankle now in the Grand Central Station! What a crowd would gather! How many hands would offer aid!

**SUNNY** Southern California disproved its name once more when Ida Koverman gave her party, which was intended to be a garden party, but which unseasonable rain turned into a drawing-room affair. Mrs. Koverman is a power at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, and many notables attend her parties.

Jean Harlow was one of the guests. She and her pretty mother took me. She was beautiful in a soft blue gown, with a white hat, a sports outfit. Robert Montgomery was there, too, with his wife, and Eric von Stroheim and Mrs. von Stroheim, Director Norman Taurog, Julia Faye, who came with Arthur Menken, cameraman and director of travel pictures; Jose Crespo, Robert Vignola, Bradley King, Marvin Maazell and his wife, and others.

**C**OSTUME parties are coming back into vogue. Countess di Frasso gave a delightful one. It was called an English party, and guests were supposed to come clad as some character in English history, but some of them disappointed their hostess and arrived "as is."

Lilyan Tashman was Queen Victoria. Claudette Colbert wore white tulle and gardenias. She said she had no name. Jack Oakie wore a white sweater with the words "Lipton's Tea" scrawled over front and back.

**ALICE** BRADY was hostess at a tea, at which everybody taking cold drinks was furnished with a pair of mittens, that his or her hands might not become chilled!

Kay Francis was there with her husband, Kenneth MacKenna, and there were Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, and David Burton and Helen Vinson, besides a number of society folk.

**RICHARD** CROMWELL and a girlfriend thought they'd do something different the other night. So they went slumming on Main Street in Los Angeles, visiting all the funny side shows down there.

At one place they found a man selling post cards. Richard decided he could sell more of them than the regular merchant, so he asked the man to let him do the ballyhooing. The man consented, and Richard really did top the other's sales. Then somebody recognized him, and he had to buy a lot of cards himself and autograph them for bystanders!

**MIRIAM** HOPKINS and King Vidor play tennis everyday. . . . Joan Crawford is seen much in the company of Franchot Tone. . . . Anita Louise and Tom Brown go about together all the time. Anita brought Tom a handsome silver cigarette case from New York. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow are still beaming. . . . Mervyn Leroy escorts Marie Dressler to openings. . . . And Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien are again seen a lot together. . . . Dorothy Lee and Nick Stuart dance together a lot.

. . . And, of course, you know that Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Eleanor Holm are oft seen together. . . . Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers keep up their palship. . . . Gossip is trying to make up a romance for Gary Cooper and Judith Allen.

# How JOAN got her


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I NEVER dreamed that *any* shades could set off the furnishings of my rooms so well. My Clopay Shades were truly marvelous—their creped surface looked so much smarter than the hard, shiny surface of cloth shades that used to cost me 50c each. And the beautiful chintz patterns I got in Clopay at 10c I really never could find before in *any* shades! . . . Millions of women already approve Clopay—the new kind of shade that won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl . . . yet sells for 10c. Available in soft, plain colors and latest chintz effects no other shade has. Easy to put up, too . . . no tacks or tools. For a real thrilling experience see Clopay Shades today. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Clopay Corporation, 1211 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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# Why Do Movies Cost So Much

(Continued from page 53)

him down to a mere pittance of \$750 a week. Or we thought we had.

But what happened?

His agent got busy. He tore around to other studios and told them this man was not satisfied with the money we were paying him. He wanted \$2,000 a week.

The other company negotiated and made a smart deal. It agreed to pay him not \$2,000 a week but only \$1,750. It figured it had saved the difference by smart trading.

The net result was that the man we tried to cut from \$1,000 to \$750 a week wound up by getting exactly \$750 more than we ever paid him in boom times. And all of this happened during the very midst of the depression.

Hot stuff, isn't it?

Of course it isn't as bad as it sounds. Nothing ever is in the movie business. The truth is that the other company needed him more than we did. They needed him \$1,750 worth and we didn't. Not every week, anyhow.

Multiply that by scores of similar cases and you have some more reasons for the high cost of movies.

Maybe you say, "Why doesn't Will Hays, the czar, step in and stop this nonsense?"

Bless your heart, Will Hays is not a czar. That's just a newspaper headline title. He has no power to interfere in such affairs and certainly he hasn't as much power as the Sherman law has.

The Sherman law says we can't get together and stop this ruinous overpaying. Will Hays can't upset that. Nobody can upset it, because there isn't a senator or a congressman who would have the political nerve even to try to repeal the law that is strangling many a business in the land of the free. He would sound his political doom if he did, because the folks at home would swear that he had been taken over, body, soul and breeches, by the Big Business interests.

Let's talk about something more disagreeable about the moving picture business.

MAYBE you never noticed it, but the moving picture people have steered a very careful course between the wets and the dries. The screen has been amazingly free of propaganda for either side.

But that's not because both wets and dries haven't tried to use the screen.

We dope it out that you pay us to entertain you and nothing else. When you plunk down your money at the box office of a movie house, you are paying for entertainment. So we feel we would be simply crazy to try to teach you anything, jam anything down your throat, preach at you, educate you or propagandize you.

But get this:

The other day a dry leader dropped in at our home office and complained to the boss that we were using too many drinking scenes in our pictures.

"You are helping the wets," he said. "You are making the people drink-conscious. You are flouting the law. You show people drinking in their homes. You show people drinking in speakeasies. It's drink, drink, drink everywhere. We would like to know just exactly how the wets have suc-

ceeded in subsidizing you."

That's a pretty dirty crack. The boss should have tossed him out of the window, but you can't do that. You've got to reason with them when they get that way.

"Well," said the boss, "we have not been subsidized by anybody, wet or dry, black or white, Republican or Democrat. We are here to entertain. That's all. We try to show life as it is. If we show people drinking in their homes, it's because you and everybody else knows they do drink in their homes. The same goes for speakeasies. Everybody knows they exist. Our stories picture life as it is. At least that's what we try to have them do."

"Nonsense!" nonsensed the dry leader. "You can very easily select stories which have no drinking scenes of any kind."

Just like that!

The man who never bought a story in his life, who never struggled to discover new entertainment for the millions, tells us we can pick lily-white stories right out of the thin air.

But the boss was not very much disturbed.

"Mr. Goofus," he said, "a number of years ago a lawyer representing the distillers called on me. This was before the prohibition law was enacted. He told me exactly what you have said, only with reverse English. He said we were showing too many drinking scenes. He told me that these drinking scenes in our pictures would disgust the public and help the dries. He said that if we did not stop showing so many drinking scenes, his organization would stir up censorship laws against movies in every state in the union."

"And what did you say to him?" queried the dry leader, just as though he had been rehearsed into asking this joyous question.

"I told him to go to hell," replied the



Helen Vinson and William Powell doing a bit of special posing for The New Movie Magazine's photographer.



# Why Do Movies Cost So Much

boss in his own emphatic manner. There was a protracted silence. Victory! The dry leader was convinced. He saw the point. He realized that drinking scenes are as bad for the wets as for the drys. At least, that's the way it should have turned out, but this is not a happy ending.

Instead:  
"Just the same," spoke the dry leader, "I think you should omit all further drinking scenes from your pictures."

Right here I would like to say that the boss told him to go to hell, just as he had told the wet lawyer, but I told you this was not a happy ending. The boss simply said, "I am sorry I have not been able to convince you that we are here to make pictures, not propaganda, not to inject anything but entertainment in our pictures and not to omit anything which adds to the naturalness of the story."

You don't appreciate the purity of your movies, friends.

I don't mean the kind of purity you think I mean. What I mean is, you don't realize how we have to resist the pressure that is put on us to jam propaganda, or even advertising, down your throats.

**T**HERE was a very short time when one or two picture companies thought they could make extra money by sneaking a little advertising into their pictures. They did it cleverly. Now and then, quite naturally, in an outdoor scene they showed a billboard advertising somebody's breakfast fodder—and they got paid for it. You saw it and you didn't even realize that it was paid for on the side.

But it raised the devil with all of us. For instance:

Once we made a romantic picture in which one of the very important scenes was an elopement. The handsome young leading man was *nux vomica* with his sweetheart's family; or maybe that is not just the right French term, but you know what I mean. They didn't like him. He didn't have the class. She was a rich gal and he was a helper in a garage or something like that.

Anyhow, the only way he could get the gal was by borrowing an automobile and driving her away from here with him.

So he borrowed one from the garage. The girl got in it after climbing down from her bedroom, and away they went.

It was a swell ending to a story full of suspense. The movie fans loved it. The women cried over it. The critics didn't like it, so it must have been pretty good.

Well, to give it a good kick at the very last scene, the hero drove the automobile right up to the camera and the final scenes showed him kissing the face off of the girl.

But we made a ghastly mistake, which you never even thought about as you clapped your hands.

We drove the car so close to the camera that you could see it was a Packard or a Buick or a Pierce or a Rolls or whatever it was. I forget. But the shape of the hood showed what make of car it was. It had no bearing on the story, of course.

But a committee of theater owners called on us.

"We want a rebate on the price we paid you for that picture," they squawked, "because it is an advertising picture."

"Advertising picture, my eye!" cried our sales manager, who gives rebates as gladly as you give up your right eye. "What are you driving at?"

"We know you got paid on the side for showing that make of car in the final close-up and we don't propose to run advertising on our screens—unless we get part of it," said the committee's spokesman.

The argument lasted for hours. To this day the theater men think they were gypped. I give you my word of honor we never got paid for advertising the car.

But it taught us a lesson.

**A**S a result, when we show a grocery scene today, we fill the shelves with phoney cans. We don't show an advertised line of beans or ketchup or coffee. We make up fake names.

Even this brought up a funny situation.

Once we had a drug store scene and our fake bottles were labeled "Snap," this being the supposed name of the drink in the bottles.

It cost us something to make up the labels and rig up the dummy bottles, so we used them quite often in drug store scenes, grocery scenes or other scenes where bottled goods might be displayed.

There wasn't any such drink on the market. One of our men simply coined the name.

Yes, you're so darned smart, you've guessed what happened. You're right. People began to ask for "Snap" in drug stores and grocery stores. They thought their dealer was behind the times when he said he never heard of it. They told him they knew there was such a drink because they had even seen it in the movies.

Do you know I've always thought we overlooked a great bet. I think we should have gone to some soft drink maker and sold him the right to use the name "Snap" and the labels and everything. He would have had a ready-made market and a free advertising campaign.

Instead we threw the "Snap" dummy bottles away, because a man who owned a movie theater complained that we were being paid to advertise "Snap." We couldn't fool him, by gosh. He had seen the name on many of our pictures and he knew we were paid to advertise the darned thing.

**W**E'VE got to walk a tight rope constructed by all the fanatics of the world put together. We can't make one misstep. We've got to satisfy every nut who has a strangle-hold on the tight rope. Let us show one scene in one picture which raises the hackles on even one fanatical nut hanging onto the rope, and he can jiggle it and throw us to dear old Mama Earth.

It costs money to walk this kind of tight rope. It costs money to re-write and re-photograph every scene which might offend one sensitive soul of those 120,000,000 souls in these here United States, to say nothing of the rest of the world. It costs money to obey the Sherman law. It costs money to keep stars satisfied.

It costs money to make movies!



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"What! Spend \$1.00 to \$2.00 to repair those old shoes?" my wife cried. "Didn't you ever hear of So-Lo?" ... and with that she got out a can of So-Lo. She spread on some So-Lo from the can, right over the worn spot... about a penny's worth! So-Lo dried overnight and it's now wearing better than ordinary leather! ... She saved my sole for 1¢!"

**Fix the HEEL for 1¢**

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School shoes? Dress shoes? Work shoes? Why give your money to the repair shop? Buy new clothes with the money you save.

So-Lo also repairs cuts in auto tires, auto tops, hot water bottles—anything of rubber, leather, or cloth. Don't forget. Try a So-Lo kit today!

Tear out this ad and take to Woolworth's or any other 5 & 10¢ store, or at your neighborhood hardware or general store. If your dealer hasn't So-Lo, he can get it for you through his jobber.



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# The People's Academy

(Continued from page 67)

shame. Besides all that, he is an excellent actor, as all his performances, especially "The Last Flight" and "The Mummy," showed. One of my biggest reasons for liking him so much, however, is the fact that there is never a lot of crude sex stuff in his shows that characterizes so many of the movies of today. More power to you, David!—Miss Jean Randolph, 311 West Main Street, Earlington, Kentucky.

**Let's Have a Change:** What are the movies coming to? The pictures are getting terrible. Too dramatic. And why not leave sex alone for a while? Clark Gable is good, but he's getting too dramatic. Why not get some good pictures like "Strange Interlude?" Get something different, interesting, unusual, with a lot of contrast between hero and heroine. The younger generation likes smart, peppy, witty actors like Lee Tracy. Dramatic pictures are all right but too much is too much. Let's see something really worth seeing for a change.—L. Hunter, 727 3rd Avenue, N. E., Oilvein, Iowa.

**Faithful to Norma:** About eight years ago I was "movie crazy" in the true sense of the word. My heart was broken if I didn't get to the movies each week. Now I am almost through high school. I don't attend the movies quite so often. But all this time Norma Shearer has remained as my ideal of the screen. She seems so like the rest of us. Her life doesn't seem all mixed up; so that when she portrays one type we don't have the feeling that it is an unreal person, but one who is living before us. Miss Shearer deserves the fine pictures and I wish her the best future possible. . . . Congratulations on the fine arrangement of your magazine. THE NEW MOVIE is interesting, breezy, and the news is the latest and in compact form. . . . Thank you—Alice Healey, 2849 W. Clementine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

**Her List:** Look out for these, and why:

Helen Mack: Because she predominates in a Barrymore picture. (See "Sweepings".)

Dick Powell: He's got what musicals demand, and more!

Ruby Keeler: Because, in addition to tapping tootsies, she has a persuasive personality and a great acting ability.

Franchot Tone: Because of his subtlety and because of that smile.

Leslie Howard: Or else he'll slip back to the stage leaving a conspicuous place no one else can fill.

Joan Crawford: Or else faulty publicity will menace the career of a real trouser and one of our finest actresses. —Adine Travis, 1627 South Carson, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

**Wham! "King Kong."** Stupendous! Unbelievable! The Eighth Wonder of the World! He looked as if he was made of the material used on teddy bears. However, I really felt sorry he had to be killed; he showed so much love for his "bride." Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot were excellent in their roles. They certainly should be starred in the future—Marguerite Furgason, 1110 W. Henderson Street, Cleburne, Texas.



Anita Stewart and Ruth Roland, just before Ruth sailed for Europe. When Anita said she was marrying and retiring from pictures, she meant it. And she looks lovelier and younger every day. She's happily married to wealthy George Converse. . . . While Ruthie was abroad, Hubby Ben Bard kept busy working in pictures and directing plays.

**Have You Noticed—**Joan Crawford is more like the old Joan in "Today We Live?" . . . Edna Mae Oliver steals every picture she is in? . . . Olive Borden is missed—Mr. Producer, please bring her back! . . . Wheeler and Woolsey are funsters who are funny. . . . Anita Page is no actress, and she should learn to smile more. . . . Sylvia Sidney is a clever actress but should be given vehicles where she can show that smile. . . . George O'Brien is turning out wonderful performances (why not turn a big spot-light on him—give him a break!) Franchot Tone is fascinatingly charming . . . ? Personal nomination for the most amusing picture of the season—"A Bedtime Story"—Alice Anne Shue, 25 Brewster St., Providence, Rhode Island.

**Warner and Helen:** I enjoy the movies immensely. Never complain about the trash they have been giving us for some time. Just stayed home. Then along came "Six Hours to Live" with Warner Baxter. They gave him a break again in "Forty-second Street." Now all I'm waiting for is to see him in a picture with Helen Hayes. Come on, Mr. Producer, give us fans a break. —Miss B. Mannen, 160 E. 200th St., Cleveland, Ohio.



# New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 57)

month hasn't been a very successful one as far as this type of show is concerned.

A strong cast, including Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart, struggle along with a rather involved story that would be much more mysterious than it is if the audience could understand it. When the final fade-out comes there are still two or three things that remain mysteries in the eyes of your reviewer.

Gloria Stuart, in the opinion of this reviewer, is hardly as capable in this production as she has been in some others, nor is Mr. Lukas as well cast as he might be. Lionel Atwill, however, is his usual dependably spooky self and the requisite number of shivers will probably run up and down your spine. Onslow Stevens and Muriel Kirkland do well in minor roles.

If you are tired of lighter fare, you will find "The Secret of the Blue Room" worthy of your attention.

**ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—**  
(Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a smart little picture that you will get quite a kick out of. Gary Cooper has improved greatly of late. When we first saw him in such shows as "The Shopworn Angel," he had a kind of awkward assurance that was appealing as the dickens. For a time this appeal seemed to vanish, but now, beginning with "A Farewell to Arms," Mr. Cooper's screen technique begins to approach the heights that I, personally, once thought he would achieve.

Another talented little person gets a break that she deserves in "One Sunday Afternoon." Fay Wray has been given the toughest roles in Hollywood, and when I say toughest I mean just that. She has fought with gangsters, tigers, "city-slickers" and what have you and reached a grand finale recently when she co-starred with "King Kong" and tangled with an octopus in "Beneath the Seas." In "Ann Carver's Profession" she gave us a rough idea of what she could do with a decent role and I am glad that Paramount gave her the opportunity. There's not much "fan popularity" going to come to our Fay out of co-starring efforts with King Kongs.

Neil Hamilton and Sam Hardy shine in two lesser roles. I am pretty sure that you will consider an evening fairly well spent if you see this neat little show.

**THIS DAY AND AGE—**(Paramount)—Cecil B. DeMille, producer of "The Sign of the Cross" and some of the greatest epics of movie history, sometimes seems to be a little lost when he ventures out of the realms of ancient history and tackles the problems of today. Some time ago Mr. DeMille made "The Godless Girl," doubtless with the idea that he would clean up some of the mysteries concerning youth. As I remember it, nothing much happened.

The 1933 effort in the Youth Crusade comes a little closer.

There is no doubt about Mr. DeMille's power, but a prophet is ever without honor in his own country. So I'm afraid that Mr. DeMille would have done better had he left his preachments to the preachers.

Apart from that, "This Day and Age" is a red-meated drama, smoothly directed, and ably acted by a cast of unknowns in the approved DeMille style. Here, Cecil DeMille has lost nothing. The old master knows how to find bit players who can rise to the heights in the spots he picks for them. Few of them ever become stars, most of them sink back into their old obscurity, but they work for Mr. DeMille.

**HEADLINE SHOOTERS—**(Radio)—Don't let the title scare you away if you happen to be one of those discriminating patrons who doesn't like altogether too much action. "Headline Shooters" is a smart little story of the news cameramen, a branch of the journalistic brethren who have been less maligned by the movies than their brothers of the news sheets.

There are no major names in the cast but few pictures of the year have boasted a more competent and promising collection of players. William Gargan heads the list with Frances Dee, Jack La Rue, Ralph Bellamy, Wallace Ford, Franklin Pangborn, Gregory Ratoff, Dorothy Burgess, Purnell Pratt, Henry B. Walthall and Robert Benchley in support.

The story concerns a couple of news hawks and the girl they love, a "sob sister." Gargan and Frances Dee have been drifting along, scooping the world now and then, and living together. Enter Ralph Bellamy as the menace, and after blood-curdling action and suspense, all comes out well.

There are some startling shots of life behind the news cameras and one incident, excellently done, that reminds your reviewer of the Two-Gun Crowley fiasco in New York, where two hundred policemen chased the boy bandit. The story will hold your interest throughout and definitely start Mr. William Gargan on his way to really important things.

**THE DEATH WATCH—**(Tentative title)—(Radio)—Edgar Wallace is credited with having written the original story of "The Death Watch" during the few last months when he was in Hollywood. Mr. Wallace wrote some far, far better stories but a competent cast has made a fair picture out of it.

There is rather less action than in the usual Wallace story but Warner Oland, Ginger Rogers, Stuart Erwin, Florence Lake and Dorothy Wilson are surrounded with more mystery than I have viewed in many a day.

A famous crook caches a million dollars in an old house and some years later gives the secret to a sinister doctor when he is about to die. Dorothy Wilson plays the role of a spiritualistic medium who is helping the police. She is installed in the old house and the fun begins. People are murdered right and left, there are secret panels, tanks of poisoned water, death masks and some gaudy Stuart Erwin comedy that manage to sort themselves out in time to end the picture.

If you want to see something that will take your mind off your troubles, catch a load of this and you'll be sitting up nights to figure it out. Dorothy

(Please turn to page 110)

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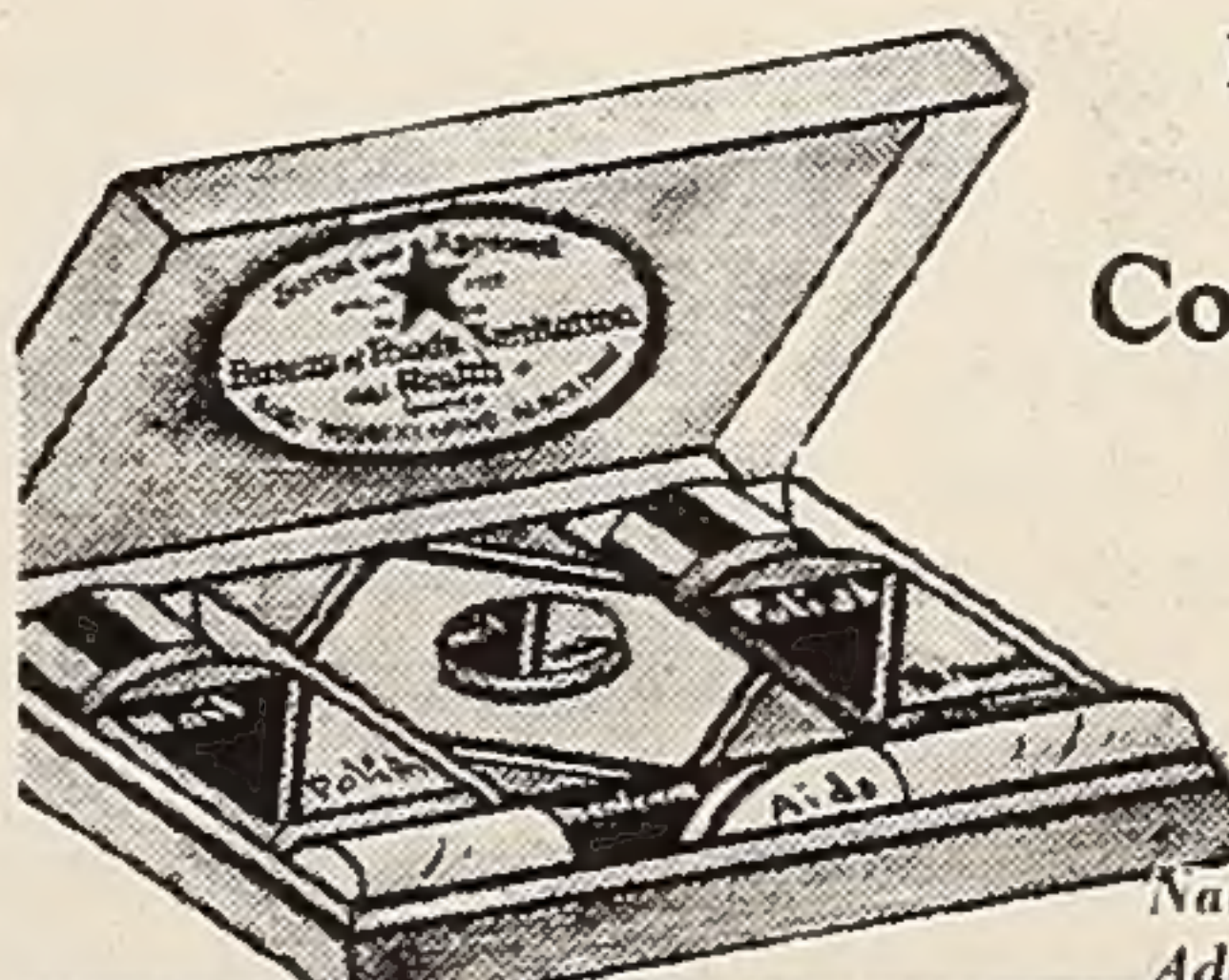
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# New Pictures You Should See

(Continued from page 109)

Wilson was given one of the strangest roles a girl was ever handed. She does very well under the circumstances. You can have lots of fun hissing "Dr. Fu Manchu" Oland, and I know you'll love the cistern of poisoned water. It's weird, wild and woolly but . . . not bad fun in the end.

**THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE**—(Fox)—"The Devil's in Love" and your reviewer is tempted to yodel, "Who cares?" When Mr. Dieterle stops trying to be Ernst Lubitsch he will be a good director. Either that, or the stories that he is given to direct are too obviously carbon copies of the better Lubitsch shows. It seems to me that sex needs to be dressed in satin and silks if it is to be sold in slinky fashion; not that "The Devil's in Love" isn't well enough dressed, but the sparkle that was in, let us say, "The Smiling Lieutenant," just isn't in this one.

Loretta Young, your reviewer's favorite pretty face, is as charming as ever and, I say again, is rapidly becoming an experienced screen actress. Victor Jory, smoother than velvet—which is a little too smooth for me—slinks along as "The Devil in Love" and slinks to very good purpose in the cases of both Miss Young and Vivienne Osborne.

**MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—(Universal)—From the beginning, there was little chance that this could have been more than a good show. So there is plenty of credit coming to all concerned when your reviewer has to admit that, all things considered, it is entertainment.

Mary Brian doesn't seem to belong in this sort of picture, nor does Leo Carrillo. Yet, with all this, it is still interesting. It's just that it could have been a lot better.

**FLAMING GOLD**—(Radio)—If it weren't for those two or three bad shows that Bill Boyd made with the old Pathe company a year or so ago, he'd be right up with the top-notchers today. "Emergency Call" was as good an action picture as you need to see, and there is a definite spot for this sort of film. "Flaming Gold" is quite a lot better than his last one.

Ralph Ince, who, in the days when RKO was still FBO, had much to do with the company's staying in business, is gradually coming back into his own as an important figure in movies of today. He directed "Flaming Gold" and nothing that Bill Boyd or Mae Clarke has ever done is smoother or faster, nor any more interesting. If it were Clark Gable instead of Bill Boyd, Radio would surely make a special out of it.

"Flaming Gold" is a tight, two-fisted little story of the Tampico oilfields. It is thrill-packed entertainment from first reel to last. If you're not quite sure what you want to see and you happen to pass a theater showing this, don't think you're taking any chances if you get right out of the old flivver and drop in to enjoy six rousing good reels of down-to-the-ground film fun. It's tough, but it's clean and interesting.



Lew Ayres may be seen a lot with Ginger Rogers, but Lew is still a business man. When, recently, RKO offered Lew a part opposite Ginger, he refused because the salary wasn't large enough. Here he's getting service from Universal's pet monkey.

## Thumbnail Reviews of What's Happening

If you've missed any of these, they're worth looking up!

**42ND STREET**—The first of a new kind of show. Punchy, peppy . . . and good to the last drop.

**GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—A wee bit better than "42nd Street" because Warner Brothers know more about musicals on the screen. You'll never forget "The Forgotten Man."

**KING KONG**—The outstanding novelty of the year. Thrills to the nth degree . . . but a swell show in the bargain. Not as tough as a lot of women think it is.

**CAVALCADE**—The most important emotional offering of the year. Stark, sheer drama, ably presented by a cast that approaches perfection.

**SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—She brought a new kind of love to all of us. Three cheers and a tiger for Mae West.

**THE SIGN OF THE CROSS**—Cecil DeMille went modern . . . and performed a miracle. Slow sometimes . . . but still the greatest spectacle of many a year.

**THE ANIMAL KINGDOM**—A perfectly acted film offering Leslie Howard and Ann Harding at their best, and introducing William Gargan, an event in itself.

**A BEDTIME STORY**—A run of the mill Chevalier . . . good only because there is only one Chevalier.

**TOPAZE**—Something that ought to make you appreciate John Barrymore. There's only one great actor to a generation . . . and possibly he's Barrymore.

**WORKING MAN**—George Arliss in a human kind of story that is worth looking at. About the only picture that Warners gave Arliss that allowed him to be understandable.

**HELL BELOW**—A straight melodrama saved by swell acting and Jimmy Durante and a kangaroo.

**THE GREAT JASPER**—Radio gives Richard Dix a chance to show that he is a master of fast comedy-drama. One of the funniest sex-shows of the year.

**I COVER THE WATER FRONT**—A two-fisted "meller" that has something to offer the thrill-hounds. Claudette Colbert and Ben Lyon are excellent. The last show that Ernest Torrence did.

**REUNION IN VIENNA**—More proof that Barrymore is a master plus a chance to see Diana Wynyard.

**RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**—A heavy show that you must see if you have to see every big one.

**A FAREWELL TO ARMS**—Gary Cooper better than for a long time and Helen Hayes in a role that reaches the heights. Tender and honest, it has a tear or so that you needn't be ashamed of shedding.

**COLLEGE HUMOR**—A rowdy musical comedy that certainly entertains. You can't possibly give it a good review . . . but it's still a good show.

**INTERNATIONAL HOUSE**—The above can go double . . . though W. C. Fields is a sight for sore eyes and Gracie Allen is more than just a radio comedienne.

**SILVER CORD**—Irene Dunne in a role that is worthy of her supreme charm. Those who care for Irene owe it to her not to miss this.

**TONIGHT OR NEVER**—Crawford and Gary Cooper and very little else.

**WARRIOR'S HUSBAND**—A bawdy sex-comedy of the days when women wore the pants. Truex and Marjorie Rambeau give Elissa Landi a run for her money and the result is a lot of fun.

**DINNER AT EIGHT**—A good film but hardly the smash hit that the stage success is supposed to have been. The cast is enough to make it well worth seeing.

**NIGHT FLIGHT**—Action plus . . . and a cast that places it in a niche that it has seldom held. Five years ago this would have been an "epic."

**WHEN LADIES MEET**—Light and fluffy but smart entertainment. Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery run second to Alice Brady.

**JENNIE GERHARDT**—Red-blooded stuff with Sylvia Sidney in a strong, appealing role. It's better than some shows that are supposed to top it.

**THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE**—It was too tough from the start and misses by a trifle. If you can believe it, it may still be one of the best shows of the year.

**HOLD YOUR MAN**—Gable and Harlow in something hot.

**THE LITTLE GIANT**—Edward G. Robinson in an hilarious burlesque of his old-time "Little Caesar" style. Rough and tough action in gorgeous comedy settings.

**STATE FAIR**—Will Rogers and a big blue pig aid Janet Gaynor in this famous story of bucolic misdemeanors.

**THE MASQUERADER**—The latest Ronald Colman. Slower than his shows should be but worth while because of him.

**THE BARBARIAN**—"The Sheik" brought up to date, and Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy.



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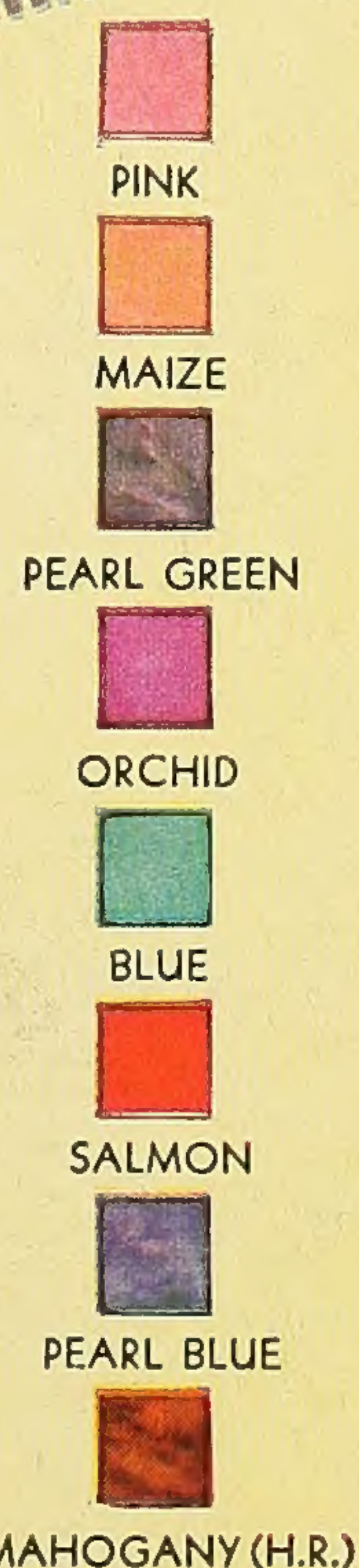
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